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THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

THE UNFAITHFUL CRESSIDA

" ULYSS. You shake, my lord, at something : will you go ?
You will break out.
She strikes his cheek !
Come, come."

V. 2. TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

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THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Volume 11

Merry Wives of Windsor
Troilus and Cressida

THE NOTTINGHAM SOCIETY
New York :, Philadelphia :: Chicago

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EDITIONS

The earliest known edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is a Quarto printed in 1602, with the following title-page:—

"A most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* and the merrie Wiues of *Windsor*. Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors of Sir *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow*, and his wise Cousin M. *Slender*. With the swaggering vaine of Auncient *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. By *William Shakespeare*. As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines Seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and elsewhere. London Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne" (reprinted in the Cambridge Shakespeare and in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library;* a facsimile is included in Dr. Furnivall's Shakespeare Quartos, Quaritch). A second Quarto, a mere reprint of the first, appeared in 1619.

In the first Folio the play occupies pp. 39–60; its length there is more than double that of the Quartos, from which it differs to such an extent as to give the impression of being a revised and expanded version of a mere garbled and pirated sketch.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The first Quarto was entered in the Stationers' Registers under date January 18 1602; the play was probably writ-

ten after *Henry V*, *i. e.* after the middle of the year 1599. In the epilogue to *II Henry IV* a promise had been given to continue the story with Sir John in it; this promise was not kept in *Henry V;* and *The Merry Wives*, according to a well authenticated tradition, was composed by command of the Queen, "who obliged Shakespeare to write a Play of Sir John Falstaff in Love, and which I am very well assured he performed in a fortnight: a prodigious thing when all is well contrived, and carried on without the least confusion" (Gildon, 1710; Dennis first mentions the tradition in 1702; *cp.* title-page of 1602 edition).

The date of the first composition of the play may with certainty be placed at about 1600 (probably Christmas 1599).[1]

An old tradition identifies Justice Shallow with Shakespeare's old enemy, Sir Thomas Lucy (of the deer-poaching story); Lucy died in July, 1600, and it is held by some that the poet would not have waited "till his butt was in the grave before he aimed his shafts at him." At the same time it is noteworthy that the "dozen white luces" is only found in the Folio, not in the Quarto editions.

THE RELATION OF THE QUARTO AND FOLIO VERSIONS

The question at issue, on which scholars are divided, is whether the Quarto represents a pirated edition of an early sketch of the play, revised and enlarged in the first Folio version, or whether both versions are to be referred back to the same original. In support of the former theory it is alleged that the substitution of "King" in the Folio (I, i, 119) for "council" of the Quarto, the possible reference to the cheapening of knighthood ("These knights

[1] Shakespeare acted in *Every Man in His Humour* in 1598, and the two plays have much in common (*cp. e. g.* Ford and Kitely; Nym's reiteration of "humor," &c.).

In the "Return from Parnassus" acted at Cambridge, probably Christmas, 1601, the French Doctor is obviously an imitation of Dr. Caius.

will hack," II, i, 55), and similar internal evidence, point to the reign of James I; these scholars therefore date the Folio version about 1605. On the other hand, Mr. Daniel (Introduction to his editions) maintains that "the character of the publishers of the Quarto, its proved omissions, its recomposed passages (*i. e.* passages actually the work not of Shakespeare, but of the note-taker), its retention of (essential) passages omitted in the Folio, the complication in both of the time-plot . . . . . lead almost inevitably to the conclusion that there was but one original for both Quarto and Folio." He points out further that the alleged internal evidence of later revision is of little real value, but it is somewhat difficult to get rid of these minutiæ, and some slight revision after 1603 is not inconsistent with this latter theory.

THE SOURCES

The comedy of contemporary manners probably owed very little to older plays or novels, but it contains incidents not uncommon in Italian and other stories. In the following tales a suspicious husband is baffled much in the same way as Master Ford:—(1) The tale from *Il Pecorone di Ser Giovanni Fiorentino;* (2) The old English version of this story in *The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers,* 1632, reprinted in 1685; (3) The Tale in *Straparola* similar to that in *Il Pecorone;* (4) The Tales of the Two Lovers of Pisa, from Tarlton's *Newes out of Pergatorie,* 1590; (5) The second tale from *Straparola,* in which the youth makes love to three ladies at once (*cp.* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library,* Part I, vol. iii).

HERNE

It would seem that there existed in Shakespeare's day a tradition at Windsor that Herne was one of the keepers of the Park, who, having committed an offense for which he feared to be disgraced, hung himself upon an oak, which was ever afterwards haunted by his ghost.

The difference between the Quarto and Folio reference to the story is noteworthy; the former reads:—

"Oft have you heard since Horne the hunter dyed . . ."

The Folio makes the tale a more ancient one (*cp.* IV. iv. 37–39).

The earliest notice of "Herne's oak" is in a *Plan of the Town and Castle of Windsor and Little Park* (Eton, 1742); in the map a tree marked "Sir John Falstaff's oak" is represented as being on the edge of a pit just on the outside of an avenue which was formed in the seventeenth century, and known as Queen Elizabeth's Walk. Halliwell first printed, in his edition of the Quarto, a set of verses *Upon Herne's Oak being cut down in the spring of 1796*. Antiquarian research has demonstrated the exactness of Shakespeare's knowledge of Old Windsor (*cp.* Tighe and Davis' *Annals of Windsor*, Vol. I, pp. 673–686).

DURATION OF ACTION

As the play stands in the Quartos and Folios it is impossible to arrange the time consistently, owing to the confusion as regards Falstaff's interviews with the Merry Wives in Act III, sc. v; the errors are probably due to compression of the play for stage purposes. The first part of the scene, according to Mr. Daniel (*Translations of New Shakespeare Society*, 1878–9), is inseparably connected with the day of Falstaff's first interview with Mrs. Ford; the second part is as inseparably connected with the day of the second interview. The first part clearly shows us Falstaff in the afternoon, just escaped from his ducking in the Thames; the second part as clearly shows him in the early morning about to keep his second appointment with Mrs. Ford. He proposes to make Ford's portion of the scene commence the 4th Act, changing *good morrow* into *good even* (Act III, v, 29) and *this morning* into *to-morrow morning* (Act III, v, 47). According to this arrangement the following time analysis

would result:—Day 1, Act I, sc. i to iv; Day 2, Act II, sc. i to iii, Act III, sc. i to iv, and the Quickly portion of scene v; Day 3, the Ford portion of Act III, sc. v, to end of the play.

If this suggestion is carried out, a further change is necessary in Act V, i, 14, where *this morning* should be read in place of *yesterday*.

TIME OF ACTION

Though the play was in all probability composed after *Henry V*, the action may be supposed to take place after the events recorded at the end of II *Henry IV;* the further degradation of the character of Falstaff in *The Merry Wives* belongs to the early years of "the madcap prince's" reign, when he had already renounced "the tutor and the feeder of his riot." The characters intimately associated with Falstaff were transferred with him from II *Henry IV*, with the exception of "Nym," who appears for the first time in *Henry V;* Shallow's "cousin," Slender, of *The Merry Wives*, takes the place of "Silence" of II *Henry IV;* Mistress Quickly is identical only in name with the Hostess Quickly of *Henry IV*, and *Henry V*.

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Merry Wives of Windsor, as we have it, was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies the third place in the list of Comedies. An imperfect and probably fraudulent edition, however, came out in 1602, and was reprinted in 1619. In this edition the play is but about half as long as in the authentic copy of 1623; the scenes following each other in the same order, except in one instance; and some prose parts being printed in the manner of verse. Much question has been made, whether the impression of 1602 were from a correct copy of an unfinished play, or from a report stolen at the theater and mangled in the stealing.

Of course every reader of Shakespeare has heard the tradition that Queen Elizabeth, upon witnessing the performance of *Henry IV*, was so taken with Falstaff that she forthwith requested the Poet to represent him in the quality of a lover; in compliance with which request he wrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Queen Elizabeth was indeed a great woman, and did some great things: but if it were certain that she was thus the occasion of this play, there are many who would not scruple to set it down as the best thing she had any agency in bringing to pass; and another many who might regard it as the best but one. If this be wrong, there is no help for it; for such, assuredly, will always be the case so long as men can "laugh and grow fat."

But there is much diversity of judgment touching the amount of credit due to this tradition. Mr. Collier says: "When traced to its source, it can be carried back no

further than 1702: John Dennis in that year printed his *Comical Gallant*, founded upon *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and in the dedication he states that 'the comedy was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, and by her direction; and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days.' Dennis gives no authority for any part of this assertion: but because he knew Dryden, it is supposed to have come from him; and because Dryden was acquainted with Davenant, it has been conjectured that the latter communicated it to the former. We own that we place little or no reliance on the story, especially recollecting that Dennis had to make out a case in favor of his alterations, by showing that Shakespeare had composed the comedy in an incredibly short period, and consequently that it was capable of improvement."

All which is clever and spirited enough, but strikes us as a rather too summary disposing of the matter; the tradition not being incredible in itself, nor the immediate sources of it unentitled to confidence: for, granting that "Dennis had to make out a case in favor of his alterations," would he not be more likely to avail himself of something generally received, than to get up so questionable a fabrication? The date of his statement was but eighty-six years after the Poet's death;—a time when much traditionary matter, handed down from the reign of Elizabeth, was doubtless in circulation, that had not yet got into print: Dennis moved more or less in the literary circle of which Dryden was the center; and that circle, however degenerate, was the lineal successor of the glorious constellation gathered about Shakespeare. It is considerable that Dennis gave no reason for the Queen's alleged request; which reason Rowe a few years later stated to be the pleasure she had from Falstaff in *Henry IV*; —a difference of statement that rather goes to accredit the substance of the tradition, because it looks as if both drew from a common source, not one from the other; each using such and so much of the traditionary matter

as would best serve his turn. Their account, or rather, perhaps, the general belief from which it was taken, was received by Pope, Theobald, and other contemporaries,—men who would not be very apt to let such a matter go unsifted, or help to give it currency unless they thought there was good ground for it.

An excellent and pleasant conceited comedy of Sir John Falstaff and the Merry Wives of Windsor was entered in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 18, 1602. The title-page of the edition which came out soon after reads thus: *A most pleasant and excellent conceited comedy of Sir John Falstaff and the Merry Wives of Windsor; intermixed with sundry variable and pleasing humours of Sir Hugh the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow, and his wise Cousin M. Slender; with the swaggering vein of Ancient Pistol, and Corporal Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath been divers times acted by the Right Honourable my Lord Chamberlain's servants; both before Her Majesty, and elsewhere.* We may set it down, therefore, as tolerably certain that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was performed before the Queen near the close of 1601, notwithstanding the opinion of Chalmers, that "she was then in no mood for such fooleries." And probably one reason for getting up the piratical edition of 1602 was, that the play had been "divers times acted, both before Her Majesty and elsewhere." Now, that Queen Elizabeth was capable of appreciating the genius of Falstaff, will hardly be questioned; that she had been present at the performance of *Henry IV*, is quite probable, considering the great popularity of that play as evinced in that five editions of it were published between 1598 and 1613; that, having seen the irresistible Knight as there presented, she should desire to see more of him, was certainly natural enough: all which being granted, there appears nothing to hinder, either that she should request the Poet to continue the character through another play, or that he should hasten to comply with the request. Moreover, we learn from the *Accounts of the Revels at Court,*

that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was acted before King James, in November, 1604. May we not justly conclude, then, that this was probably one of the plays referred to by Ben Jonson in his noble poem, *To the Memory of my beloved Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us?*

> "Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
> To see thee in our waters yet appear;
> And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
> That so did take Eliza and our James!"

So that, upon the whole, we can by no means bring ourselves to regard the forecited tradition with the contempt which Mr. Collier seems to think it deserves. The only part of it that much troubles us to digest, is that concerning the time wherein it makes the play to have been written: this, we confess, staggers us somewhat: yet, supposing it to be false, it does not greatly invalidate the substance of the tradition; and we are well assured that the play, as published in 1602, might well enough have been written by *Shakespeare* within the time alleged. The question, therefore, turns somewhat upon the point, whether that edition was from a correct copy of an imperfect and unfinished play, a sort of rough draught hastily gotten up for the occasion, or from a false and mutilated copy stolen from the actors' lips by incompetent reporters, to gratify the cupidity of unscrupulous publishers. This question we have not room to discuss; and, if we had, the long discussions, indulged in by former critics to little purpose, shuts us up from all hope of being able ever to determine it. We may remark, however, there can be little doubt that the edition of 1602 was fraudulent and surreptitious; though this need not infer but that it may have been from a faithful copy fraudulently obtained for the press. Yet there are some things in it, such as the printing of prose so as to look like verse, which go to show that it was partly taken down as spoken, and partly made up from memory; the pirates apparently having no ear to distinguish prose and verse, and so presuming it to be

poetry, because written by a poet. That such frauds and piracies were practiced with some of Shakespeare's plays, scarce admits of dispute. But, for aught appears, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* may have been at that time very imperfect and inferior to what it is now, and yet the first edition a stolen and mangled copy of the play as it then was. And, whether from a correct or from a mutilated transcript, that edition contains passages of which no traces are discoverable in the play as it now stands. Such is the following from the fifth act:

> "*Sir Hugh.* Go you and see where brokers sleep,
> And fox-ey'd serjeants, with their mace;
> Go lay the proctors in the street,
> And pinch the lousy serjeant's face:
> Spare none of these when they're a-bed,
> But such whose nose looks blue and red.
> *Quickly.* Away, begone; his mind fulfil,
> And look that none of you stand still:
> Some do that thing, some do this,
> All do something, none amiss."

There being no corresponding passage in the later edition strongly argues that the play, at least in this part, was entirely rewritten after the first copy was taken for the press; for men, whether purloining a manuscript or reporting it as spoken, would obviously be much more apt to omit or alter words and sentences, than to make additions or put in quite other matter. On the other hand, the authentic edition has some passages that can hardly be explained but upon the supposal that the play was revised, and those passages inserted, after the accession of James in the spring of 1603. Such is the odd reason Mrs. Page gives Mrs. Ford for declining to share the honor of Knighthood with Sir John: "These knights will *hack;* and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry:" which can scarce bear any other sense than as referring to the prodigality with which the King dispensed those honors in the first of his reign; Knighthood being thereby in a way to grow so *hackneyed* that it would

rather be an honor not to have been dubbed. And, indeed, perhaps it may as well be noted here, that many of Shakespeare's plays apparently underwent so many revisals and improvements between the first sketching and the last finishing of them, that any allusions they may contain to the events of his time afford a very uncertain clew to the date of their original composition.

There remains a question of some interest as to the time when *The Merry Wives* was first written; whether before or after Henry IV; for, if before, this at once upsets that part of the tradition which assigns the huge delight the Queen had at seeing Falstaff in wit and war, as the cause of her requesting to see him in love. Knight and Halliwell, taking the edition of 1602 as a faithful, though perhaps surreptitious, copy of the play as then written, date "the original sketch" as far back as 1592 or 1593. In proof of this they urge what passes between Sir Hugh Evans, "mine Host de Jarterre," and Dr. Caius, respecting "a duke de Jarmany"; because in 1592 a German duke actually did travel in England, with such special privileges and accommodations as are indicated in the play. Mr. Knight's argument runs thus: "Now, if we knew that a real German duke had visited Windsor, (a rare occurrence in the days of Elizabeth,) we should have the date of the comedy pretty exactly fixed. The circumstance would be one of those local and temporary allusions which Shakespeare seized upon to arrest the attention of his audience. We have before us a narrative, printed in the old German language, of the journey to England of the Duke of Wurtemburg in 1592; which narrative, drawn up by his secretary, contains a daily journal of his proceedings. He was accompanied by a considerable retinue, and traveled under the name of "The Count Mombeliard."

From the resemblance of this name to Garmomble, an apparent anagram of Mumpelgart, which occurs in the copy of 1602, Mr. Knight justly infers the identity of the person. Yet the force of his reasoning is not altogether apparent, as it proceeds by a very uncertain meas-

ure between the date of an event alluded to and the date of the allusion itself. Surely, in proportion to the rareness of an occurrence and the sensation it caused, it would naturally be remembered and remarked upon afterwards: nor is it easy to see how so rare and remarkable a thing as Mr. Halliwell represents this to have been, was "a matter to be forgotten in 1601." Shakespeare's "local and temporary allusions," be it observed, were not merely for novelty and popularity, or used as ear-catchers to his audience; but for whatsoever matter he saw in them that could be made to serve the general purposes of art: and that the thing in question would not so soon be spoilt for his use, appears in the interest it has for us; and would have, even if we had never heard of any such event occurring in his time.

In further proof of his point Mr. Knight alleges several passages from the finished play, which are not found in the "original sketch," and which apparently refer to things occurring after the supposed date of that sketch. But all such arguments are at once nonsuited by the supposition, which, to say the least, is a probable one, that the edition of 1602 was not from a faithful transcript, however obtained, of an unfinished play, but from a copy fraudulently taken down and made up by unskillful reporters.

There appears no good reason, therefore, but that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* may have been written after *Henry IV*, the First Part of which was first published in 1598, and probably written the year before: that it was written earlier than 1596, nobody pretends. And that *The Merry Wives* had not been heard of in 1598, is further probable from its not being mentioned by Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, which came out that year; for, his purpose being to approve Shakespeare "the most excellent among the English in both" comedy and tragedy, it seems rather unlikely that he would have passed by so apt a document of comic power, had it been known.

A deal of perplexity has been gotten up as to the time

of the action in this play; that is, in what period of his life Falstaff undertook the adventure at Windsor, whether before or after his exploits represented in *Henry IV*, or at some intermediate time: questions scarce worth the discussing or even the raising, but that it would hardly do to ignore a thing about which there has been so much ado. Much of this perplexity seems to have risen from confounding the order in which the several plays were made, with the order of the events described in them. Now, at the close of *Henry IV* Falstaff and his companions are banished the neighborhood of the Court, "till their conversations appear more wise and modest to the world"; and near the opening of *Henry V*, which follows hard upon the close of the former play, we have an account of Falstaff's death. And because *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was probably written after both those plays, therefore the Poet has been thought by some to have ventured upon the questionable experiment of bringing Sir John and two of his followers upon the stage after their death; just as though one could not write the latter part of a man's life, and tell the story of his last hours, and then go back and give the history of his boyhood and youth, without breaking the sacred peace of the grave. That the exploits at Windsor were before those at Gadshill, Eastcheap, and Shrewsbury, in the order of time, is shown by Mrs. Quickly's progress; who in the *Merry Wives* is a maiden and the housekeeper of Dr. Caius; but in the other plays she has become a wife, though still Quickly; then she dwells awhile in widowhood, until, the sweetness of her former marriage having taught her better than to live out of wedlock, "she taketh to herself another mate." And the same thing is further shown in Falstaff's fearing lest the noise of his shames should come to the ears of the Court; which fear could hardly be, but that he still have something there to lose: for he seems not to be aware how completely his genius in other exigencies will triumph over his failures in love-making. Nevertheless, it must be owned that the Poet, probably because the subject never

occurred to him, or because he sometimes lost the historical order of things in an overmastering sense of art, did not in all cases take care to shun such anachronisms as criticism hath delighted to find in his plays. Perhaps it should be observed in this connection, that the two parts of *Henry IV* cover a period of ten and a half years, from the battle of Homildon, September, 1402, to the death of the King, March, 1413; in which time Falstaff doubtless had intervals of leisure for such adventures as those at Windsor. So that the action of the Comedy, supposing it were not before, might well enough have taken place some time during, the action of the History. And if the former seems too early a date for the mention of "the wild Prince and Poins"; it would be considered that the Poet represents the Prince as already noted for his loose and idle courses, his connection with the rioters of Eastcheap having begun even before his father reached the throne.

For the plot and matter of *The Merry Wives*, Shakespeare was apparently little indebted to any thing but his own invention. *The Two Lovers of Pisa*, a tale borrowed from the novels of Straparola, and published in Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatorie*, 1590, is thought to have suggested some of the incidents; and the notion seems probable enough. In that Tale a young gallant falls in love with a jealous old doctor's wife, who is also young, and really encourages the unlawful passion. The gallant, not knowing the doctor, takes him for confidant and counselor in the prosecution of his suit, and is thus thwarted in all his plans. The naughty wife conceals her lover first in a basket of feathers, then between the ceilings of a room, and again in a box of deeds and valuable papers. If the Poet had any other obligations, they have not been traced clearly enough to be worth the mentioning.

As a specimen of pure comedy, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* by general concession stands unrivaled; the play being not only replete with the most ludicrous situations and predicaments, but surpassingly rich both in quality and variety of comic characterization. To say nothing

of Falstaff, who is an inexhaustible store-house of laughter-moving preparations, there is comic matter enough in the other persons to keep the world in perpetual laughter. Though historically connected with the reign of *Henry IV*, the play is otherwise a delineation of the manners and humors of the Poet's time: in which view we need but compare it with Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, great as is the latter, to see "how much easier it was to vanquish the rest of Europe than to contend with Shakespeare."

The action of this play proceeds throughout by intrigue; meaning thereby such a complication of cross-purposes and conflicting aims, wherein the several persons strive to outwit and circumvent one another. And the stratagems all have the appropriate merit of causing a grateful surprise, and a perplexity that interests because it stops short of confusion; while the awkward and grotesque predicaments, into which the persons throw each other by their cross-plottings and counter-plottings, are often a source of exquisite diversion. The play finely illustrates, moreover, though in its own peculiar line, the general order and method of Shakespeare's art; the surrounding parts falling in with the central one, and the subordinate plots drawing, as by a hidden impulse, into harmony with the leading one: if Falstaff be doomed to repeated collapses from a hero into a butt, that others may laugh at him instead of with him, the Welch Parson and French Doctor are also defeated of their revenge, just as they are getting over the preliminary pains and vexations, and while pluming themselves with forthcoming honors are suddenly deplumed into "vlouting-stogs"; Page and his wife no sooner begin to exult in their success than they are taken down by the thrift of a counter-stratagem, and left to the double shame of ignobly failing in a disreputable undertaking; and Ford's jealousy is made to scourge him with the very whip he has twisted for the scourging of its object. Thus all the more prominent characters have to chew the ashes of disappointment in

turn, their plans being thwarted, and themselves made ridiculous, just as they are on the point of grasping their several fruitions. But Falstaff is the only one of them that rises by falling and extracts grace out of his very disgraces. For in him the grotesque and ludicrous is evermore laughing and chuckling over itself: he makes comedies extempore out of his own shames and infirmities; and is himself the most delighted spectator of the side-shaking scenes where himself figures as chief actor.

This observation and enjoyment of the comical as exhibited in himself, which forms perhaps the leading characteristic of Sir John, and explains much in him that were else inexplicable, is here seen, however, laboring under something of an eclipse. The truth is, Falstaff is plainly out of his sphere; and he shows a sad want of his usual sagacity and good sense in getting into it,—in supposing for a moment that he could inspire such a passion in such a place: nor does it seem probable that the Poet would have exhibited him thus, but that he were moved thereto by somewhat else than the native promptings of his genius. For of love in any right or respectable sense Sir John is essentially incapable; and to represent him otherwise, had been to contradict, not carry out, his character. Shakespeare doubtless understood this; and, being thus reduced to the alternative of committing a gross breach of decorum or of making the hero unsuccessful, the moral sanity of his genius left him no choice. Accordingly Sir John is here conspicuous not so much for what he practises as for what is practised upon him; he being, in fact, the dupe and victim of his own heroism, and provoking laughter more by that he suffers than by that he does. So that the internal evidence of the play strongly favors the tradition of the Queen's requesting to see Falstaff in love; as such request affords the only clear solution of the Poet's representing one who was plainly a favorite with him in so unsuitable a quality. For, if we may believe Hazlitt, "wits and philosophers seldom shine in that character"; and,

whether this be true or not, it is certain that "Sir John by no means comes off with flying colors."

But Falstaff, notwithstanding these drawbacks, is still so far himself that "naught but himself can be his conqueror." If he be overmatched, it is not so much by the strength or skill of his antagonists, as from his being persuaded, seemingly against his will and for the pleasure of others, into a line of adventure where he is not qualified to thrive. His incomparable art of turning adversities into commodities; the good-humored strategy whereby he manages to divert off all unpleasant feeling of his vices and frailties; the marvelous agility and aptness of wit which, with a vesture of odd and whimsical constructions, at once hides the offensive and discovers the comical features of his conduct; the same towering impudence and sublime effrontery, which so lift him aloft in his subsequent exploits; and the overpowering eloquence of exaggeration, with which he delights to set off and heighten whatsoever is most ludicrous in his own person or situation;—all these qualities, though not in their full bloom and vigor, are here to be seen in triumphant exercise.

Upon the whole, however, this bringing forth of Sir John more for exposure than for exhibition is not altogether grateful to those whom he has so often convulsed into health: though he still gives us wholesome shakings, we feel that it costs him too much: the rare exhilaration he affords us elsewhere, and even here, invests him with a sort of humorous reverence; insomuch that we can hardly help pitying even while we approve his merited, yet scarcely merited, shames and failures; and we would fain make out some excuse for him on the score of these slips' occurring earlier in his life, when experience had not yet disciplined away the natural vanity which may sometimes lead a man of genius to fancy himself the object of the tender passion. And in like manner we are apt to apologize for the Poet's exposure of his and our favorite, on the ground that, being to represent him in an enterprise where he could

not deserve success, nor even work for it but by knavery, he was under a strong moral necessity of causing him not only to be thwarted, but to become the laughing-stock of those who thwart him, and, which is especially galling to one so wit-proud as Sir John, "to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English." And we are the more disposed to leniency towards Falstaff amid his unparalleled swampings, forasmuch as his merry persecutors are but a sort of decorous, respectable, common-place people, who borrow their chief importance from the victim of their mischievous sport; and if they are not so bad as to make us wish him success, neither are they so good that we like to see them grow at his expense. But on this point Mr. Verplanck has spoken so aptly, that mere justice to the subject bids us quote him: "Our choler would rise, despite of us, against Cleopatra herself, should she presume to make a dupe and tool of regal old Jack, the natural lord and master of all about him; and, though not so atrociously immoral as to wish he had succeeded with the Windsor gypsies, we plead guilty to the minor turpitude of sympathy, when he tells his persecutors, with brightening visage and exultant twinkle of eye,—'I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.'"

A further account of this huge magazine of comedies must be deferred till we encounter him at the noon of his glory, stealing, drinking, lying, recruiting, warring, and discoursing of wine, wit, valor, and honor, with Prince Hal at his side to wrestle forth the prodigies of his big-teeming brain.

Sir John's followers are under the cloud with him, being little more than the shadows of what they appear when their master is fully himself: the light of Bardolph's nose is not well kindled yet; Pistol, ancient Pistol's tongue has not yet learned to strut with such potent impotence as it elsewhere waxes great withal. Quickly, however, is altogether herself as far as she goes, and she lets off some brilliancies that would not discredit her maturity in the

more congenial atmosphere of Eastcheap; though, of course, we may not expect her to be the woman now that she will be when she has known Sir John "these twenty-nine years, come peascod time." Acting here in the capacity of a matchmaker and go-between, her perfect impartiality towards all of Anne Page's suitors, both in the service she renders and in the return she accepts, finely exemplifies the indefatigable benevolence of that class of worthies towards themselves, and is so true to the life of a certain perpetual sort of people, as almost to make one believe in the transmigration of souls.—"Mine Host of the Garter" is indeed a model of a host: up to any thing, and brimful of fun, so that it runs out at the ends of his fingers, nothing suits him so well as to uncork the wit-holders of his guests, unless, peradventure, it be to uncork his wine-holders for them. His exhilarating conceit of practical shrewdness,—"Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel?"—which serves as oil to make the wheels of his mind run smooth and glib, is richly characteristic, both of himself individually and of the class he represents.—Sir Hugh Evans is an odd marriage of the ludicrous and the respectable. In his officious simplicity he moralizes the play much better, doubtless, than a wiser man could do it. The scene where, in expectation of the fight with the French doctor, he is full of "cholers," and "trempling of mind," and "melancholies," and has "a great dispositions to cry," and strikes up a lullaby to the palpitations of his heart without seeming to know it, while those palpitations in turn scatter his memory and discompose his singing, is replete with a quiet delicacy of humor, hardly to be surpassed. It is quite probable, as hath been said, that both he and Doctor Caius are delineations, slightly caricatured, of what the Poet had seen and conversed with; there being a portrait-like reality and effect about them, with just enough infusion of the ideal to lift them into the region of art.

Hazlitt boldly pronounces Shakespeare "the only writer who was as great in describing weakness as strength." However this may be, we are pretty sure, that after Fal-

staff there is not a greater piece of work in the play than Master Abraham Slender, cousin to Robert Shallow Esquire,—a dainty sprout, or rather sapling, of provincial gentry, who, once seen, is never to be forgotten. In his consequential verdancy, his aristocratic official boobyism, and his lean-witted, lack-brain originality, this pithless hereditary squireling is altogether inimitable and irresistible;—a tall though slender specimen of most effective imbecility, whose manners and character must needs be all from within, because he lacks force of nature enough to shape or dress himself by any model. Mr. Hallam, whose judgment in such things is not often at fault, thinks Slender was intended as "a satire on the brilliant youth of the provinces," such as they were "before the introduction of newspapers and turnpike roads; awkward and boobyish among civil people, but at home in rude sports, and proud of exploits at which the town would laugh, yet perhaps with more courage and good-nature than the laughers."

Ford's jealousy is managed with great skill so as to help on the plot, bringing out a series of the richest incidents, and drawing the most savory issues from the mellow, juicy old sinner upon whom he is practising. The means whereby he labors to justify his passion, spreading temptations and then concerting surprises, are quite as wicked as any thing Falstaff does, and have, besides, the further crime of exceeding meanness; but both their meanness and their wickedness are of the kind that rarely fail to be their own punishment. The way in which his passion is made to sting and lash him into reason, and the crafty discretion of his wife in glutting his disease and thereby making an opportunity to show him what sort of stuff it lives on, are admirable instances of the wisdom with which the Poet delights to underpin his most fantastical creations. The counter-plottings, also, of Page and his wife, to sell their daughter against her better sense, are about as far from virtue as the worst purposes of Sir John; though their sins are of a more respectable kind than to expose them to ridicule. But we are the more willing to forget their un-

handsome practices herein, because of their good-natured efforts at last to make Falstaff forget his sad miscarriages, and to compose whatsoever vexations and disquietudes still remain, in a well-crowned cup of social merriment.—Anne Page is but an average specimen of discreet, placid, innocent mediocrity, yet with a mind of her own, in whom we can feel no such interest as a rich father causes to be felt by those about her. In her and Fenton a slight dash of romance is given to the play; their love forming a barely audible undertone of poetry in the grand chorus of comicalities, as if on purpose that while the sides are shaken the heart may not be left altogether untouched.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

FALSTAFF

Two features strike us at a glance as being clear and prominent in Falstaff's character; on the one hand, his great wealth of wit, his inexhaustible store of happy devices, plots and pranks, and the indestructibility of his good humor; on the other hand, his equally great amount of sensuality, love of pleasure and excessive carnal lusts. The *point de vue* of his life, and the center upon which all his aims and actions turn, is, that his wit, his inventive talents, and his shrewdness shall in all cases furnish him with the means of gratifying his sensual desires, and protect him in case of need. Enjoyments of every description he must have; and it is only a good joke, a successful piece of mischief—to him the greatest of all enjoyments—that he thinks even more attractive than a glass of sack and the charms of Dolly Tear-sheet. Falstaff is the most consummate epicurean, in the form of a knight of Shakspeare's day but—owing to a halo of ingenious and irresistible wit, and an ideal mental freedom, which humorously disregard all difficulties, and even the whole seriousness of life—an epicurean who appears to a certain extent spiritualized, sublimated into a sort of poetical ideal, which raises him far above the usual run of common rakes, and prevents moral indignation from casting its judgment upon him. Falstaff does not possess any great passions, because to gratify them would cost him too much trouble, and afford an indeed great, but after all only a passing enjoyment. He has also nothing in common with actual wickedness and gross crimes and vices, because the former

undermine their own enjoyment, and also because they are inseparably connected with hate; moreover, great crimes are accomplished only with trouble and exertion, and are always followed by a dread of punishment; gross vices, lastly, necessarily blunt and deaden the sense of enjoyment. Neither is he at all jealous or envious—for envy is its own tormentor—he is more inclined to be glad to see others enjoying themselves, and even helps his boon-companions in attaining their desires, as long as these do not cause himself any inconvenience or annoyance. But as regards the lesser sins, such as bragging, lying and deceiving, he is not over-particular, and has even no great objections to a little thieving, when it can be done easily, and especially when connected with some good joke. He trusts to his wit to save him from any unpleasant consequences of such *bagatelles;* such things he considers natural and unavoidable because he cannot find any enjoyment or procure the means of any enjoyment without them. If this were possible he would rather not be guilty of a single transgression, except as a joke, and even though not altogether good and virtuous, still he would like—without a struggle, however—to be upright and honest. It is true he likes virtue even less than vice, because it demands a greater amount of energy, and, worst of all, self-denial and self-control. He does not believe in virtue; he thinks it a delusive piece of sophistry, a mere illusion to suppose that any one should give up enjoyment and pleasure against the instincts of nature, in order to obtain so-called true happiness. To him, therefore, virtue, like honor, is a mere "word," a thing that no one possesses, that has "no skill in surgery," but at most is an honor to the dead who are insensible to it; hence a mere "scutcheon," so "he'll none of it." And yet, at the same time, he knows very well that he must appear to possess certain virtues such as bravery, honesty, and above all things honor and authority; for without the appearance of these he would find it impossible to live. Accordingly his wit and shrewdness have here again to come to his aid, together with his

consummate impudence. In the same way as his inventive genius is inexhaustible when wanted to help him out of scrapes, and other difficulties, so the manner in which he contrives to impose upon blockheads and simpletons is inimitable. And as the aim of his existence, in a double sense, has so wholly become flesh and blood, and is steadily pursued by him, so, in spite of all obstacles, he in most cases succeeds in attaining his object. The result of this is a captivating *nonchalance* and naturalness, and an imposing amount of self-confidence.—Ulrici, *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.*

MISTRESS PAGE AND MISTRESS FORD

There are the two "Merry Wives" themselves. What a picture we have of buxom, laughing, ripe beauty! ready for any frolic "that may not sully the chariness of their honesty." That jealous-pate, Ford, ought to have been sure of his wife's integrity and goodness, from her being so transparent-charactered and cheerful; for your insincere and double-dealing people are sure to betray, some time or other, the drag that dishonesty claps upon the wheel of their conduct. The career of a deceitful person is never uniform. In the sequel, however, Ford does make a handsome atonement—that of a frank apology to the party whom he had abused by his suspicions; and he winds up the play with the rest, not the least happy of the group from having an enfranchised heart. He says well:—

> "Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt.
> I rather will suspect the sun with cold
> Than thee with wantonness. Now doth thy honour stand,
> In him that was of late a heretic,
> As firm as faith."
>
> —Clarke, *Shakespeare-Characters.*

THE CHARACTERS OF THE PLAY

Ford's jealousy, which is the main spring of the comic incidents, is certainly very well managed. Page, on the

contrary, appears to be somewhat uxorious in his disposition; and we have pretty plain indications of the effect of the characters of the husbands on the different degrees of fidelity in their wives. Mrs. Quickly makes a very lively go-between, both between Falstaff and his Dulcineas, and Anne Page and her lovers, and seems in the latter case so intent on her own interest as totally to overlook the intentions of her employers. Her master, Dr. Caius, the Frenchman, and her fellow-servant Jack Rugby, are very completely described. This last-mentioned person is rather quaintly commended by Mrs. Quickly as "an honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal, and I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate; his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault." The Welch Parson, Sir Hugh Evans (a title which in those days was given to the clergy) is an excellent character in all respects. He is as respectable as he is laughable. He has "very good discretions, and very odd humours." The duel-scene with Caius gives him an opportunity to show his "cholers and his tremblings of mind," his valor and his melancholy, in an irresistible manner. In the dialogue, which at his mother's request he holds with his pupil, William Page, to show his progress in learning, it is hard to say whether the simplicity of the master or the scholar is the greatest. Nym, Bardolph, and Pistol, are but the shadows of what they were; and Justice Shallow himself has little of his consequence left. But his cousin, Slender, makes up for the deficiency. He is a very potent piece of imbecility. In him the pretensions of the worthy Gloucestershire family are well kept up, and immortalized. He and his friend Sackerson and his book of songs and his love of Anne Page and his having nothing to say to her can never be forgotten. It is the only first-rate character in the play: but it is in that class. Shakespear is the only writer who was as great in describing weakness as strength.
—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

HONEST KNAVERY

Great emphasis is laid throughout on honest knavery, in contrast to Falstaff's knavery. A wife, says the two women, may be merry and yet honest too; even at the end of the seventeenth century there was a song which Halliwell quotes, in which, alluding to the moral of this play, the verse "wives may be merry and yet honest too," returns as a refrain. That the tricks played upon Falstaff were not only "admirable pleasures" but "*honest* knaveries," can alone move the plain, true, timid, and pious pastor to take pleasure in them. This simple but honest knavery celebrates its victory throughout over-cunning and presumption. The crafty self-loving dig the pit and fall into it themselves; it is dug too strangely wide even for the simple, because self-conceited cunning estimates too lightly its opponent honesty. These words may be regarded as the soul of the play. It is a reflection to be drawn from no other of Shakespeare's dramas, but only from this play of intrigue. All the underplot of the piece relates to this point and to this lesson. The cunning host—a boaster full of mockery and tricks, who considers himself a great politician and Machiavellian—teases the wavering, fencing Dr. Caius and the pedantic Welshman Evans; the same vexation befalls him as Falstaff, that the simple men, who cannot even speak English, combine against him, and cheat the crafty man about his horses. The jealous Ford gives away money and name, and places the honor of his house at stake, only to learn more certainly the supposed treachery of his wife; the eavesdropper hears not of his innocent better half, but of his own shame, and suffers torments himself in return for those which he would have prepared for the envied unsuspecting Page and his innocent wife. In Page's house again other tricks are devised. Husband and wife conspire against each other and against the happiness of their innocent daughter, to whom the one wishes to give an awkward simpleton for a husband, and the other an old fellow; mutually they fall into the snares laid for them,

and Fenton brings home the bride who has committed a "holy offence," since marriages are settled in heaven, and wives are not, like land, to be purchased by money. Alike in all these corresponding affairs does business seek to ensnare honesty—cunning, simplicity—jealousy, innocence—and avarice, the inoffensive nature; and their evil design reverts upon themselves. Unclouded honest sense is always superior to base passion. And this moral, which links together these four intrigues, will be found, if we consider the piece from an ethical point of view (for the sake of its principal character and its development), to have a special reference to Falstaff's position and character. The selfishness which we exhibited as the soul of Falstaff's nature appears at its highest climax when, opposed to the virtue and simplicity which are its usual prey, in its vain security it considers the more subtle means of ensnaring as no longer necessary, and is thus ensnared in a gross trap. An egotist like Falstaff can suffer no severer defeat than from the honesty in which he does not believe, and from the ignorance which he does not esteem. The more ridiculous side of self-love is, therefore, in this play subjected to a ridiculous tragic-comic fall, which, as regards time and the development of the plot, precedes the serious comic-tragic fall which meets Falstaff on the accession of the king, when the serious and mischievous side of his self-love was just on the point of a dangerous triumph.
—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

SHAKESPEARE'S GENIUS

The Merry Wives of Windsor does not rank high among the dramas of Shakespeare; and we cannot help feeling a little depressed at the unrelieved discomfitures of Falstaff. On this account I am inclined to regard the play as a most striking illustration of the power and the versatility of Shakespeare's genius. And this the more if, as we may reasonably suppose, the piece was produced in haste, and with some impatience both of the task and the subject.

But if the vivid imagination, the ready wit, and all that appertains to the indefinable gift of genius is strikingly displayed, the comedy will fill us with scarcely less astonishment as we recognize the writer's mastery of material, especially of contemporary literature, and his intimate acquaintance with contemporary life.—Luce, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

UNIQUE CHARACTER OF THE PLAY

The Merry Wives of Windsor stands apart with an unique character. It is essentially prosaic, and is indeed the only play of Shakspere written almost wholly in prose. There is no reason why we should refuse to accept the tradition put upon record by Dennis and by Rowe that *The Merry Wives* was written by Shakspere upon compulsion, by order of Elizabeth, who in her lust for gross mirth, required the poet to expose his Falstaff to ridicule, by exhibiting him, the most delightful of egoists, in love. Shakspere yielded to the necessity. His *Merchant of Venice* might pass well enough with the miscellaneous gathering of upper, middle, and lower classes which crowded to a public theater. Now he had to cater specially for gentle-folk and for a queen. And knowing how to please every class of spectators, he knew how to hit off the taste of "the barbarian." *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is a play written expressly for the barbarian aristocrats with their hatred of ideas, their insensibility to beauty, their hard efficient manners, and their demand for impropriety. The good folk of London liked to see a prince or a duke, and they liked to see him made gracious and generous. These royal and noble persons at Windsor wished to see the interior life of country gentlemen of the middle-class, and to see the women of the middle-class with their excellent bourgeois morals, and rough, jocose ways. The comedy of hearing a French physician and a Welsh parson speak broken English was appreciated by these spectators who uttered their mother-tongue with exemplary

accent. Shakspere did not make a grievance of his task. He threw himself into it with spirit, and despatched his work quickly,—in fourteen days, if we accept the tradition. But Falstaff he was not prepared to recall from heaven or from hell. He dressed up a fat rogue, brought forward for the occasion from the back premises of the poet's imagination, in Falstaff's clothes; he allowed persons and places and times to jumble themselves up as they pleased; he made it impossible for the most laborious nineteenth century critic to patch on *The Merry Wives* to *Henry IV.* But the Queen and her Court laughed as the buck-basket was emptied into the ditch, no more suspecting that its gross lading was not the incomparable jester of Eastcheap, than Ford suspected the woman with a great beard to be other than the veritable Dame Pratt.—Dowden, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

CORRECTNESS OF PROPORTION

This Comedy belongs to that class of Shakspeare's plays that is marked by correctness of proportion both in characters and distribution. Indeed, it would be difficult to name a play that is more distinguished by the avoidance of redundancy, by the specific quality of correctness. The characters, which are very numerous,—they amount to twenty—are all wrought to an equal degree of finish, and are brought forward or subordinated with the exact relief that corresponds with their several functions and importance. The scenes follow in succession with admirably regulated length and variety of movement, and with such exact compensation of tone and humor as to move forward the busy action without delay or confusion, without a hint of tediousness or a moment of dissatisfaction from the beginning to the end. These are qualities that best evidence the height and maturity of poetic powers. Still it is apparent that for such powers the scope and subject of the play did not afford the fullest opportunities of exercise. It is not for an instant to be

placed beside the more perfect poetical comedies, beside *As You Like It*, or *Twelfth Night*, or even beside *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, or perhaps *Love's Labor's Lost;* works for which lavish expenditure of poetic gold vindicates rank in a higher class notwithstanding defects in correctness and proportion.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

A FARCICAL COMEDY

Apart, however, from a lack of elevation in style, and from a certain slenderness in the drawing of characters, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is an admirable farcical comedy, breezy in its movement, full of capital situations, and, at the same time, satisfying strict literary requirements with a skillfully interwoven major and minor plot. It deals purely with *bourgeois* life, and critics have seen in this an additional evidence that it was prepared for the special benefit of Elizabeth and her train, who would relish this vigorous sketch of middle-class society, with its manners and morals so entirely at variance with those of a refined and dissolute court. The allusions in Act V to Windsor Castle, and to the chairs and insignia of the Knights of the Garter, seem even to suggest the scene of the first performance, though it is questionable whether Elizabethan gallants could have entirely enjoyed the spectacle of one of their own order, however degraded, suffering discomfiture at the hands of citizens' wives. Nor is it true to say that *The Merry Wives* is Shakspere's only play of middle-class life. *The Comedy of Errors*, in spite of its classical source and names, deals with exactly the same social grade; and indeed the two plays are akin in their unflagging bustle and wealth of humorous incident, which produce, besides other results, in one case the cure of a jealous wife, and in the other, of a jealous husband.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

THE APPEAL OF THE PLAY

There is real poetry in the short fairy scene of the last act. The poet here takes his revenge for the prose to which he has so long been condemned. It is full of the aromatic wood-scents of Windsor Park by night. What is altogether most valuable in *The Merry Wives* is its strong smack of the English soil. The play appeals to us, in spite of the drawbacks inseparable from a work hastily written to order, because the poet has here for once remained faithful to his own age and his own country, and has given us a picture of the contemporary middle-class, in its sturdy and honest worth, which even the atmosphere of farce cannot quite obscure.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

REPOSE

The movement of the principal action is beautifully contrasted with the occasional repose of the other scenes. The Windsor of the time of Elizabeth is presented to us, as the quiet country town, sleeping under the shadow of its neighbor the castle. Amidst its gabled houses, separated by pretty gardens, from which the elm and the chestnut and the lime throw their branches across the unpaved road, we find a goodly company, with little to do but gossip and laugh, and make sport out of each other's cholers and weaknesses. We see Master Page training his "fallow greyhound"; and we go with Master Ford "a-birding." We listen to the "pribbles and prabbles" of Sir Hugh Evans and Justice Shallow, with a quiet satisfaction; for they talk as unartificial men ordinarily talk, without much wisdom, but with good temper and sincerity. We find ourselves in the days of ancient hospitality, when men could make their fellows welcome without ostentatious display, and half a dozen neighbors "could drink down all unkindness" over "a hot venison pasty." The more busy inhabitants of the town have time to tattle, and to laugh, and be laughed at. Mine Host of the

Garter is the prince of hosts; he is the very soul of fun and good temper;—he is not solicitous whether Falstaff sit "at ten pounds a week" or at two;—he readily takes "the withered serving man for a fresh tapster";—his confidence in his own cleverness is delicious:—"am I politic, am I subtle, am I a Machiavel?"—the Germans "shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay. I'll sauce them." When he loses his horses, and his "mind is heavy," we rejoice that Fenton will give him "a hundred pound in gold" more than his loss. His contrivances to manage the fray between the furious French doctor, and the honest Welsh parson, are productive of the happiest situations. Caius waiting for his adversary—"de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him"—is capital. But Sir Hugh, with his,—

> "There will we make our peds of roses,
> And a thousand fragrant posies,
> To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry,"—is inimitable.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

SHAKESPEARE'S KNOWLEDGE OF LANGUAGES

A brilliant proof of Shakespeare's knowledge of languages—which may be compared with his humorous use of the Latin-English element—is the masterly way in which he makes Dr. Caius murder the English language in "The Merry Wives." Those who have ever heard a Frenchman "clip" the Queen's English will not hesitate to admit that the poet has grasped and reproduced this jargon with inimitable truth and in the wittiest manner. And, as far as is known, Shakespeare had no model in any contemporary writer for this character of his. Are we to believe that he engaged an assistant with a knowledge of French for the occasion? This would be a most arbitrary and unwarrantable assumption, and it is only a prejudiced mind that could come to any such conclusion. Shakespeare undoubtedly, in this case also, made his studies

from real life; in London there were numerous representatives of the different nationalities with whom he might easily have come in contact. This is another point that must be taken into consideration if a correct idea is to be formed of the degree of Shakespeare's linguistic knowledge, and of the manner in which he acquired it. That Shakespeare made industrious use of the existing translations of modern authors, in the same way as he did of works originally written in Latin or Greek, is a fact too well known to admit of a doubt; but it is only a very limited argument against his having known the languages. It would be absurd to imagine that he despised translations of French and Italian romances, for the latter, more especially, had been a mine full of valuable material to him.—Elze, *William Shakespeare.*

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Sir John Falstaff
Fenton, *a gentleman*
Shallow, *a country justice*
Slender, *cousin to Shallow*
Ford, Page, } *two gentlemen dwelling at Windsor*
William Page, *a boy, son to Page*
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welsh parson*
Doctor Caius, *a French physician*
Host of the Garter Inn
Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, } *sharpers attending on Falstaff*
Robin, *page to Falstaff*
Simple, *servant to Slender*
Rugby, *servant to Doctor Caius*

Mistress Ford
Mistress Page
Anne Page, *her daughter*
Mistress Quickly, *servant to Doctor Caius*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

Scene: *Windsor, and the neighborhood.*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Sir John Falstaff is attracted to Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, two women of Windsor, and, although they are married, he determines to win their affections. Anne, daughter to Mistress Page, is courted by a young provincial gentleman, Abraham Slender, by a Welsh schoolmaster and preacher, Sir Hugh Evans, by a French physician, Doctor Caius, and by Fenton, a courtier.

ACT II

Falstaff writes notes to both Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, and when the ladies compare them, they are found to be almost identical in wording. They are angry, and counsel together how they may avenge themselves and punish the man's impudence. Mistress Ford makes an appointment with him. Pistol and Nye, servants to Sir John, tell the husbands that their master loves the ladies. Page is content to let his wife settle with Falstaff, but Ford disguises himself and wins from the knight the secret of his appointment with Mistress Ford.

ACT III

On the night of the meeting, Mistress Page goes to Mistress Ford's house before the knight's arrival and they prepare a large basket of soiled linen, intending to tell Falstaff that the only way he can safely leave the house is to be carried out in this basket. Just as they are carrying out this ruse, the jealous Ford, accompanied by

several friends, comes in. He, too, is deceived by the basket of soiled clothes and Falstaff is dumped into the Thames. Although nearly drowned by this treatment, Sir John is quite ready to renew his suit upon receipt of another message from Mistress Ford appointing another meeting-time. Ford again calls upon Falstaff and is told how he escaped the irate husband, and when he is again to meet the wife. Ford determines to watch his wife more closely than before. In the meantime Anne Page is favoring Fenton, while her mother prefers Doctor Caius, and her father has promised her to Slender.

ACT IV

Falstaff comes the second time to Mistress Ford's house. Again Ford surprises them and the knight escapes dressed as an old witch, while the husband is searching the basket, believing Falstaff to be concealed therein. The ladies now tell their husbands all about Falstaff's letters and their punishment, and together the four plan a final bit of fun with the fat gentleman. Master and Mistress Page and Anne each scheme to use this third meeting for a furtherance of his or her matrimonial plans.

ACT V

Falstaff comes to Windsor Park wearing a buck's head. Some young people, including Anne Page, are dressed as fairies, and they set upon him, pinch him, and burn him with their tapers. The four chief conspirators reveal themselves to him and reproach him for his attempted evildoing, but in the end forgive him. Then they all go to Page's house, there to feast and to celebrate Anne's marriage with Fenton, for the girl had succeeded in her plans in spite of her father and mother.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

ACT FIRST

SCENE I

Windsor. Before Page's house.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace and 'Coram.'

Shal. Aye, cousin Slender, and 'Custalorum.'

Slen. Aye, and 'Rato-lorum' too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself 'Armigero,' in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, 'Armigero.'

Shal. Aye, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

13. *"these three hundred years";* Shallow here identifies himself with "all his successors gone before him"; an aristocratic way of speaking once common in England, and not wholly laid aside yet.

Slen. All his successors gone before him hath done 't; and all his ancestors that come after him may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Evans. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Evans. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Evans. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but that is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benev-

Washington Allston was once the guest of an English nobleman who, though Shallow in nothing else, said he came over with William the Conqueror. We are indebted to Mr. Verplanck for this anecdote, and also for the information that Shallow's mode of speech, though common, is *characteristic* of him.—H. N. H.

22. *"The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat."* No satisfactory explanation of this passage has as yet been offered; various suggestions have been made, *e. g.* "salt-fish"= the hake borne by the stockfishmongers; "same" for "salt"; "'tis ott fish" (assigned to Evans), &c. May not, however, the whole point of the matter lie in Shallow's use of "salt" in the sense of "saltant," the heraldic term, used especially for vermin? If so, "salt fish"= "the leaping louse," with a quibble on "salt" as opposed to "fresh fish." There is further allusion to the proverbial predilection of vermin for "old coats," used quibblingly in the sense of "coat-of-arms."—I. G.

olence to make atonements and compremises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Evans. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is also another device in my prain, which peradventure prings goot discretions with it:—there is Anne Page, which is daughter to Master Thomas Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.

Evans. It is that fery person for all the orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold and silver, is her grandsire upon his death's-bed (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage be-

51. To *"speak small"* means much the same as what old Lear so touchingly says over his dying Cordelia: "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman." So also in Chaucer:

"The company answered all,
With voice sweet entuned, and so *small,*
That methought it the sweetest melody."—H. N. H.

tween Master Abraham and Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Evans. Aye, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Evans. Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is goot gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest Master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Evans. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar as I do despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and, I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door for Master Page. [*Knocks*] What, hoa! Got pless your house here!

Page. [*Within*] Who 's there?

Enter Page.

Evans. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow; and here young Master Slender, that peradventures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well. I thank you for my venison, Master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed. How doth

good Mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say he was outrun on Cotsall.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You 'll not confess, you 'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not. 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault; 'tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he 's a good dog, and a fair dog: can there be more said? he is good and fair. Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Evans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wronged me, Master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confessed, it is not redressed: is not that so, Master Page? He hath wronged me; indeed he hath; at a word, he hath, believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith, he is wronged.

97. *"Outrun on Cotsall," i. e.* on the Cotswold hills (in Gloucestershire); probably an allusion to the famous Cotswold Games, which were revived at the beginning of the seventeenth century, though evidently instituted earlier; the allusion does not occur in the first and second Quartos.—I. G.

114. *"at a word";* in a word.—C. H. H.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master Shallow, you 'll complain of me to the king.

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all this. That is now answered.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel: you 'll be laughed at.

Evans. Pauca verba, Sir John; goot worts.

Fal. Good worts! good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your cony-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Aye, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus!

Slen. Aye, it is no matter.

121. *"lodge";* the keeper's lodge.—C. H. H.

122. *"kissed the keeper's daughter";* Scott in Kenilworth suggests that this was part of the charge made against the Poet by Sir Thomas Lucy. *Council* and *counsel,* just below, are probably a quibble, the one meaning the Star-Chamber, the other being used in the sense of *secresy.* Sir Thomas seems to have gained nothing by his proceedings against the Poet but the honor of being "laughed at."—H. N. H.

Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca: slice! that 's my humor.

Slen. Where 's Simple, my man? Can you tell, cousin?

Evans. Peace, I pray you. Now let us understand. There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master Page, fidelicet Master Page; and there is myself, fidelicet myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it and end it between them.

Evans. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book! and we will afterwards ork upon the cause with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Evans. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, 'He hears with ear'? why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Aye, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else, of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Evans. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner! Sir John and master mine,
I combat challenge of this latten bilbo.
Word of denial in thy labras here!
Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest!

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humors: I will say 'marry trap' with you, if you run the nuthook's humor on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Evans. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashiered; and so conclusions passed the careires.

Slen. Aye, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I 'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk I 'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

185. *"Scarlet and John";* Robin Hood's boon companion; an allusion to Bardolph's red face.—I. G.

Evans. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Anne Page, with wine; Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we 'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*

Slen. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [*Kisses her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome. Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[*Exeunt all except Shal., Slen., and Evans.*

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple! where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Sim. Book of Riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon All-hallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

222. *"a fortnight afore Michaelmas."* The blunder is doubtless intended. Theobald unnecessarily proposed *Martlemas.*—C. H. H.

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz! marry, this, coz; there is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here. Do you understand me?

Slen. Aye, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Evans. Give ear to his motions, Master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he 's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Evans. But that is not the question: the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Aye, there 's the point, sir.

Evans. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to Mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable demands.

Evans. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold that the lips is parcel of the mouth. Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir, I will do as it shall become one that would do reason.

Evans. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies! you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must. Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz: what I do is to pleasure you, coz. Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request: but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married and have more occasion to know one another; I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say 'Marry her,' I will marry her; that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Evans. It is a fery discretion answer; save the fall is in the ort 'dissolutely': the ort is, according to our meaning, 'resolutely': his meaning is good.

Shal. Aye, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Aye, or else I would I might be hanged, la!

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress Anne.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Would I were young for your sake, Mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.
Shal. I will wait on him, fair Mistress Anne.
Evans. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt Shallow and Evans.*
Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, sir?
Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.
Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.
Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholding to his friend for a man. I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: but what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.
Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.
Slen. I' faith, I 'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.
Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.
Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin th' other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

295. *"go wait upon";* it was formerly the custom in England for persons to be attended at dinner by their own servants wherever they dined.—H. N. H.

ANN PAGE AND SLENDER.

Page. "Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you."

Slen. "I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir."

Merry Wives of Windsor. Act 1, Scene 1.

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England. You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Aye, indeed, sir.

Slen. That 's meat and drink to me, now. I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed: but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favored rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle Master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I 'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir! come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la! I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I 'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome. You do yourself wrong, indeed, la!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house which is the way: and there dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Sim. Well, sir.

Evans. Nay, it is petter yet. Give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance with Mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, be gone: I will make an end of my dinner; there 's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter!

Host. What says my bully-rook? speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou 'rt emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow. [*To Bard.*] Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow. [*Exit.*

Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster. Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired: I will thrive.

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield? [*Exit Bardolph.*

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor conceited?

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinderbox: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskillful singer; he kept not time.

9. *"Keisar";* an old form of Cæsar, the general word for an emperor; Kings and Keisars being a common phrase. The meaning of *Pheezar* is uncertain. Malone derives it from *pheeze,* to *whip,* or to *beat,* and so used in the *Induction to the Taming of The Shrew.* —H. N. H.

26. *"conceited";* ingenious.—C. H. H.

Nym. The good humor is to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. 'Convey,' the wise it call. 'Steal!' foh! a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fall. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight: he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol! Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about; but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behavior, to be

30. *"A minute's rest";* "a minim's rest" is the ingenious suggestion of Bennet Langton; *cp. Romeo and Juliet,* II. iv. 24, "rests me his minim rest."—I. G.

34. *"a fico for the phrase"; fico* is a Pistolism for *fig.*—H. N. H.

49. *"Carves";* probably used here in the sense of "to show favor by expressive gestures"; *cp.* "A carver: chironomus . . . one that useth apish motions with his hands."—Littleton's *Latin-English Dictionary* (1675).—I. G.

It seems to have been a mark of kindness when a lady carved to a gentleman. So, in *Vittoria Corombona:* "Your husband is wondrous discontented. *Vit.* I did nothing to displease him; I *carved* to him at supper time."—H. N. H.

52. *"the hardest voice";* word, expression.—C. H. H.

English rightly, is, 'I am Sir John Falstaff's.'

Pist. He hath studied her will, and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humor pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and 'To her, boy,' say I.

Nym. The humor rises; it is good: humor me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œillades; sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humor.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here 's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be

53. *"to be Englished rightly";* if translated into English.—C. H. H.

57. *"The anchor is deep"; i. e.* the plot is deep laid.—C. H. H.

78. *"Region of Guiana."* Sir Walter Raleigh returned from his expedition to South America in 1596, and published his book on "The Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana" in the same year.—I. G.

cheaters to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humor: here, take the humor-letter: I will keep the havior of reputation.

Fal. [*To Robin*] Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly;
Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hailstones, go;
Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humor of the age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself and skirted page. [*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin.*

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:
Tester I 'll have in pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations which be humors of revenge.

86. *"Sir Pandarus of Troy";* the go-between in the amours of Troilus and Cressida, famous from Chaucer's poem. Pistol asks whether he, a soldier, shall condescend to play this part.—C. H. H.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?
Nym. By welkin and her star!
Pist. With wit or steel?
Nym. With both the humors, I:
I will discuss the humor of this love to Page.
Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.
Nym. My humor shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humor.
Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents. I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A room in Doctor Caius's house.

Enter Mistress Quickly, Simple, and Rugby.

Quick. What, John Rugby! I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, Master Doctor Caius, coming. If he do, i' faith, and find anybody in the

105. *"By welkin and her star."* This is no doubt the correct reading of the line, and there is no need to read *stars,* as has been suggested; "star" is obviously used here for "the sun"; the Quartos read "fairies."—I. G.

115. *"the revolt of mine";* evidently referring to his revolt from Falstaff, which is now his "true humor."—H. N. H.

house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I 'll go watch.

Quick. Go; and we 'll have a posset for 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. [*Exit Rugby.*] An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way: but nobody but has his fault; but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Aye, for fault of a better.

Quick. And Master Slender 's your master?

Sim. Aye, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard,—a Cain-colored beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Aye, forsooth: but he is as tall a man of his hands as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

5. *"old"*; extraordinary.—C. H. H.
8. *"posset"*; a hot drink taken before going to bed.—C. H. H.
29. *"warrener"*; the keeper of a warren.—H. N. H.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell Master Parson Evans I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug: Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent. Run in here, good young man; go into this closet: he will not stay long. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say! Go, John, go inquire for my master; I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home.

[*Singing*] And down, down, adown-a, &c.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet un boitier vert,—a box, a green-a box: do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Aye, forsooth; I 'll fetch it you. [*Aside*] I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

46. *"Doctor Caius";* it has been thought strange that Shakespeare should take the name of Caius for his Frenchman, as an eminent physician of that name, founder of Caius College, Oxford, flourished in Elizabeth's reign. But Shakespeare was little acquainted with literary history, and without doubt, from this unusual name, supposed him to have been some foreign quack. The character might however be drawn from the life, for in Jack Dover's *Quest of Enquirie,* 1604, a story called *The Foole of Windsor* turns upon a simple outlandish Doctor of Physic.—H. N. H.

Caius. Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la cour,—la grande affaire.

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. Oui; mette le au mon pocket: dépêche, quickly. Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir!

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby. Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to the court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long. Od 's me! Qu'ai-j'oublié! dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Aye me, he 'll find the young man there, and be mad!

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet? Villain! larron! [*Pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier!

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. What shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phlegmatic. Hear the truth of it: he came of an errand to me from Parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Aye, forsooth; to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue. Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to Mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la! but I 'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you? Rugby, baille me some paper. Tarry you a little-a while. [*Writes.*

Quick. [*Aside to Simple*] I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been throughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy. But notwithstanding, man, I 'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself,—

Sim. [*Aside to Quickly*] 'Tis a great charge to come under one body's hand.

Quick. [*Aside to Simple*] Are you avised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding,—to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it,—my master himself is in love with Mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind,—that 's neither here nor there.

111. *"down"*; in bed.—C. H. H.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a this letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I will cut his troat in de park; and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make. You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here.—By gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to throw at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a ver dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—By gar, I vill kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of de Jarteer to measure our weapon.—By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court with me. By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. Follow my heels, Rugby. [*Exeunt Caius and Rugby.*

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within*] Who 's within there? ho!

Quick. Who 's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou?

Quick. The better that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty Mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'st thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in his hands above: but notwithstanding, Master Fenton, I 'll be sworn on a book, she loves you. Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale:—good faith, it is such another Nan; but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart.—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, she is given too much to allicholy and musing: but for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there 's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me.

Quick. Will I? i' faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

Quick. Farewell to your worship. [*Exit Fenton.*] Truly, an honest gentleman: but Anne loves him not; for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon 't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Before Page's house.

Enter Mistress Page, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What, have I scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [*Reads.*

'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counselor. You are not young, no more am I; go to, then, there 's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there 's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page,—at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me,—'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,

5. *"Though Love use Reason for his physician."* The Folios read "precisian"; the emendation adopted in the text was first suggested by Johnson, and has been generally accepted; *cp. Sonnet* cxlvii.: "My reason the physician to my love."—I. G.

Or any kind of light,
With all his might
For thee to fight.—JOHN FALSTAFF.'

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked, wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behavior hath this Flemish drunkard picked—with the devil's name!—out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgive me! Why, I 'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

31. *"exhibit";* bring forward.—C. H. H.

Mrs. Page. What 's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honor!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman! take the honor. What is it?—dispense with trifles; —what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight:—here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted

48. *"respect";* consideration.—C. H. H.

57. *"We burn daylight";* a proverb: we burn lamps by day-light; that is, we waste time.—H. N. H.

60. *"to make difference of men's liking";* to distinguish the bodily characteristics of men.—C. H. H.

him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here 's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names,—sure, more,—and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I 'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. 'Boarding,' call you it? I 'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I: if he come under my hatches, I 'll never to sea again. Let 's be revenged on him: let 's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit,

and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he 's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let 's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford, with Pistol, and Page, with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtal dog in some affairs:
Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves the gallimaufry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife!

Pist. With liver burning hot. Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:

127. *"perpend"; i. e.* consider.—H. N. H.

129. The *"liver"* was anciently supposed to be the seat of the amorous passions.—H. N. H.

130. *"Like Sir Actæon he,"* etc.; make him like Actæon, who (in the shape of a stag) was hunted to death by hounds.—C. H. H.

O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.
Away, Sir Corporal Nym!—
Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit.*

Ford. [*Aside*] I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [*To Page*] And this is true; I like not the humor of lying. He hath wronged me in some humors: I should have borne the humored letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there 's the short and the long. My name is Corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch: 'tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu. I love not the humor of bread and cheese; and there 's the humor of it. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Page. 'The humor of it,' quoth 'a! here 's a fellow frights English out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it:—well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow:—well.

Page. How now, Meg!

[*Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford come forward.*

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head. Now, will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You 'll come to dinner, George? [*Aside to Mrs. Ford*] Look who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

Mrs. Ford. [*Aside to Mrs. Page*] Trust me, I thought on her: she 'll fit it.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Aye, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see: we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*

Page. How now, Master Ford!

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes: and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the

knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Aye, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage toward my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together. A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.

Enter Host.

How now, mine host!

Host. How now, bully-rook! thou 'rt a gentleman. Cavaleiro-justice, I say!

Enter Shallow.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow. Good even and twenty, good Master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

191. *"yoke";* pair.—C. H. H.

Host. Tell him, cavaleiro-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you. [*Drawing him aside.*

Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rook?

Shal. [*To Page*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, hath appointed them contrary places; for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be. [*They converse apart.*

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavaleire?

Ford. None, I protest: but I 'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook; only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully; thou shalt have egress and regress;—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight. Will you go, An-heires?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

235–238. In the Folios the name "Broome" is given instead of "Brooke"; but Falstaff's pun, "Such Brooks are welcome to me, that overflow with liquor," removes all doubt as to the correct reading, which is actually found in the Quartos.—I. G.

240. *"Will you go, An-heires?"* so the Folios and Quartos; Theobald's correction "mynheers" has been adopted by many modern editors. Other suggestions are "on, here"; "on, hearts"; "on, heroes"; "cavaleires," &c.—I. G.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more. In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, Master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you. I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt Host, Shal., and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's house; and what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into 't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my labor; if she be otherwise, 'tis labor well bestowed. [*Exit.*

248. *"long sword";* before the introduction of rapiers the swords in use were of an enormous length and sometimes used with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation, and ridicules the terms and use of the rapier.—H. N. H.

258. *"what they made there";* that is, what they *did* there. In Act iv. Sc. 2, of this play we have again, what *make* you here? for what *do* you here?—H. N. H.

Scene II

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honor thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst not thou share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for

7. *"coach-fellow";* that is, he who *draws* along with you, who is joined with you in all your knavery.—H. N. H.

13. *"handle of her fan";* fans were costly appendages of female dress in Shakespeare's time. They consisted of ostrich and other feathers, fixed into handles, some of which were made of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. Thus in the second Sestyad of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander:*

"Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall."—H. N. H.

you. Go. A short knife and a throng!— To your manor of Pickt-hatch! Go! You 'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honor! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honor precise: I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of God on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honor! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent: what would thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here 's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quick. Give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an 't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I 'll be sworn;
As my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer. What with me?

20. *"a short knife and a throng"*; that is, go and *cut purses in a crowd.* Purses were then worn hanging at the girdle.—H. N. H.

24. *"unconfinable"*; unrestrainable.—C. H. H.

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I 'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius,—

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true:—I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? God bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well, Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she 's a good creature.—Lord, Lord! your worship 's a wanton! Well, heaven forgive you and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a canaries as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart;

and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her: I had myself twenty angels given me this morning; but I defy all angels—in any such sort, as they say—but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quick. Aye, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of: Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas, the sweet woman leads an ill life with him! he 's a very jealousy man: she leads a very frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have another messenger to your worship. Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you, too: and let me tell you in your ear, she 's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I

tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, who-e'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man: surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for 't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife and Page's wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest indeed; they have not so little grace, I hope: that were a trick indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves: her husband has a marvelous infection to the little page; and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does: do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will: and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: but, look you, he

128. *"of all loves";* in the name of all love (a strong adjuration, equivalent to "in the name of goodness," or the like).—C. H. H.

may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there 's my purse; I am yet thy debtor. Boy, go along with this woman. [*Exeunt Mistress Quickly and Robin.*] This news distracts me!

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights:
Give fire: she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all! [*Exit.*

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I 'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee. Let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there 's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

164. *"sent your worship a morning's draught";* it seems to have been a common custom in taverns, in Shakespeare's time, to send presents of wine from one room to another either as a memorial of friendship, or by way of introduction to acquaintance. In the

Fal. Brook is his name?
Bard. Aye, sir.
Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah, ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page have I encompassed you? go to; via!

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir!
Fal. And you, sir! Would you speak with me?
Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.
Fal. You 're welcome. What 's your will?—Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*
Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.
Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.
Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion;

Parliamentary History, we have the following passage from *The Life of General Monk,* by Dr. Price: "I came to the Three Tuns, before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a servant and portmanteau, and asked for a room, which I had scarce got into but *wine followed me as a present* from some citizens desiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me."—H. N. H.

171. "*Via,*" an Italian word, which Florio explains:—"An adverb of encouragement, on away, go to, away forward, go on, dispatch." —H. N. H.

for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you,—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with are proof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her

211. *"sith"; i. e.* since.—H. N. H.

with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many to know what she would have given; briefly, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me; which hath been on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:

'Love like a shadow flies when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.'

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear

219. *"observance"*; obsequious courtesy.—C. H. H.

honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth so far that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand

255. *"preparations"*; accomplishments.—C. H. H.

other her defenses, which now are too too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor: they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favored. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there 's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue!

I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford 's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him; the hour is fixed; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but Cuckold! Wittol!—Cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous. I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she

ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. God be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

Scene III

A field near Windsor.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir?

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.
Rug. Forbear; here 's company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor!
Shal. Save you, Master Doctor Caius!
Page. Now, good master doctor!
Slen. Give you good morrow, sir.
Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?
Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse; to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully-stale? is he dead?
Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not show his face.
Host. Thou art a Castalion-King-Urinal. Hector of Greece, my boy!
Caius. I pray you, bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.
Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions. Is it not true, Master Page?

29. *"Francisco";* for Frenchman.—C. H. H.
41. *"against the hair";* against the grain.—C. H. H.

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, Master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. Though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, Master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, Master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, Master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, Master Page. Master Doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have showed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shown himself a wise and patient churchman. You must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest-justice.—A word, Mounseur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valor, bully.

Caius. By gar, den, I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman.—Scurvy Jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

61. *"Mounseur Mock-water";* probably some allusion to the doctor's medical practice.—H. N. H.

Host. And I will provoke him to 't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And, moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and Master Page, and eke Cavaleiro Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humor he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page, Shal., and Slen. Adieu, good master doctor. [*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: sheathe thy impatience, throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore: I will bring thee where Mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her. Cried I aim? said I well?

Caius. By gar, me dank you vor dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page. Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag, then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

95. *"Cried I aim?"* The Folios and Quartos read "cried game"; the ingenious emendation, due to Douce, was first adopted by Dyce. —I. G.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

A field near Frogmore.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans and Simple.

Evans. I pray you now, good Master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for Master Caius, that calls himself doctor of physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pittie-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Evans. I most fehemently desire you you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Evans. Pless my soul, how full of chollors I am, and trempling of mind—I shall be glad if he have deceived me.—How melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard when I have goot opportunities for the ork.—Pless my soul!— [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sings madrigals;

17, etc. Sir Hugh oddly confuses Marlowe's famous ditty, "Come live with me and be my love," and the old version of the 137th Psalm, "When we did sit in Babylon."—I. G.

There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—

Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry. [*Sings.*

Melodious birds sing madrigals—
Whenas I sat in Pabylon—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To shallow &c.

Re-enter Simple.

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.
Evans. He 's welcome.— [*Sings.*

To shallow rivers, to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?
Sim. No weapons, sir. There comes my master, Master Shallow, and another gentleman, from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.
Evans. Pray you, give me my gown; or else keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, master parson! Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.
Slen. [*Aside*] Ah, sweet Anne Page!
Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh.
Evans. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What, the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still! in your doublet and hose this raw rheumatic day!

Evans. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good office, master parson.

Evans. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Evans. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; Master Doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Evans. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Evans. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he 's the man should fight with him.

Slen. [*Aside.*] O sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons. Keep them asunder: here comes Doctor Caius.

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word with your ear. Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, use your patience: in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John Ape.

Evans. [*Aside to Caius*] Pray you, let us not be laughing-stocks to other men's humors; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends. [*Aloud*] I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine host de Jarteer,—have I not stay for him to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Evans. As I am a Christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed: I 'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welsh, soul-curer and body-curer!

Caius. Aye, dat is very good; excellent.

101. *"Gallia and Gaul";* so the Folios; the first and second Quartos read "Gawle and Gawlia"; Farmer's conjecture "Guallia and Gaul" was adopted by Malone and other editors. Gallia = Wales.—I. G.

Host. Peace, I say! hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions and the motions. Shall I lose my parson, my priest, my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs and the noverbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so. Give me thy hand, celestial; so. Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places; your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn. Follow me, lads of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host. Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. [*Aside*] O sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal., Slen., Page, and Host.*

Caius. Ha, do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us, ha, ha?

Evans. This is well; he has made us his vlout-ingstog.—I desire you that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this small scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my heart. He promise to bring me where is Anne Page; by gar, he deceive me too.

122. *"sot"* (here in the French sense), fool.—C. H. H.

126. *"scall";* that is, *scall'd-head,* a term of reproach. Chaucer imprecates on the scrivener who miswrites his verse:

"Under thy long locks mayest thou have the *scalle.*"—H. N. H.

Evans. Well, I will smite his noddles. Pray you, follow. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The street, in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy: now I see you 'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page. Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

Ford. Aye; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company. I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his

name is my husband had him of.—What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on 's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home indeed?

Ford. Indeed she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir: I am sick till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage: and now she 's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind. And Falstaff's boy with her! Good plots, they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and willful Actæon; and to these

34. *"twenty mile";* the use of the singular for the plural, especially in statements of time and distance, was not uncommon in Shakespeare's time. Thus in *The Tempest* Prospero say,—"Twelve *year* since, Miranda, twelve year since, thy father was the duke of Milan."—H. N. H.

46. *"Actæon";* cuckold (on account of the horns which he wore when transformed into a stag).—C. H. H.

violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry aim. [*Clock heard.*] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search: there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal., Page, &c. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir: we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I 'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Aye, be-gar; and de maid is love-a me: my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells

74. *"speaks holiday";* to speak out of the common style. Thus in

April and May: he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poines; he is of too high a region; he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster. Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[*Exeunt Shal. and Slen.*

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit Rugby.*

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit.*

Hotspur's account of the dandy lord: "With many *holiday* and lady terms he questioned me." *He smells April and May;* that is, smells *of* them.—H. N. H.

78. *"of no having";* that is, fortune or possessions. So, in *Twelfth Night:*

> "My *having* is not much;
> I'll make division of my present with you:
> Hold, there is half my coffer."—H. N. H.

80–81. *"He shall not knit a knot in his fortunes"* (which are now as it were unraveled).—I. G.

Ford. [*Aside*] I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I 'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you to see this monster. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A room in Ford's house.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! What, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly!—is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What, Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; for when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet-mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they

lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket! what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Aye, I 'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here, and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for he swears he 'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou 'rt a good boy: this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I 'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so. Go tell thy master I am alone. [*Exit Robin.*] Mistress Page, remember you your cue.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we 'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we 'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. 'Have I caught' thee, 'my heavenly jewel?' Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead: I 'll speak it before the best lord; I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady!

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another. I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: thou hast the right arched beauty of the brow that becomes the shiptire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. By the Lord, thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semicircled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if For-

47. *"Have I caught thee";* probably the reading of the Quarto which omits "thee" is the more correct; Falstaff quotes from the second song in Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella:—*

"Have I caught my heav'nly jewell,
Teaching sleep most faire to be?
Now will I teach her that she
When she wakes is too-too cruell."—I. G.

tune thy foe were not, Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there 's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee there 's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir. I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say I love to walk by the Counter-gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I 'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within*] Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here 's Mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me: I will ensconce me behind the arras.

73. *"Nature thy friend";* that is, "if Fortune were not thy foe, Nature *being* thy friend." *Fortune my foe* was the beginning of a popular old ballad, wherein were sung the evils that fall upon men through the caprice of Fortune.—H. N. H.

100. *"behind the arras";* the spaces left between the walls and

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she 's a very tattling woman. [*Falstaff hides himself.*

Re-enter Mistress Page and Robin.

What 's the matter? how now!

Mrs. Page. O Mistress Ford, what have you done? You 're shamed, you 're overthrown, you 're undone for ever!

Mrs. Ford. What 's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas, what 's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband 's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman that he says is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here! but 'tis most certain your husband 's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have

wooden frames on which the tapestry was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors, than to the authors of ancient dramatic pieces.—H. N. H.

Fal. "I love thee.—Help me away.—Let me creep in here.—I'll never——"

Merry Wives of Windsor. Act 3, Scene 3.

a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame! never stand 'you had rather' and 'you had rather:' your husband 's here at hand; bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, —it is whiting-time,—send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He 's too big to go in there. What shall I do?

Fal. [*Coming forward*] Let me see 't, let me see 't, O, let me see 't!—I 'll in, I 'll in.— Follow your friend's counsel.—I 'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee.—Help me away.—Let me creep in here.—I 'll never—

[*Gets into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.*

139. *"conveyance";* mode of privately conveying him away.—C. H. H.

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy.—
Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John!
[*Exit Robin.*

Re-enter Servants.

Go take up these clothes here quickly.—
Where 's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble!—Carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck!—I would I could wash myself of the buck!—Buck, buck, buck! Aye, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed tonight; I 'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers; search, seek, find out: I 'll warrant we 'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. [*Locking the door.*] So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page. Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*

Evans. This is fery fantastical humors and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no the fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search. [*Exit Page, Caius, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him an-

other hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it: let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside to Mrs. Ford*] Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Aye, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen!

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Aye, aye; I must bear it.

Evans. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too: there is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not ha' your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

Evans. You suffer for a pad conscience: your

wife is as honest a 'omans as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well, I promised you a dinner.—Come come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife: come Mistress Page.—I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let 's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we 'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast: after, we 'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Evans. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a the turd.

Ford. Pray you, go, Master Page.

Evans. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, with all my heart!

Evans. A lousy knave, to have his gibes and his mockeries! [*Exeunt.*

258. *"a fine hawk for the bush."* This would be one of the short-winged species, distinguished from the long-winged falcon used for the open country.—C. H. H.

265. *"I pray you now,"* etc. Of this arrangement we hear no more. Mr. Daniel suggests that we have here "an indication of another underplot projected, and perhaps actually interwoven with it. . . . In Act iv. 5., after the Host has lost his horses, they are curiously officious in cautioning him against the thieves. Their threatened vengeance and the Host's loss were doubtless connected" (*Introduction to Quarto, 1602,* p. ix.).—C. H. H.

Scene IV.

A room in Page's house.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

Fent. I see I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.
Anne. Alas, how then?
Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expense,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee but as a property.
Anne. May be he tells you true.
Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit I will confess thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself

13. *"thy father's wealth";* some light may be given to those who shall endeavor to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing that Latimer, in the time of Edward VI mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, "that though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for their portion." At the latter end of Elizabeth, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affection of Belinda. No poet will now fly his favorite character at less than fifty thousand.—H. N. H.

That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why, then,—hark you hither!
[*They converse apart.*

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, Mistress Quickly: my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I 'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that, but that I am afeard.

Quick. Hark ye: Master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him. [*Aside.*] This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favor'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

Quick. And how does good Master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She 's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, Mistress Anne; my uncle can tell you good jests of him. Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Aye, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Aye, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good Master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort. She calls you, coz: I 'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master Slender,—

Slen. Now, good Mistress Anne,—

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will! od 's heartlings, that 's a pretty jest indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, Master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father and my uncle hath made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, Master Slender: love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! what does Master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.
Fent. Nay, Master Page, be not impatient.
Mrs. Page. Good Master Fenton, come not to my child.
Page. She is no match for you.
Fent. Sir, will you hear me?
Page. No, good Master Fenton.
Come, Master Shallow; come, son Slender, in.
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master Fenton. [*Exeunt Page, Shal., and Slen.*
Quick. Speak to Mistress Page.
Fent. Good Mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes and manners,
I must advance the colors of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.
Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond fool.
Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.
Quick. That 's my master, master doctor.
Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips!

92. *"bowled to death";* thus in Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair:* "Would I had been set in the ground, all but the head of me, and had my brains bowl'd at."—H. N. H.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good Master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.
Till then farewell, sir: she must needs go in;
Her father will be angry.

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress: farewell, Nan.
[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*

Quick. This is my doing now: 'Nay,' said I, 'will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? Look on Master Fenton:' this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring: there 's for thy pains.

Quick. Now heaven send thee good fortune! [*Exit Fenton.*] A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had Mistress Anne; or I would Master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would Master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promised, and I 'll be as good as my word; but speciously for Master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it! [*Exit.*

104. *"once"*; sometime.—H. N. H.

Scene V

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—
Bard. Here, sir.
Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. [*Exit Bard.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I 'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i' the litter:

Sc. v. This scene has probably been put together out of two scenes, separated by a night's interval, in the original version. The opening lines (1–25) clearly belong to a scene following immediately upon Falstaff's adventure in the buck-basket; while the visit of Mrs. Quickly takes place either the same evening or early the following morning. Mr. Daniel would alter her "good morrow" to "good even," and "this morning" (47) to "to-morrow morning." Mr. Wheatley suggests, as a simpler expedient, to alter "this morning" (138) to "to-morrow morning." But in this case Falstaff need not hasten to his appointment, and his exit must be otherwise explained. —C. H. H.

5. The reading of the Quartos is seemingly preferable:—"Have I lived to be carried in a basket, and thrown into the Thames like a barrow of butcher's offal."—I. G.

10. *"The rogues slighted me into the river," i. e.* "Threw me in contemptuously"; the Quartos read "slided me in."—I. G.

12. *"blind puppies";* so in all the old copies, meaning, of course, *a bitch's blind puppies.* Falstaff was not in a state of mind to stand upon the niceties of grammar, and so he left his errors to be

and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow,—a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph with sack.

Bard. Here 's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly 's as cold as if I had swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy; give your worship good morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I 'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [*Exit Bardolph.*] How now!

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough;

corrected by modern editors; who, accordingly, have given what he meant, not what he said.—H. N. H.

I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day; good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men; they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she 'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir. [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well.—O, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook,—you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you: I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favoredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook; but the peaking Cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, in her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket!—rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hands, were called forth by their mistress to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths; first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether; next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that,—that am as sub-

116. *"detected with"; with, by,* and *of,* were used indiscriminately with much license by our ancestors. Thus in a subsequent passage of this play we have: "I sooner would suspect the sun *with* cold." *Detected* appears to have been used in the sense of *suspected, impeached.* Cavendish, in his *Visions,* has this very phrase: "What is he of our bloode that wold not be sory to heare our names *with* vile fame *so detected.*" *Detected* must have the same meaning here, for Falstaff was not *discovered,* but *suspected by* the jealous Ford. Some modern editors have unwarrantably substituted *by* for *with.*—H. N. H.

121. *"fretted";* rotted.—C. H. H.

ject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that,— hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you 'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her. Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vison? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake! awake, Master Ford! there 's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets! Well, I will proclaim myself what I

am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, —I 'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*

162. *"to be what I would not";* the fact of my being what, etc.—C. H. H.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

A street.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at Master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently: but, truly, he is very courageous mad about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I 'll be with her by and by; I 'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, Sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Evans. No; Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says my son profits nothing in the world at his book. I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

4. "*courageous mad*"; outrageous.—H. N. H.

17. "*questions in his accidence.*" The following questions are

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more, because they say, 'Od's nouns.'

Evans. Peace your tattlings! What is 'fair,' William?

Will. Pulcher.

Quick. Polecats! there are fairer things than polecats, sure.

Evans. You are a very simplicity 'oman: I pray you, peace.—What is 'lapis,' William?

Will. A stone.

Evans. And what is 'a stone,' William?

Will. A pebble.

Evans. No, it is 'lapis': I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Evans. That is a good William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and

taken from Lily's *Accidence,* which had been in use since Henry VIII's time in all the English grammar-schools, and was therefore familiar to Shakespeare from his own school time.—C. H. H.

41. *"What is he that does lend articles?"* etc. A similar play upon the definitions in Lily's Latin Grammar had been introduced into Lyly's *Endymion* (iii. 3.):—

Toph. Alas, Epi, to tell thee a truth, I am a noun adjective.

Epi. Why?

Toph. Because I cannot stand without another, etc.—C. H. H.

be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.

Evans. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hinc.

Evans. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; accusativo, hung, hang, hog.

Quick. 'Hang-hog' is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Evans. Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the focative case, William?

Will. O,—vocativo, O.

Evans. Remember, William; focative is caret.

Quick. And that 's a good root.

Evans. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Evans. What is your genitive case plural, William?

Will. Genitive case!

Evans. Aye.

Will. Genitive,—horum, harum, horum.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her! never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Evans. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: —he teaches him to hick and to hack, which

51. *"Hang-hog is Latin for bacon";* probably suggested by the famous story told of Sir Nicholas Bacon. A prisoner named Hog, who had been condemned to death, prayed for mercy on the score of kindred. "Ay but," replied the judge, "you and I cannot be of kindred unless you are hanged; for Hog is not Bacon till it be well hanged" (Bacon's *Apophthegms*).—I. G.

they 'll do fast enough of themselves, and to call 'horum':—fie upon you!

Evans. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Prithee, hold thy peace.

Evans. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Evans. It is qui, quæ, quod: if you forget your 'quies,' your 'quæs,' and your 'quods,' you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Evans. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh. [*Exit Sir Hugh.*] Get you home, boy. Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A room in Ford's house.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance. I see you are obsequious in

2. *"you are obsequious"*; so, in *Hamlet:* "To do *obsequious* sorrow." The epithet *obsequies* refers, in both instances, to the seriousness with which *obsequies* are performed.—H. N. H.

your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He 's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within*] What, ho, gossip Ford! what, ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart! who 's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed!

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. [*Aside to her*] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, 'Peer out, peer out!' that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience,

22. *"Old lunes";* the Folios and third Quarto read "lines"; the first and second Quartos "vaine"; the correction is Theobald's; the same error occurs in *Troilus and Cressida,* II. iii. 139.—I. G.

to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then, you are utterly shamed, and he 's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him! better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I 'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip

54. *"with pistols";* this is one of Shakespeare's anachronisms: he has also introduced pistols in *Pericles,* in the reign of Antiochus, two hundred years before Christ.—H. N. H.

away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I 'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: there is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I 'll go out, then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not! There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she 's as big as he is: and there 's her thrummed hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress

Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick! we 'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while.

[*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she 's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Aye, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll try that; for I 'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he 'll be here presently: let 's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I 'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up; I 'll bring linen for him straight.

[*Exit.*

87. *"look";* look for.—C. H. H.

107. *"The witch of Brentford";* an actual personage of the sixteenth century. A tract is extant entitled "Jyl of Breyntford's Testament," whence it appears that the witch kept a tavern at Brentford; in Dekker & Webster's *Westward Ho* the following allusion is found:—"I doubt that old hag Gillian of Brainford has bewitched me."—I. G.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.
We 'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:
We do not act that often jest and laugh;
'Tis old, but true,—Still swine eats all the draff.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Mistress Ford with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders: your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly dispatch. [*Exit.*

First Serv. Come, come, take it up.

Sec. Serv. Pray heaven it be not full of knight again.

First Serv. I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Page, Shallow, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Aye, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the basket, villain! Somebody call my wife. Youth in a basket!—O you pandarly rascals! there 's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed.—What, wife, I say!—Come, come forth! Behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching!

Page. Why, this passes, Master Ford; you are

116. *"act"*; do in reality what we jestingly feign to do.—C. H. H.

not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Evans. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, sir.

Re-enter Mistress Ford.

Come hither, Mistress Ford; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face! hold it out. Come forth, sirrah!

[*Pulling clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Evans. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence

is true; my jealousy is reasonable. Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here 's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Evans. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he 's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time. If I find not what I seek, show no color for my extremity; let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, 'As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman.' Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What, ho, Mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman 's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what 's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling.

178. *"show no color for my extremity";* offer no excuse for the extreme course I take.—C. H. H.

Ford. "I'll prat her.—(Beating him) Out of my door, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! Out, out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you."

The Merry Wives of Windsor. Act 4, Scene 2.

She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our element: we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband!—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Re-enter Falstaff in woman's clothes, and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I 'll prat her. [*Beating him*] Out of my door, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out, out! I 'll conjure you, I 'll fortune-tell you. [*Exit Falstaff.*

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it. 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Evans. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

218. *"cry out thus";* expressions taken from the chase. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. To *cry out* is to *open,* or *bark.*—H. N. H.

Page. Let 's obey his humor a little further: come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Ford, Page, Shal., Caius, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully methought.

Mrs. Page. I 'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of womanhood and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him: if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I 'll warrant they 'll have him publicly shamed: and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

241. *"figures"*; fancies, whimsies.—C. H. H.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it, then; shape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be tomorrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen: they speak English?

Bard. Aye, sir; I 'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I 'll make them pay; I 'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I 'll sauce them. Come. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

A room in Ford's house.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt;
I rather will suspect the sun with cold
Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honor stand,
In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more:
Be not as extreme in submission
As in offense.
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him word they 'll meet him in the Park at midnight? Fie, fie! he 'll never come.

Evans. You say he has been thrown in the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks there should be terrors in him that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

7. *"suspect the sun of cold";* the reading in the text is Mr. Rowe's. The old copies read, "I rather will suspect the sun with *gold.*"—H. N. H.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you 'll use him when he comes,
And let us two devise to bring him thither.
Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter-time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle,
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.
Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?
Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device;
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us.
Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he 'll come:

29. *"Herne the Hunter."* The present passage is the source of practically all that is known of this legend.—C. H. H.

41. *"this Herne's oak";* the tree which was by tradition shown as Herne's oak, being totally decayed, was cut down by order of George III in 1795.—H. N. H.

43. *"That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us."* After this line the following words from the Quartos have been added in many editions:—

"We'll send him word to meet us in the field,
Disguised like Horne with huge horns on his head."—I. G.

And in this shape when you have brought him thither,
What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:
Nan Page my daughter and my little son
And three or four more of their growth we 'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a sawpit rush at once
With some diffused song: upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We 'll all present ourselves, dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

62. *"To pinch";* probably the correct reading should be "to-pinch," where "to" is the intensitive prefix so common in old English, though it is possible to explain it as the ordinary infinitive prefix, omitted in the case of the former verb in the sentence.—I. G.

62. *"sound,"* for *soundly,* the adjective used as an adverb.—H. N. H.

Ford. The children must
Be practiced well to this, or they 'll ne'er do 't.
Evans. I will teach the children their behaviors; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.
Ford. That will be excellent. I 'll go buy them vizards.
Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.
Page. That silk will I go buy. [*Aside*] And in that time
Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton. Go send to Falstaff straight.
Ford. Nay, I 'll to him again in name of Brook:
He 'll tell me all his purpose: sure, he 'll come.
Mrs. Page. Fear not you that. Go get us properties
And tricking for our fairies,
Evans. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures and fery honest knaveries.
[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans.*
Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*
I 'll to the doctor: he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.

80. *"tricking";* dresses. Pyrrhus, in *Ham.* ii. 2. 497, is said to be "horridly trick'd with blood of fathers, mothers," etc.—C. H. H.

84. *"Send quickly to Sir John."* Theobald ingeniously suggested "Quickly" for "quickly."—I. G.

That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;
And he my husband best of all affects.
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court: he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.* 92

Scene V

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There 's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new. Go knock and call; he 'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: 10 knock, I say.

Sim. There 's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I 'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down; I come to speak with her, indeed.

8. *"story of the Prodigal";* the Prodigal Son was a favorite subject for the tapestry or other wall-decoration of a room. Similarly in *2 Hen. IV* Falstaff assures the Hostess that "for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work," is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings. —C. H. H.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I 'll call.—Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above*] How now, mine host!

Host. Here 's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honorable: fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she 's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was 't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Aye, marry, was it, muscle-shell: what would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, Master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go thorough the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says that the very same man that beguiled Master Slender of his chain cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the

28. *"wise woman of Brentford";* Scott in his *Discovery of Witchcraft* says: "At this day it is indifferent in the English tongue to say, She is a *witch,* or, She is a *wise-woman.*"—H. N. H.

woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know?

Host. Aye, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her, or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Aye, sir; like who more bold.

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [*Exit.*

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Aye, that there was, mine host; one that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life; and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage, mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon

46. *"conceal";* the "muscle-shell" means *reveal.*—H. N. H.
55. *"like who more bold";* like the boldest.—C. H. H.
59. *"clerkly";* that is, scholar-like.—H. N. H.

as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Evans. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Evans. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three cozen-germans that has cozened all the hosts of Readins, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stocks, and

80. *"Cozen-germans";* the first Quarto reads:—

"For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,
Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead and Readings,"

where "garmombles" is very possibly a perversion of Mömpelgard; Count Frederick of Mömpelgard visited Windsor in 1592; free post-horses were granted him by a passport of Lord Howard.

The Count became a "Duke of Jamany" (Wirtemberg) in 1593; considerable interest must have been taken in the Duke about 1598. A letter to the Queen, dated August 14, 1598, is extant, in which the following passage occurs:—"I have heard with extreme regret that some of my enemies endeavour to calumniate me and prejudice your majesty against me. I have given them no occasion for this. I hope that when your majesty has discovered this report to be false, you will have greater reason to continue your affection towards me, and give neither faith nor credit to such vipers." In the year 1602 appeared "An Account of the Duke's Bathing Excursion to the far-famed Kingdom of England" *vide* Rye's *England as seen by Foreigners*).—I. G.

'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine host de Jarteer?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jamany: by my trot, dere is no duke dat the court is know to come. I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go!—Assist me, knight.—I am undone!—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain!—I am undone!

[*Exeunt Host and Bard.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgeled, they would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant they would whip me with their fine wits till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now; whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other! and so they shall be both bestowed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them; Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all colors of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford: but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

127. *"of an old woman"; i. e.* of an ordinary old woman, too innocent and harmless for a witch.—C. H. H.

Scene VI

The same. Another room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I 'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will at the least keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who mutually hath answer'd my affection,
So far forth as herself might be her chooser,
Even to my wish: I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,
That neither singly can be manifested,
Without the show of both; fat Falstaff
Hath a great scene: the image of the jest
I 'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host.
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the Fairy Queen;
The purpose why, is here: in which disguise,

21. *"The purpose why, is here";* in the letter.—H. N. H.

While other jests are something rank on foot,
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented:
Now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match,
And firm for Doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She seemingly obedient likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
To take her by the hand and bid her go,
She shall go with him: her mother hath intended,
The better to denote her to the doctor,—
For they must all be mask'd and vizarded,—
That quaint in green she shall be loose enrobed,
With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive, father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:

41. *"Quaint,"* here, may mean *neatly,* or *elegantly,* which were ancient acceptations of the word, and not *fantastically:* but either sense will suit.—H. N. H.

And here it rests,—that you 'll procure the vicar
To stay for me at church 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I 'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
Besides, I 'll make a present recompense.

[*Exeunt.*

52. *"husband"*; manage.—C. H. H.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

A room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Prithee, no more prattling; go. I 'll hold. This is the third time; I hope good luck lies in odd numbers. Away! go. They say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away!

Quick. I 'll provide you a chain; and I 'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head and mince. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*

Enter Ford.

How now, Master Brook! Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you see,

1. *"hold";* keep to the time.—H. N. H.

9. *"and mince";* that is, *walk: to mince* signified to walk with affected delicacy.—H. N. H.

like a poor old man: but I came from her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave Ford, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me: I 'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten till lately. Follow me: I 'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford, on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand. Follow. Strange things in hand, Master Brook! Follow.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we 'll couch i' the castle-ditch till we see the light of our fairies. Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

26. *"life is a shuttle";* an allusion to the *Book of Job,* c. vii. v. 6. "My days are swifter than a weaver's *shuttle.*"—H. N. H.

28. *"plucked geese";* to strip a living goose of its feathers was formerly an act of puerile barbarity.—H. N. H.

Slen. Aye, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word how to know one another: I come to her in white, and cry, 'mum;' she cries 'budget;' and by that we know one another.

Shal. That 's good too: but what needs either your 'mum' or her 'budget?' the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let 's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A street leading to the Park.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Doctor Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the Park: we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the

15. *"No man means evil but the devil";* Page indirectly alludes to Falstaff, who was to have horns on his head.—H. N. H.

abuse of Falstaff as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now and her troop of fairies, and the Welsh devil Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We 'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters and their lechery
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Windsor Park.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans disguised, with others as Fairies.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you: come, come; trib trib. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Another part of the Park.

Enter Falstaff disguised as Herne.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda. O omnipotent Love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose! A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! And then another fault in the semblance of a fowl;—think on 't, Jove; a foul fault! When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?—Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John! art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut! Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of

22. *"rain potatoes";* the sweet potato was used in England as a delicacy long before the introduction of the common potato by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586. It was imported in considerable quantities

Green Sleeves, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman, ha? Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas, what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away! [*They run off.*
Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that 's in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, disguised as before; Pistol, as Hobgoblin; Mistress Quickly, Anne Page, and others, as Fairies, with tapers.

from Spain and the Canaries, and was supposed to possess the power of restoring decayed vigor. The kissing-comfits were principally made of these and eringo roots, and were perfumed to make the breath sweet. Gerarde attributes the same virtues to the common potato, which he distinguishes as the Virginian sort.—H. N. H.

27. *"Bribe buck";* the Folios read "brib'd buck," which is probably the right reading: "a bribed buck" was a buck cut up into portions, (Old French *bribes* ="portions of meat to be given away").—I. G.

30. *"the fellow of this walk";* the *keeper.* The shoulders of the buck were among his perquisites.—H. N. H.

Quick. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moonshine revelers, and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy oyes.
Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

45. *"Orphan heirs."* Theobald suggested "ouphen" (elvish) for "orphan," and he has been followed by many editors, but the change is unnecessary. *Cp.* "unfather'd heirs" *II Henry IV,* IV, iv. 122.—I. G.

Warburton reads *ouphen,* and not without plausibility; *ouphes* being mentioned before and afterward. Malone thinks it means mortals by birth, but adopted by the fairies; *orphans* in respect of their real parents, and now only dependent on *destiny* herself.—Singer.

We cannot help thinking that *ouphen* is the true word; the meaning being, "fairy children, who execute the decrees of destiny."—H. N. H.

46. *"quality";* profession.—H. N. H.

48. *"Toys,"* evidently to be read "toyës," rhyming with "O-yes" in the previous line; similarly "unswept" should probably be "unswep" rhyming with "leap."—I. G.

52. *"sluttery";* this office of the ancient fairies appears to have been quite a favorite theme with poets. Thus in Drayton's *Nymphidia:*

"These make our girls their sluttery rue,
By pinching them both black and blue,
And put a penny in their shoe,
The house for cleanly sweeping."

So also in an old ballad entitled *The Merry Pranks of Robin Goodfellow,* sometimes attributed to Ben Jonson:

"When house and harth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue;
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,
And lay them naked all to view."

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die:
I 'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye. [*Lies down upon his face.*
Evans. Where 's Bede? Go you, and where you find a maid
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But those as sleep and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides and shins.
Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

And again in the ancient song of the *Fairy Queen:*

"And, if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
There we pinch their arms and thighes;
None escapes, nor none espies.
But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duely she is paid:
For we use before we goe
To drop a tester in her shoe."

It were a curious inquiry, what this superstition had to do, as cause or effect, with the well-known cleanliness of the English people.—H. N. H.

57. *"her fantasy";* that is, elevate her fancy, and amuse her tranquil mind with some delightful vision, *though* she sleep as soundly as an infant.—H. N. H.

The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm and every precious flower:
Each fair installment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
Th' expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And *Honi soit qui mal y pense* write
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: but till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set;
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.

67. *"scour with juice of balm";* it was an article of ancient luxury to rub tables, &c., with aromatic herbs. Pliny informs us that the Romans did so to drive away evil spirits.—H. N. H.

69. *"installment";* seat of installation.—C. H. H.

75. *"pense"* (two syllables as in French verse).—C. H. H.

86. *"middle-earth";* the globe was often called "middle earth."—H. N. H.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.
Pist. A trial, come.
Evans. Come, will this wood take fire?
[*They burn him with their tapers.*
Fal. Oh, Oh, Oh!
Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme;
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Song.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,

97. *"sing a scornful rhyme."* The situation resembles that of the scene in Lyly's *Endymion* (iv. 3.), where (according to the stage direction) "the fairies dance, and with a song pinch him [Corsites]"—

Omnes. Pinch him, pinch him black and blue,
Saucy mortals must not view
What the Queen of Stars is doing
Nor pry into our fairy wooing.
1st Fairy. Pinch him blue.
2nd Fairy. And pinch him black.
3rd Fairy. Let him not lack
Sharp nails to pinch him blue and red, etc.—C. H. H.

98. *"pinch him to your time";* after this line Malone and others add the following from the quartos:

"Eva. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and iniquity."

It is to be observed, that in this interlude the speakers, except Falstaff, do not appear in their own characters: they are acting parts; and surely Sir Hugh would not speak anything that was not put down for him. It is true, Falstaff a little before speaks of "that Welch fairy"; but he does this from the Welchman's accent, not from his saying anything that is not in his part.—H. N. H.

Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart, whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.

During this song they pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a boy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a boy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is heard within. All the Fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, and Mistress Ford.

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think we have watch'd you now:
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come, hold up the jest no higher.
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?

113. *"These fair yokes";* the first Folio reads "yoakes," the second "okes." "Yokes" must refer to the resemblance of the buck's horns to a yoke; a sort of sense can be got out of "oaks," the antlers resembling the branches of oaks, but the first Folio reading seems preferable.—I. G.

Ford. Now, sir, who 's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff 's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook: and, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to Master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again; but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

Ford. Aye, and an ox too: both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now how wit may be made a Jack-a-Lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Evans. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Evans. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'erreaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Evans. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. 'Seese' and 'putter'? Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Evans. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to an-

167. *"intolerable";* monstrous, huge.—C. H. H.

swer the Welsh flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me: use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we 'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pandar: over and above that you have suffered, I think to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: tell her Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. [*Aside.*] Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius' wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoa, ho! ho, father Page!

Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you dispatched?

Slen. Dispatched! I 'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on 't; would I were hanged, la, else!

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress

185. *"a biting affliction";* after this speech the following is usually added from the quartos:

"*Mrs. Ford.* Nay, husband, let that go to make amends:
Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.
Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last."

Those who have taken this from the quartos have not told us why they left out some other matter that is equally there.—H. N. H.

Anne Page, and she 's a great lubberly boy. If it had not been i' the church, I would have swinged him, or he should have swinged me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!—and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cried 'mum,' and she cried 'budget,' as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened: I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un paysan, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

218. *"not Anne, but a postman's boy";* here, again, we commonly have the following thrust in from the quartos:

"*Eva.* Jeshu! master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?
Page. O, I am vex'd at heart! What shall I do?"—H. N. H.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?
Caius. Aye, by gar, and 'tis a boy: by gar, I 'll raise all Windsor. [*Exit.*
Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?
Page. My heart misgives me:—here comes Master Fenton.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, Master Fenton!
Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!
Page. Now, mistress, how chance you went not with Master Slender?
Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor, maid?
Fent. You do amaze her: hear the truth of it.
You would have married her most shamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.
The offense is holy that she hath committed;
And this deceit loses the name of craft,
Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.
Ford. Stand not amazed; here is no remedy:
In love the heavens themselves do guide the state;

249. *"evitate"*; avoid.—H. N. H.

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased. 260

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further. Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so. Sir John,
To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt.*

260. *"deer are chased";* here, too, we commonly have a line added from the quartos.

"Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding."

It is questionable whether these passages, evidently either not written by the Poet, or else thrown out in the revisal, ought to have a place even in the notes.—H. N. H.

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A-birding, bird-catching; III. iii. 258.

Abstract, inventory; IV. ii. 66.

Address, make ready; III. v. 143.

Admittance, "of Venetian ad." ="admitted from Venice"; III. iii. 64; "of great a."= admitted into the best company; II. ii. 252.

Adversary, used jestingly for "advocate" by the host; II. iii. 100.

Affecting, full of affectation; II. i. 154.

Aggravate his style, *i. e.* increase his title; II. ii. 316.

Aim, "to cry aim," an expression borrowed from archery = to encourage the archers by crying out "aim," hence to encourage, applaud; III. ii. 48.

All-hallowmas, November 1; *i. e.* about five weeks after *Michaelmas*; Simple blunders in putting it "a fortnight afore Michaelmas"; I. i. 221.

Allicholy, Mistress Quickly's corruption of melancholy; I. iv. 168.

Alligant, Mistress Quickly's error for elegant; II. ii. 75.

Allowed, approved; II. ii. 253.

Amaimon, name of a devil whose dominion is on the north part of the infernal gulph; II. ii. 330.

Amaze, confuse; V. v. 241.

Angel, a gold coin valued at ten shillings (used quibblingly); I. iii. 61–65.

Anthropophaginian, cannibal; IV. v. 10.

Armigero; Slender's error for "armiger"; his knowledge of Latin is derived from attestations, *e. g.* "Coram me, Roberto Shallow, armigero, &c."; I. i. 10.

Authentic, of acknowledged authority; II. ii. 252.

Avised, advised, informed; "are you a. of that"="have you found it out?"; I. iv. 109.

Baille, deliver, bring, (the Folios read "ballow"); I. iv. 95.

Banbury cheese, in allusion to Slender's thinness, B. cheese being proverbially thin; I. i. 136.

Barbason, name of a demon; II. ii. 331.

Bede, the name of a fairy; V. v. 55.

Bestow, stow away, lodge; IV. ii. 49.

Bilbo, v. latten bilbo.

Bloody fire, fire in the blood; V. v. 101.

Boitier, "a surgeon's case of oyntment" (the Quarto reads "my oyntment"); I. iv. 49.

BOLD-BEATING, apparently = brow-beating; II. ii. 32.

BOLT, v. shaft.

BOOK OF RIDDLES, a popular book of the day, referred to as early as 1575; the earliest extant edition bears date 1629:—*"The Booke of Merry Riddles, together with proper Questions and Witty Proverbs to make pleasant pastime; no less useful than behovefull for any young man or child to know if he be quick-witted or no"*; I. i. 218.

BOOK OF SONGS AND SONNETS; Slender is perhaps alluding to *"Songs and Sonnets written by the Right Honourable Lord Henry Howard, late Earle of Surrey and others"* (pub. 1557); I. i. 215.

BREED-BATE, one who stirs up "bate," or contention; I. iv. 13.

BREWAGE, drink brewed; III. v. 34.

BUCK, used quibblingly with reference to the buck and its horns; III. iii. 173.

BUCK-BASKET, a basket for clothes which were to be bucked or washed; III. iii. 2.

BUCKING, washing; III. iii. 144.

BUCKLERSBURY, Cheapside, where the druggists and grocers lived; III. iii. 82.

BUCK-WASHING, laundry; III. iii. 171.

BULLY-ROOK, dashing fellow; I. iii. 2.

BULLY-STALE; *v.* stale.

BUTTONS; "'tis in his buttons" ='tis within his compass; he will succeed; perhaps an allusion to the flower called "bachelor's buttons," by means of which the success of love was divined; III. ii. 76.

CAIN-COLORED BEARD; Cain was represented in old tapestries with a yellowish beard; I. iv. 24.

CANARIES, probably Mistress Quickly's version of "quandary" (pronounced candary); II. ii. 66.

CANARY, wine from the Canary Islands, sweet sack; III. ii. 95; [with a quibble on "canary" in the sense of a quick lively dance; III. ii. 97.]

CAREIRES, the curvetting of a horse; "to passe a careire is but to runne with strength and courage such a convenient course as is meete for his ability"; I. i. 193.

CARRION, used as a term of contempt; III. iii. 212.

CARVES, makes a sign of favor; I. iii. 50.

CASHIERED, in Bardolph's slang it seems to mean "eased of his cash"; I. i. 192.

CASTALION—King—Urinal; a nonsensical title which the host gives to Caius; "Castalion," used probably as a quibble with reference to the medical practice of "casting the water" of the patient; II. iii. 34.

CATAIAN, an inhabitant of Cataia or "Cathay" (China); a thief; used as term of reproach; II. i. 157.

CAT-A-MOUNTAIN, wild-cat, leopard, (used adjectivally); II. ii. 30.

CHARACTERY, characters, writing; V. v. 79.

Charge, to put to expense; II. ii. 184.

Chariness, scrupulousness; II. i. 110.

Charms, love-charms, enchantments; II. ii. 116.

Cheater, escheater, an officer of the Exchequer, employed to exact forfeitures, (used quibblingly); I. iii. 80.

Clapper-claw, thrash; II. iii. 69 (*cp.* 70, 72).

Coat, coat-of-arms; I. i. 17.

Cock and pie, a vulgar corruption of "God" and "Pie" (the service-book of the Romish Church); I. i. 331.

Cog, to wheedle; III. iii. 52.

Cogging, deceiving; III. i. 126.

Colors, ensigns; III. iv. 86.

Come off, to pay handsomely; IV. iii. 14.

Companion, fellow (in a bad sense); III. i. 127.

Cony-Catch, to poach, pilfer; I. iii. 37.

Coney-Catching, poaching, pilfering; I. i. 134.

Coram; probably due to the formula "jurat coram me," or a corruption of "quorum" (quorum-esse volumus" in a Justice's commission); both forms "corum" and "coram" are found as part of the title of "a justice of the peace"; I. i. 6.

Cornuto, cuckold; III. v. 74.

Cotsall, an allusion to the annual sports on the Cotswold Hills, Gloucestershire; I. i. 97.

Couch, crouch; V. ii. 1.

Counter-gate, the entrance to one of the Counter Prisons in London; III. iii. 88.

Country, district; I. i. 237.

Cowl-staff, a pole on which a tub or basket is borne between two persons; III. iii. 161.

Cozeners, sharpers (? play on "Cozen-Germans,") *cp.;* IV. v. 68, 80.

Cuckoo-birds, with allusion to cuckolds; II. i. 135.

Curtal, having a docked tail; "a curtal dog"=a dog unfit for the chase, or one that has missed the game; II. i. 122.

Custalorum; Shallow's corruption of "Custos Rotulorum"; I. i. 7.

Cut and long-tail, any kind of dogs, curtal dogs or long-tailed; (hence, come who will to contend with me); III. iv. 48.

Datchet-mead, in Windsor; III. iii. 15, etc.

Daubery, imposture; IV. ii. 196.

Defy, reject; II. ii. 80.

Detest; Mistress Quickly's error for "protest"; I. iv. 164.

Dickens (exclamatory), the devil; probably=devilkins; III. ii. 20.

Diffused, discordant; IV. iv. 55.

Dissolved, and dissolutely; Slender's error for "resolved, and resolutely"; I. i. 273.

Dole, portion; "happy man be his d."="happiness be his portion"; III. iv. 69.

Drumble, dawdle; III. iii. 162.

Eld, old age, used in the sense of "old persons"; IV. iv. 37.

Elder, "heart of elder"=weak, faint-hearted; the elder has no heart; used in contrast to "heart of oak"; II. iii. 30.

Ensconce, to shelter under pro-

tection of a sconce or fort; II. ii. 30.

Ephesian, boon-companion, (an allusion perhaps to St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians, chap. ii. 10); IV. v. 19.

Eringoes, sea-holly, (supposed to possess aphrodisiac qualities); V. v. 24.

Esquire, a gentleman next in degree below a knight; I. i. 4.

Eyas-musket, young male sparrow-hawk; III. iii. 23.

Fap, evidently a cant term for "fuddled"; I. i. 191.

Fartuous; Mistress Quickly's pronunciation of "virtuous"; II. ii. 109.

Fault, misfortune; I. i. 101; III. iii. 243.

Faustuses, "three Doctor F." (*cp.* "Mephostophilus"); IV. v. 72.

Fights, (a sea-term), the canvas that hangs round the ship in a fight, to screen the combatants; II. ii. 153.

Fine and recovery, a term of law denoting absolute ownership; IV. ii. 235.

Flannel, originally manufactured in Wales, hence ludicrously used for a Welshman; V. v. 178.

Flemish, given to drink like a Fleming; the Dutch were notorious drunkards; II. i. 26.

Foin, to thrust in fencing; II. iii. 24.

Fortune thy foe, an allusion to the old ballad "Fortune my foe"; III. iii. 73.

Frampold, quarrelsome; II. ii. 101.

French thrift; Falstaff alludes to the practice of making a richly-dressed page take the place of a band of retainers; I. iii. 97.

Frize, a kind of coarse woolen stuff manufactured by Flemings in Wales; V. v. 151.

Froth, to make a tankard foam; I. iii. 15.

Fullam, a loaded die (so called from Fulham, where false dice were apparently manufactured); I. iii. 98.

Gallimaufry "hotch-potch," used by Pistol for "the whole sex"; II. i. 127.

Gar, Dr. Caius' pronunciation of "God"; I. iv. 122.

Geminy, a pair; II. ii. 8.

Ging, gang; IV. ii. 131.

Good-jer, supposed to be a corruption of the French word *goujère,* the name of a disease; used as a slight curse; I. iv. 134.

Good life, good name; III. iii. 131.

Gourd, some instrument of false gaming; I. iii. 98.

Grated upon, irritated, vexed; II. ii. 6.

Groat, piece of money valued at four-pence; I. i. 165.

Green sleeves, an old popular ballad tune, still extant; II. i. 68.

Hack, (?) "to become cheap and common," perhaps with a play on "hack," to kick; II. i. 55; IV. i. 69.

Hair, "against the hair," *i. e.* "against the grain," refers to the stroking an animal's hair the wrong way; II. iii. 41.

Hang together, to hold together

(without altogether collapsing); III. ii. 13.

HAWTHORN-BUDS, dandies; III. iii. 81.

HECTOR, cant term for a sharper; I. iii. 12.

HEROD, represented as a swaggering tyrant in the old miracle plays; II. i. 21.

HICK, (?) to fight; Mistress Quickly's interpretation of "hic;" probably something coarse is intended; IV. i. 69.

HIGH AND LOW, *i. e.* high and low throws (the former were the numbers 4, 5, 6, the latter 1, 2, 3); I. iii. 99.

HINDS, servants; III. v. 103.

HODGE-PUDDING, probably something similar to a hodge-podge; V. v. 165.

HORN-MAD, mad as a wicked bull; I. iv. 54.

HUMOR, (ridiculed as a much misused word of fashion; particularly used by Nym); I. i. 141, 177, 189, etc.

HUNGARIAN, (used quibblingly); the Hungarian wars attracted many English volunteers, who subsequently returned to England impoverished; I. iii. 23. (The first and second Quartos read "Gongarian.")

IMAGE, idea, conception; IV. vi. 17.

INFECTION, Mistress Quickly's error for "affection"; II. ii. 129.

INTENTION, intentness; I. iii. 75.

JACK-A-LENT, a small stuffed puppet thrown at during Lent; III. iii. 28; V. v. 138.

JAY, used metaphorically for a loose woman; III. iii. 46.

KIBE, chilblain; I. iii. 36.

KISSING-COMFITS, sugar-plums; V. v. 23.

LABRAS, lips; I. i. 174.

LARDED, garnished; IV. vi. 14.

LATTEN BILBO, a sword made of latten, a mixed soft metal resembling brass; swords were called "bilbos" from the great reputation of those made at Bilboa in Spain; I. i. 173.

LAUNDRY, Sir Hugh Evans' error for "launder"; I. ii. 5.

LEMAN, lover; IV. ii. 182.

LEWDSTERS, libertines; V. iii. 24.

LIME, to put lime in sack to make it sparkle; I. iii. 15.

LINGERED, waited in expectation; III. ii. 63.

LONG-TAIL, v. "cut," &c.

LOUSES, Sir Hugh Evans' corruption of "luces"; the joke was perhaps derived by Shakespeare from a story told of Sir William Wise and Henry VIII in Holmsted's continuation of the Chronicles of Ireland, where the play is on "fleure de lice"; I. i. 19.

LOVES; "of all loves"=by all means, for love's sake; II. ii. 128.

LUCES, pikes; "the dozen white luces," probably an allusion to the armorial bearings of Shakespeare's old enemy, Sir Thomas Lucy; a quartering of the Lucy arms, exhibiting the dozen white luces, is to be found in Dugdale's Warwickshire; I. i. 16.

LUNES, fits of lunacy; IV. ii. 22.

LUXURY, wantonness; V. v. 100.

MACHIAVEL, used proverbially for a crafty schemer; III. i. 106.

MAKE, to make mischief; I. iv. 121.

MARRY TRAP, a phrase of doubtful meaning; "exclamation of insult when a man was caught in his own stratagem;" in all probability its real force was "catch me if you can"; I. i. 178.

MASTER OF FENCE, one who had taken a master's degree in the art of fencing; I. i. 309.

MECHANICAL, vulgar, vile; II. ii. 309.

MILL-SIXPENCES; "these sixpences, coined in 1561 and 1562, were the first milled money in England, used as counters to cast up money"; I. i. 165.

MEPHOSTOPHILUS, used by Pistol; the name had been made popular in England by Marlowe's Faustus; I. i. 138.

METHEGLINS, mead, a fermented dish of honey and water; V. v. 173.

MISTRESS, the ordinary title of an unmarried gentlewoman; I. i. 50.

MINCE, to walk with affected grace; V. i. 9.

MONTANT, an upright blow or thrust in fencing; II. iii. 27.

MOTIONS, proposals; I. i. 232.

MOUNTAIN-FOREIGNER, used by Pistol of Sir Hugh Evans, in the sense of "ultramontane," barbarous; I. i. 171.

MUSCLE-SHELL, applied by Falstaff to Simple because he stands with his mouth open; IV. v. 30.

NAY-WORD, a watch-word, or rather a twin-word agreed upon by two confederates; II. ii. 141.

NUTHOOK, contemptuous term for a catchpole; I. i. 179.

'OD'S HEARTLINGS, an oath; God's heartling (a diminutive of "heart"); III. iv. 60.

'OD'S NOUNS, Mistress Quickly's corruption of "God's wounds"; IV. i. 26.

ŒILLADES, amorous glances; I. iii. 69.

O'ERLOOKED, bewitched; V. v. 89.

'ORK, Sir Hugh's pronunciation of "work"; III. i. 16.

OUPHES, elves; IV. iv. 50.

OYES, hear ye! the usual introduction to a proclamation; V. v. 47.

PAID, used quibblingly in sense of "paid out"; IV. v. 63.

PARCEL, a constituent part; I. i. 249.

PASSANT; as a term of heraldry = walking, used by Sir Hugh Evans; I. i. 20.

PASSED, surpassed expression; I. i. 325.

PASSES, goes beyond bounds; IV. ii. 136.

PAUCA, few (*i. e.* words); I. i. 140; "pauca verba"; I. i. 129.

PEAKING, sneaking; III. v. 74.

PEER OUT, probably an allusion to the children's old rhyme calling on a snail to push forth its horns; IV. ii. 26.

PEEVISH, foolish; I. iv. 15.

PENSIONERS, the bodyguard of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth were so called; II. ii. 86.

PERIOD, conclusion; IV. ii. 248.

Pheezar, evidently formed from the verb "to pheeze," *i. e.* "to hurry on, to worry"; I. iii. 10.

Phlegmatic, misapplied by Mistress Quickly; I. iv. 79.

Phrygian, possibly in the sense of "Trojan," used as a cant term for a person of doubtful character; I. iii. 101.

Pickt-hatch, a quarter of London notorious as the resort of bad characters; II. ii. 21.

Pinnace, used metaphorically for a go-between; I. iii. 93.

Pipe-wine, wine not from the bottle but from the pipe or cask, with a play on "pipe" in the sense of instrument to which people danced; III. ii. 96.

Pittie-ward, ? "towards the Petty, or Little Park"; III. i. 5.

Plummet; "ignorance is a p. o'er me"; "Falstaff evidently represents himself as the carpenter's work, and Evans as the lead of the plummet held over him"; V. v. 179.

Polecat, used as a term of reproach, (the polecat emits a disgusting smell); IV. ii. 205.

Possibilities, prospects of inheritance; used also in the sense of "possession," which may be the meaning here; I. i. 68.

Pottle, a large tankard, originally a measure of two quarts; III. v. 31.

Prat, a verb formed evidently by Ford from Mother Prat's name; IV. ii. 203.

Preeches, breeched for flogging; IV. i. 82.

Presently, immediately; III. iii. 98.

Pribbles and Prabbles, petty wranglings, tittle-tattles (used by Sir Hugh Evans); I. i. 58.

Primero, a game of cards; IV. v. 108.

Properties, used technically for the necessaries of the stage, exclusive of the scenery and dresses; IV. iv. 79.

Property, a thing wanted for a particular purpose, a tool, (to get out of debt); III. iv. 10.

Puddings, the intestines of animals were so called (*cp.* "Pudding Lane"); II. i. 34.

Pumpion, a kind of pumpkin; III. iii. 44.

Punk, strumpet; II. ii. 152.

Punto, a thrust or stroke in fencing; II. iii. 26.

Quarter (used quibblingly); I. i. 26, 28.

Quean, a slut; IV. ii. 190.

Rank, mature; IV. vi. 22.

Rato-lorum; Slender's corruption of (Custos) "Rotulorum"; I. i. 8.

Red-lattice phrases = alehouse language; a lattice window painted red was the customary distinction of an alehouse; II. ii. 31.

Relent, repent; II. ii. 34.

Ringwood, a common name for a dog; II. i. 130.

Ronyon, a mangy creature; IV. ii. 205.

Sackerson, a famous bear, which was baited at the Paris Garden in Southwark; said to have belonged to Henslow & Alleyn; I. i. 322.

Sadness, seriousness; IV. ii. 100.

Sauce, "to pepper"; IV. iii. 11.

Scall, scurvy; III. i. 126.

Scut, tail of a hare or rabbit; V. v. 21.

Sea-coal fire, a fire made of coals brought by sea, a novelty at a time when wood was generally burnt; I. iv. 9.

Season, fit time, (used probably technically for the time when the stags were at their best); III. iii. 174.

Secure, careless; II. i. 254.

Seeming, specious; III. ii. 44.

Semi-circled farthingale, a petticoat, the hoop of which did not come round in front; III. iii. 71.

Shaft; "to make a shaft or bolt on 't"= to do a thing either one way or another; a shaft = a sharp arrow; a bolt, a thick short one with a knob at the end; III. iv. 24.

Shent, reviled, punished; I. iv. 39.

Ship-tire, a peculiar head-dress, resembling a ship; III. iii. 62.

Shovel-boards, broad shillings of Edward VI used for the game of shove or shovel-board; I. i. 166.

Simple, medicinal herb; III. iii. 83.

Sir, the inferior clergy, as well as knights or baronets, formerly received this title, being the old equivalent of the academic *Dominus;* (when applied to Bachelors of Arts at the Universities it was usually attached to the surname and not to the Christian name); hence *"Sir"* Hugh Evans; I. i. 1.

Slack, neglect; III. iv. 118.

Slice, applied by Nym to Slender; I. i. 140.

Slighted, tossed; III. v. 10.

Something, somewhat; IV. vi. 22.

Sprag = sprack, *i. e.* quick; IV. i. 86.

Speciously, a Quicklyism for specially (?) III. iv. 114; IV. v. 119.

Staggering, wavering; III. iii. 12.

Stale, the urine of horses, applied by the host to Dr. Caius; II. iii. 31.

Stamps, impressed coins; III. iv. 16.

Star-Chamber; this Court, among its other functions, took cognizance of "routs and riots"; I. i. 2.

Stoccadoes, thrusts in fencing; II. i. 246.

Stock, thrust in fencing; II. iii. 26.

Strain, disposition; II. i. 97.

Sufferance, sufferings; IV. ii. 2.

Swinged, belabored; V. v. 204.

Takes, strikes with disease; IV. iv. 33.

Taking, fright; III. iii. 197.

Tall, sturdy, powerful; "tall of his hands"; I. iv. 27.

Tester, sixpence; I. iii. 100.

Thrummed, made of coarse, woolen yarn; thrum, the loose end of a weaver's warp; IV. ii. 84.

Tightly, promptly; I. iii. 92.

Tire, head-dress; III. iii. 63.

Tire-valiant, a fanciful head-dress; III. iii. 63.

Tricking, costumes; IV. iv. 80.

Trot, Caius' pronunciation of "troth"; IV. v. 92.

Trow, used by Mistress Quickly in the sense of "I wonder"; I. iv. 145.

Truckle-bed, a small bed, running on castors, which was thrust under the standing-bed during the day-time; IV. v. 7.

Uncape, to unearth a fox; III. iii. 181.

Unraked, "fires unr."= fires not raked together, not covered with fuel so that they might be found alight in the morning; V. v. 50.

Unweighed, inconsiderate; II. i. 24.

Urchins, imps, goblins; IV. iv. 50.

Veney, a bout at fencing; I. i. 310.

Vizaments = advisements or considerations; I. i. 40.

Vlouting-stog, *i. e.* laughing-stock; III. i. 123.

Wag, pack off; II. i. 251.

Ward, posture of defense; II. ii. 276.

Watched, tamed as a hawk is broken in, by being kept awake; V. v. 109.

Whiting-time, bleaching time; III. iii. 145.

Whitsters, bleachers of linen; III. iii. 15.

Wide of, far from, indifferent to; III. i. 59.

With, by; III. v. 116.

Wittolly, cuckoldly; II. ii. 302.

Woodman, a hunter of forbidden game, and also a pursuer of women; V. v. 31.

Worts, roots, (used quibblingly with reference to Sir Hugh's pronunciation of "words"); I. i. 129.

Wrong, "you do yourself mighty wrong"= you are much mistaken; III. iii. 230.

Wrongs, "this wrongs you," this is unworthy of you; IV. ii. 171.

Yead, an old abbreviation of "Edward"; I. i. 168.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What is the tradition concerning the occasion of Shakespeare's writing this comedy?

2. Compare the incidents in it with those in other literature of the time and earlier.

3. Aside from these incidents what elements are quite distinctive?

4. When is the action supposed to be, with relation to the other plays in which Falstaff appears?

5. What characteristics of Falstaff are apparent in this play? In what ways does his presentation in the other plays lose by the situation in this?

6. By what several intrigues does the play proceed? Describe their counteraction and their relation to the center plot.

7. What characters bring in especial comedy elements? What are these respective comedy features?

8. Cite the main incidents upon which the action progressively turns.

ACT I

9. To what characters are we first introduced? Describe them as the conversation shows them.

10. About what is their discussion?

11. What is the tradition as to the Poet's possible meaning in the impersonation of Justice Shallow?

12. Upon what errand to Mistress Quickly does Sir Hugh send Simple?

13. What is Falstaff's complaint in scene ii?

14. What does he intend to do to mend his fortunes?

15. What occupation does Bardolph have offered him, humorously appropriate to his character?

16. How do Nym and Pistol take Sir John's request that they do his errand? What do they decide to do to get even?

17. How does Mistress Quickly describe Rugby?

18. What passes between Simple and Mistress Quickly concerning Slender? What is the description of him?

19. What does Mistress Quickly promise Simple to undertake for his master?

20. What is the cause of Dr. Caius's commotion upon finding Simple in the closet? What does he do because of it?

21. What other suitor of Anne's does Mistress Quickly take it upon herself to champion? Judging from her asides what does she think of the chances of the several suitors?

ACT II

22. Describe Sir John's letter to Mistress Page.

23. What are her comments upon it?

24. What is the news Mistress Ford brings her just as she finishes reading the letter?

25. What are their opinions of the knight and his letters? What do they devise in revenge for his impertinence? Whom do they get to help them with their plans?

26. How do Ford and Page receive the news Nym and Pistol bring them?

27. What news comes of Sir Hugh and Dr. Caius?

28. What tale does Mistress Quickly concoct for Sir John with regard to the effect of his wooing upon the two ladies?

29. What ruse does Ford employ to gather from Falstaff the course he intends to follow?

30. Describe the scene in which Dr. Caius awaits Sir Hugh for the duel.

ACT III

31. What is the matter of the first scene? Describe it.

32. What is the comedy effect of Slender's asides during it?

33. How do Mistress Page and Mistress Ford carry out their plan against Falstaff?

34. What difficulties of their love-match do Fenton and Anne discuss?

35. Describe Slender's method of wooing. What is Anne's comment upon it? What does she say to her mother about him?

36. What is Anne's opinion of the suitor her mother would choose for her?

37. What are Mistress Quickly's final reflections in scene iv?

38. Describe Sir John's account of his adventure to Ford.

ACT IV

39. Is there any motive but incidental diversion in the scene between Sir Hugh and William? What are its comedy features?

40. What next decoy for Falstaff do the two wives set?

41. How is Ford also fooled while the device is carried through?

42. Was there ever such an old personage as the "fat woman of Brentford"?

43. What do the two wives decide at last to do for the final discomfiture of Sir John?

44. What does Ford say when the whole matter is divulged?

45. What are the counter-plans of Page and his wife for the accomplishment of Anne's marriage?

46. What turn of his tables does the Host of the Garter Inn experience? Why do Sir Hugh and Dr. Caius make it an occasion for some sarcasm at his expense?

47. What do Fenton and Anne Page plan to circumvent her parents?

ACT V

48. Describe the scenes in which the final trickery against Sir John is carried out.

49. What superstitions about the fairies are referred to in the spoken lines of those taking part in the Masque in Windsor Park?

50. How does Sir John moralize upon his being hoaxed into believing his tormentors were really fairies?

51. What mistakes do Slender and Dr. Caius make in their attempts to elope with Anne Page?

52. Who enters to explain the mistakes of these two and how is their news received?

53. How is the comedy finally brought to its close?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EARLY EDITIONS

In 1609 two quarto editions of *Troilus and Cressida* were issued, with the following title-pages:—

(i) "The | Historie of Troylus | and Cresseida. | *As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties* | seruants at the globe. | *Written by* William Shakespeare. | London | Imprinted by *G. Eld* for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, and | are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules—Church-yeard, ouer against the | great North doore. | 1609." [1]

(ii) The | Famous Historie of Troylus *and* Cresseid. | *Excellently expressing the* beginning | of their loues, with the conceited wooing | of *Pandarus* Prince of *Licia*. | *Written by* William Shakespeare. | London | Imprinted by *G. Eld* for *R. Bonian* and *H. Walley*, and | are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules | Church-yeard, ouer against the | great North doore. | 1609. |

The text is identical in the two quartos, the difference being merely the variation in the title-page, and the addition of a preface to the latter edition. There is no doubt that the leaf with the preface was not in the original issue, and that the first quarto was published with the statement that it had been acted by the King's servants at the Globe. The Cambridge Editors believe that the copies with this title-page were first issued for the theater, and

[1] Vide *Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles*, No. 13.

afterwards those with the new title-page and preface for the general readers, and they are of opinion that in this case the expression "never staled with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palms of the vulgar" must refer to the first appearance of the play in type, unless we suppose that the publisher was more careful to say what would recommend his book than to state what was literally true. It seems, however, scarcely plausible that the expression can refer to mere publication, and not to actual performance; it is probable that the quartos differed in some important respects from the version of the play acted by "the King's servants," and the new title-page and preface were perhaps due to some remonstrance on the part of the author or "the grand possessors."

In the First Folio *Troilus and Cressida* is found between the "Histories" and "Tragedies"; it is not mentioned in the Table of Contents, and the editors were evidently doubtful as to its classification. "*Coriolanus*," "*Titus Andronicus*," "*Romeo and Juliet*," "*Troilus and Cressida*," was the original order of the Tragedies, and the first three pages of the present play were actually paged so as to follow *Romeo and Juliet*,[1] but *Timon of Athens* was subsequently put in its place, and a neutral position assigned to it between the two main divisions. The Folio editors' view that the play was a Tragedy was certainly neither in accordance with the sentiment of the prologue (first found in the Folio and seemingly non-Shakespearean) and the quarto preface, which make it a comedy, nor with the title-page and running title of the quartos which treat it as a history. *Troilus and Cressida* presents perhaps the most complex problem in the whole range of Shakespeare's work. It has been well described as "a History in which

[1] "The editors cancelled the leaf containing the end of *Romeo and Juliet* on one side and the beginning of *Troilus and Cressida* on the other, but retained the other leaf already printed, and then added the prologue to fill up the blank page, which in the original setting of the type had been occupied by the end of *Romeo and Juliet*" (Cambridge Ed.).

historical verisimilitude is openly set at nought, a Comedy without genuine laughter, a Tragedy without pathos."

There are many points of difference between the Quarto and Folio text of the play, and the Cambridge editors are probably correct in their conclusions that the discrepancies are to be explained thus:—the Quarto was printed from a transcript of the author's original MS. which was subsequently slightly revised by the author himself; before the First Folio was printed this revised MS. had been tampered with by another hand, perhaps by the writer of the prologue.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The publication of the quartos in 1609 gives us one limit for the date of *Troilus and Cressida*, but (i) certain discrepancies in the text, (ii) differences of style, thought, language, and metrical qualities, and (iii) important pieces of external evidence, make it almost certain that the play passed through various stages of revision, and was in all probability composed at different times. Under (i) must be noticed that "in Act I, sc. ii, Hector goes to the field and fights, in Act I, sc. iii, after this, we find him grown rusty in the long-continued truce"; again "the rhyming couplet, V, x, 33, 34, which almost terminates the last scene, is by the Folio editors repeated at the end of Act V, sc. iii, which fact strongly suggests that Scenes vi–x are a later insertion." As regards (ii), the general style of those parts of the play dealing with the Love Story, contrasts strongly with the parts belonging to the Camp Story; the former bear the impress of Shakespeare's earlier characteristics,[1] the latter of his later.

(iii) External evidence points to Shakespeare's connec-

[1] Perhaps we should note in this connection the characteristically early "echo of Marlowe" to be found in this portion of Act II. sc. ii. 82, where the reference is to Marlowe's famous lines in *Faustus*:—

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topmost towers of Ilium?

tion with the subject of *Troilus and Cressida* at least as early as 1599, for in the old anonymous play of *Histriomastix* (written by Marston and others about that year), a satirical production called forth by the famous Battle of the Theatres, associated with the quarrels of Marston, Dekker, Jonson, etc.—occurs the following burlesque passage:—

"Troy. Come, Cressida, my cresset light,
Thy face doth shine both day and night,
Behold, behold *thy garter blue*
Thy knight his valiant elbow wears,[1]
That when he SHAKES his furious SPEARE,
The foe, in shivering fearful sort,
May lay him down in death to snort.
Cress. O knight, with valour in thy face,
Here *take my skreene,* wear it for grace;
Within thy helmet put the same,
Therewith to make thy enemies lame." [2]

There can be no doubt that we have here a travesty of an incident (*cp.* Act V, ii) in a play on the subject of

[1] The text is obviously corrupt; a line has dropped out ending in a word to rhyme with *"blue";* "wears" should be "wear" rhyming with *"speare."*

[2] This passage lends color to the hypothesis that *Troilus and Cressida* originally had some real or supposed bearing on the theatrical quarrels of the day, Ajax representing Jonson, and Thersites standing for Dekker; *"rank Thersites with his mastic jaws"* has been brought into connection with Dekker's *Satiromastix* (1601), and Jonson's description of him in *The Poetaster,* "one of the most overflowing rank wits in Rome." Mr. Fleay has suggested that the "physic" given "to the great Myrmidon" (I. iii. 378) is identical with the "purge" administered by Shakespeare to Jonson in *The Return from Parnassus.* The early *Troilus and Cressida* may have contained topical allusions, but these allusions were intentionally "overlaid" in the revised form of the play; minute criticism has probably detected fossil remains of theatrical satire. Even the doubtful Prologue with "its prologue armed" seems reminiscent of the armed Prologue, in Jonson's polemical *Poetaster.*

It is worth while noting that the Envy Induction in the latter play imitated the old play *Mucedorus* (1598, 1st ed.); we have a reference to the end of *Mucedorus* in *Troilus and Cressida,* II. iii. 25, *"Devil Envy,* say Amen!"

Troilus and Cressida, and that this play was by Shakespeare.

We know, from Henslowe's *Diary*, that about the same time, during the early part of 1599, Dekker and Chettle were preparing a play which was at first to be called "*Troylles and Cresseda*," but afterwards *Agamemnon;* and it is just possible that both this and Shakespeare's *Troilus* were based on some older production. Under the date of February 7, 1603, there is an entry in the Stationers' Register to "the book of *Troilus and Cressida*," as it is acted by "my Lord Chamberlain's servants"; the book is entered for James Roberts to be printed "when he had gotten sufficient authority for it." This must have been Shakespeare's play. Roberts did not get the necessary authority, and hence the re-entry in the Registers (January 28, 1609) before the publication of the Quarto edition. It is impossible to determine how far the play burlesqued in *Histriomastix*, the 1603 play, and the 1609 quarto, were identical.[1]

The safest course is to assign "*circa* 1599" to the play in its first form, "*circa* 1602" to the second and main revision, allowing for subsequent additions between the latter date and its publication in 1609. This perplexing "comedy of disillusion," with its dark irony, its wistful melancholy, its travesty of the faith of *Romeo and Juliet*, its depreciation of ancient heroism and medieval chivalry, its scoffing wordly wisdom, helps us perhaps to realize, somewhat at least, the deepening changes in Shakespeare's aspect of life, which lead him from farce to comedy, from comedy to somber tragi-comedy, and thence to soul-racking tragedy.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT

The main sources of *Troilus and Cressida* are:—(i) Chaucer's *Troilus*, which formed the basis of the love-

[1] The title-page of the first quarto evidently claimed that the version was the same as that acted by the Chamberlain's men in 1603; the second quarto, with the preface, withdrew the statement.

story;[1] (ii) Caxton's *Recuyell of the historyes of Troye* (translated from Raoul le Fèvre's *Recueil des Histoires de Troyes*),[2] and Lydgate's *Troy Book* (translated from Guido di Colonna), whence Shakespeare drew his materials for the camp-story; (iii) from Chapman's *Homer* (Bk. I–VII, 1597) the character of Thersites was derived (*vide* Book II).[3]

DURATION OF ACTION

It is impossible, according to Mr. P. A. Daniel, to assign more than four days to *Troilus and Cressida*, though certain discrepancies in Act II, sc. iii, and Act III, sc. i and iii, rather hamper the distribution of the time:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i and ii. Interval.
Day 2. Act I, sc. iii; Act II and Act III.
Day 3. Act IV; Act V, sc. i and ii.
Day 4. Act V, sc. iii–x.

DRYDEN'S VERSION

"*Troilus and Cressida; or, Truth Found Too Late:* A tragedy by John Dryden; acted at the Duke's Theatre"; this improvement on Shakespeare's play was published (4to, 1679) with a prefatory Essay, wherein the writer ex-

[1] For the literary history of Chaucer's *Troilus, cp.* Skeat's Preface to the poem; Shakespeare's and Chaucer's conceptions are contrasted in Godwin's *Life of Chaucer;* concerning Shakespeare's debt to Chaucer, *p.* Lloyd's *Essays on Shakespeare;* Hales' *Essays and Notes on Shakespeare,* etc.

[2] H. O. Sommer's recent reprint of Caxton's *Recuyell* (Nutt, 1894) contains a full bibliography and history of the book. Shakespeare may well have used Creede's 1596 version.

[3] In a valuable and suggestive paper on *Greene's Romances and Shakespeare* ("New Shak. Soc.," 1888) Prof. Herford points out that in *Euphues, His Censure* to *Philautus* (1587), we have a version of the *Troilus and Cressida* story, which, slight and insignificant as it is, "approaches more nearly than any other version, the manner of Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida.*"

plains that Shakespeare "began it with some fire," but "the latter part is nothing but a confusion of drums and trumpets, excursions and alarms," many of the characters were, he believed, "begun and left unfinished."

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The first edition of this play was a quarto pamphlet of forty-six leaves, issued in 1609, with a title-page reading as follows: "The Famous History of Troilus and Cressid: Excellently expressing the beginning of their loves, with the conceited wooing of Pandarus, Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London: Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley, and are to be sold at the Spread Eagle in Paul's Churchyard, over against the great north door, 1609." There is also an entry in the Stationers' Register, dated January 28, 1609, and reading thus: "Richard Bonian and Henry Walley: Entered for their copy, under the hands of Mr. Segar, Deputy to Sir George Buck and Mr. Warden Lownes, a book called The History of Troilus and Cressida." Of course the first issue was made in pursuance of this entry. And that issue is specially remarkable in being accompanied with a sort of prefatory address to the reader by the editor or publisher; which address may be seen at the end of this Introduction. In that address are two points of information which should be noticed here. The first is, that the play was then new, and had never been publicly acted; the words being,—"You have here a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never clapper-claw'd with the palms of the vulgar." And again: "Not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude." The other point is, that the publishing of the play was unauthorized and surreptitious. The writer bids his readers,—"Thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you; since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have pray'd for it, rather than

been pray'd." The "grand possessors" were doubtless the proprietors of the Globe Theater, in whom the rights of ownership were vested; and how strong their interest was in withholding Shakespeare's plays from the press, appears in that only this play and King Lear were published between 1603 and the Poet's death, and probably both of these without the owners' consent.

The edition of 1609, it seems, went to a second issue in the course of the same year; the prefatory address being withdrawn, and the title-page changed so as to read thus: "The History of Troilus and Cressida: As it was acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe." We speak of these as two issues of one and the same edition, because the text of both copies is in all respects the same, with the exception of two or three typographical corrections. It will be observed, no doubt, that the play must have been acted on the public stage soon after the first issue, and that this was a good reason for suppressing the editor's preface and changing the title-page in the second.

How Bonian and Walley should have obtained their copy for the press, is a question more likely to be raised than satisfactorily answered. From the title-page to the quarto edition of *King Lear*, which was issued in 1608, we learn that that play was acted "before the King's Majesty at Whitehall upon St. Stephen's night in Christmas holidays, by his Majesty's servants playing usually at the Globe." It is not unlikely that, before the first issue, Troilus and Cressida had been acted at the same place and by the same persons; as this would nowise conflict with the statement, in the preface, of its being "a new play, never stal'd with the stage," nor "sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude." But whether the play had been so acted or not, we can easily conceive how it might have got into the publishers' hands without the owners' consent. For copies of it must of course have been given out to the players some time before the day of performance. And so the most likely account of "the scape it hath made amongst

you" seems to be, that the copy leaked somehow through the players' hands, and was put through the press before it could be got ready for the stage.

In both issues of the quarto edition, *Troilus and Cressida* is called a "history"; while in the prefatory address it is reckoned amongst the Poet's "comedies." In the folio of 1623, where it was next published, it was called a "tragedy." The circumstances of its appearance in the latter edition are in some respects quite peculiar. It is not included in the list of plays prefixed to the volume, and is printed without any numbering of the pages, save that the pages of the second leaf are numbered 79 and 80. In that edition the plays are distributed under the three heads of Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Each of these divisions is paged by itself, and in that of Tragedies the paging begins with *Coriolanus*. *Troilus and Cressida* is placed between the Histories and Tragedies, with nothing to mark which of the two divisions it falls under, except that in the general title it is called a "tragedy." From its not being included in the list of plays nor in the paging, some have inferred that its insertion in the folio was an after-thought; and that either the existence of it was unknown or unregarded by the editors, or else the right of printing it was withheld from them, till all the rest of the volume had been made up and struck off. We do not believe any thing of this; the most probable explanation of the whole matter being, in our judgment, that the editors of the folio simply did not know where to class the play. Nor has any headway since been made towards clearing up the puzzle that seems to have proved too much for them. The play is a perfect non-descript, and defies the arts of classification: it may with equal propriety be included in either of the three divisions, or excluded from them all.

The old copies of the play, both quarto and folio, are without any marking of the acts and scenes, save that at the opening we have "*Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*" That a copy of the quarto was used in printing the folio,

is probable, as several misprints of the former are repeated in the latter; while, again, each copy has several passages that are wanting in the other; which shows that in making up the folio recourse was had to some authority besides the quarto. There are also divers other variations in the two copies; which puts us occasionally upon a choice of readings. The printing, too, of both copies abounds to an unusual extent in errors, though most of them are of a kind easily corrected.

Nearly all the critics have remarked upon the great inequalities of style and execution met with in this play. In fact, scarce any of the Poet's plays show more of ripeness or more of greenness in his art, than we find in different parts of this: it has some of his best work, and some of his worst; insomuch that Coleridge, in attempting a chronological classification of his plays from the internal evidence, at one time set this down to the third epoch of the Poet's authorship, when with "all the world of thought" there were still joined "some of the growing pains, and the awkwardness of growth"; and at another time, to the fifth and last epoch, when his genius was moving in its highest cycle.

Nearly connected with this point is the fact that the play is singularly defective in unity of interest and impression: there is little constancy or continuity of purpose or design apparent in it; where the real center of it lies, what may be the leading and controlling idea, nobody can tell. The characterization, individually regarded, is of a high order; but there is almost no composition among the characters; and, as they do not draw together towards any perceptible conclusion, we cannot gather why they should be consorted as they are. And the play abounds most richly, withal, in the far-sighted eloquence of moral and civil wisdom and discourse, such as carries our thoughts into the highest regions of Hooker and Burke; moreover, it is liberally endowed with noble and impressive strains of poetry; yet one is at loss to conceive why such things should be here, forasmuch as the use of them does not seem

to be regulated by any final cause, or any uniform law. So that, though ranking among the Poet's greatest and best efforts in respect of parts, still as a work of art the piece is exceedingly lame, because the parts do not duly converge in any central purpose, and so round up into an artistic whole. In other words, the whole does not, as in an organic structure, give form and law to the parts, so as to yield an adequate reason why they are so and not otherwise.

All which naturally starts the question whether the play were originally written as we have received it; or whether, in its present shape, it were an improvement on some older drama; and, if so, whether the older drama were by Shakespeare or some other hand. We have seen that in the prefatory address of the first issue it was said to be a "*new* play." We see no cause to question the accuracy of this statement, as it probably need not be held to infer any thing more than that the play was new in the form it then bore. In several instances, the Poet's earlier pieces are known to have been afterwards rewritten, enlarged, and replenished with the strengths and graces of his riper years. This was the case with *Love's Labor's Lost*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Hamlet*, among those published during the author's life; and it is all but morally certain that of those first published in 1623 *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Cymbeline*, and perhaps some others, underwent a similar process.

The inequalities of workmanship in *Troilus and Cressida* are so like those in the plays thus rewritten, as to suggest a common cause. And the argument growing from thence is not a little strengthened by an entry in the Stationers' Register, dated February 7, 1603: "Mr. Roberts: The book of Troilus and Cressida, as it is acted by my Lord Chamberlain's men." The "Lord Chamberlain's men" were the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and which, being specially licensed by King James soon after his accession, in the spring of 1603, became known as "His

Majesty's servants." "Mr. Roberts," no doubt, is the James Roberts whom we have already met with as the publisher of the second quarto editions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice*. In both of those cases there is good reason to think that his issues were unauthorized. For *The Merchant of Venice* was entered by him in the Stationers' Books in July, 1598, with the proviso, "that it be not printed by the said James Roberts, without licence first had from the right honourable the Lord Chamberlain." Something over two years later the same play was entered again by Thomas Heyes, and published soon after the entry. In the course of the same year an edition was put forth by Roberts. In like manner, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was entered by Thomas Fisher, and was published in 1600; and an edition was published by Roberts the same year, without any entry at the Stationers'. Which may sufficiently account for the fact, if it be a fact, that there was no edition of *Troilus and Cressida* consequent upon the entry by Roberts in 1603.

Still there is some question whether the play entered in 1603 were Shakespeare's; the only ground of such question being, that in Henslowe's *Diary*, under date of April and May, 1599, are found several entries of money paid to Dekker and Chettle in earnest of a play which they were then writing, entitled *Troilus and Cressida*, for the rival company known as "the Earl of Nottingham's players." It appears, however, that in the title of this play "Agamemnon" was afterwards substituted for "Troilus and Cressida." But even if such had not been the case, there is very little likelihood that the "Lord Chamberlain's men" would have used on their boards the play of a rival company. The probability seems to be, that each company had a play on the same subject; one of them, perhaps, being written in a spirit of competition with the other: for it often happened that, in case of a play succeeding on either stage, the other sought to turn such suc-

cess to its own account by getting up something adapted to catch hold of and engage the popular interest thus awakened.

The conclusion, then, which we would draw from this whole statement is obvious enough; namely, that Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* was originally written and acted before the spring of 1603; that some years later, probably in 1608, it was rewritten, enlarged, and in parts transfigured with the efficacy of the Poet's riper mind and more philosophical cast of thought; and that this revision was with a view to the play's being brought out anew on the stage, and so was the cause of its being set forth as a "*new* play" in the edition of 1609.

Four authorities are principally named as having been drawn upon by Shakespeare for the materials of this play. These are Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide; The History of the Destruction of Troy*, translated from the French by Caxton; *The Troy Book* of Lydgate; and Chapman's translation of Homer. The first seven books of Chapman's version were published in 1596, and the next twelve books not far from two years afterwards: the whole twenty-four books, entitled "*The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets,—Done according to the Greek*, by George Chapman," were not published before 1603, probably not much before 1611, the first edition being undated. Shakespeare and Chapman were well known to each other, and probably stood on terms of personal friendship and intimacy, being members of the same great senate of genius. It was from Chapman most likely that the Poet derived in the main his ideas of the Greek and Trojan heroes, as their several characters are developed in the council and in the field. And it is quite remarkable that the influence from this quarter is most clearly traceable in precisely those parts of the play which convey the strongest relish and impress of the Poet's riper mind and larger thought; insomuch as to favor the notion of their being the results of after-thought grafted upon the stock of an earlier production. It is equally probable, not to say certain, that Chapman fur-

nished the hints for the delineation of Thersites, there being nothing of him to be found in the other authorities mentioned. We say *hints;* for such are the most that could have been furnished by the Thersites of Homer towards the Thersites of Shakespeare, the character of the latter having all the freshness and spirit of an original conception; so that it seems as though the Poet had transfused his whole intellectual make-up into the person of a snarling, scurrilous, profane railer, with a body just fitted to the essential ugliness enshrined within it. There was, indeed, before the writing of this play, an old Interlude on the stage, wherein Thersites figured as one of the persons; but there is no likelihood of any thing having been borrowed from it by the Poet.

In all that regards the action of the hero and heroine, the main staple and ground-work of the play were unquestionably taken from Chaucer's poem, though most of the Poet's editors have ignored the fact, if indeed they were not ignorant of it. It is well known that of the particular story of *Troilus and Cressida* no traces are found in any of the classic writers. Caxton and Lydgate indeed have something of it, but not in a form to have served the design of the play; while the part of Pandarus, whose character and doings are interwoven with the whole course of the story as represented by the Poet, is wholly wanting in them, except a single mention of him by Lydgate, who refers to Chaucer as his authority. So that Chaucer's poem was the only work accessible to Shakespeare, that could have supplied the material for this part of the drama. Moreover, we have elsewhere divers clear and unmistakable notices of Shakespeare's having drunk largely from this "well of English undefiled": many tokens of a close acquaintance with "the father of English poetry" occur in his plays. Before leaving this point, it should be observed that in Chaucer's poem Cressida is represented with a purity and loftiness of character not consistent with the actions there ascribed to her. Shakespeare borrowed the main points of her action, and made her character con-

formable thereto. The character of Troilus, with its heroic ardor and constancy of soul, is substantially the same in the play as in the poem.

There remain but certain accessories of the play to be set down to the credit of Lydgate and Caxton. It will be seen, also, that the marks of paternity are in them so strong as to preclude all question touching the sources of them. *The History of the Destruction of Troy*, translated by Caxton from the *Recueil des Histoires de Troye* of Raoul le Fevre, appeared in 1471. In Shakespeare's time it had been modernized, and was very popular, as is shown by the fact of its passing through six editions by the year 1619. The *History, Siege, and Destruction of Troy*, commonly distinguished as *The Troy Book* of Lydgate, came from the press in 1513. In Shakespeare's time, however, it was fast sinking out of use, being written in verse, so that it could not pass for prose, while at the same time the verse was so rude and stumbling that it could not go as poetry. For our part, we can discover no sure signs of the Poet's having drawn from this source at all; there being, we believe, nothing common to him and Lydgate, but what is also common to Lydgate and Caxton. Perhaps we ought to add that the material of these works was nowise original with the writers named; most if not all of it being traceable to sources still more remote. But, inasmuch as there is no likelihood of the Poet's having gone beyond them, it would be beside our purpose to do so. We therefore dismiss this part of the subject by mentioning, that *A proper Ballad, dialogue-wise, between Troilus and Cressida* was entered on the Stationers' Books in 1581, by Edward White; which may possibly have furnished the Poet a hint for working the story into a drama.

For reasons partly stated already, the play of *Troilus and Cressida* has been a standing poser to criticism. It is indeed a wonderful production,—wonderful alike for the profusion of wit, of poetry, and of wisdom crowded into it, and for the depth, the subtlety, and lifelikeness of the

individual characterization. And so far nearly all the later and better critics are substantially agreed. On the other side, one cannot discover what the Poet is driving at: marvelous as are the details in spirit and variety of life, they do not seem to grow from any common principle or purpose; and it is only in the light of such principle or purpose that they can receive a logical statement and interpretation. Hence there has grown a remarkable diversity, not to say oppugnancy, of criticism respecting it; and some of the higher critics have employed what seems to us a great over-refinement of speculation, in order to make out some one idea under which the details might all be artistically reduced.

Schlegel led off in this super-subtlety of critical speculation. His idea of the work is so ingenious that one cannot but wish it might hold true, and is stated thus: "It seems as if the Poet here for once wished, without caring for theatrical effect, to satisfy the nicety of his peculiar wit, and the inclination to a certain guile, if I may say so, in the characterization. *The whole is one continued irony on that crown of all heroic tales*, the tale of Troy. The contemptible nature of the origin of the Trojan war, the laziness and discord with which it was carried on, so that the siege was made to last ten years, are only placed in clearer light by the noble descriptions, the sage and ingenious maxims with which the work overflows, and the high ideas which the heroes entertain of themselves and each other."

The same notion is worked up by Ulrici to a pitch bordering, as it seems to us, upon the ludicrous. "The ground-idea," says he, "which, in our opinion, it is the aim of *Troilus and Cressida* to bring under the *comic* view, is the opposition, especially in the moral aspect, between the character and habits of Grecian antiquity, and the principles of modern Christendom. To exhibit this opposition he takes the very basis of the former,—the Trojan war,—but throws its ideal import into the back-ground, and sketches it merely in its matter-of-fact details, though not

without some slight modifications. The Homeric hero is stripped bare of his poetic ideality; while, on the other hand, his moral weaknesses, which Homer, in the true spirit of a Greek, represents for the most part as virtues, are brought forward in the strongest light. The far-sighted Shakespeare certainly did not mistake as to the beneficial effects which an acquaintance with the high culture of antiquity had produced and would produce on the mind of Christian Europe. But he saw the danger that would grow from an excessive admiration of it; that it would generate the lowest type of moral and religious corruption; which result may indeed be actually discerned in the eighteenth century. It was in this prophetic spirit that he wrote this deeply-significant satire on the Homeric herodom. He did not wish to bring down the high, or to make the great little; still less, to attack the poetical worth of Homer, or of heroic poetry in general: his aim was to warn against that idolatry of them which men are so apt to fall into; and at the same time to press home upon them the universal truth, that every thing merely human, however glorified with the halo of a poetic ideality and a mythical past, is yet very small, when viewed in the light of a pure moral ideality."

But this view probably has its best expounder in the genial and excellent critic of Knight's edition of Shakespeare. "The play," says this writer, "cannot be understood upon a superficial reading: it is full of the most subtle art. We may set aside particular passages, and admire their surpassing eloquence, their profound wisdom; but it is long before the play, as a whole, obtains its proper mastery over the understanding. It is very difficult to define what is the great charm and wonder of its entirety. To us it appears as if the Poet, without the slightest particle of presumption, had proposed to look down upon the Homeric heroes from an Olympus of his own. He opens the Iliad, and there he reads of 'Achilles' baneful wrath.' A little onward he is told of 'the high threatening' of 'the cloud-gatherer.' The gods of Homer are made up of

human passions. But *he* appears throned upon an eminence, from which he can not only command a perfect view of the game which men play, but, seeing all, become a partisan of none,—perfectly cognizant of all motives, but himself motiveless. And yet the whole representation is true, and it is therefore genial. It is not a *travesty* of Homer, or of Nature. The heroes of the Iliad show us very little of the vulgar side of human life,—not much even of the familiar; but the result is, they cease to be heroic. How this is attained, is the wonder. The whole tendency of the play,—its incidents, its characterization,—is to lower what the Germans call herodom."

Wishing well to this view, we have therefore given it whatsoever advantage may be derived from the ingenuity and eloquence of its best advocates; but have to confess, notwithstanding, our inability to find any sure foothold in it. There is to our mind a seriousness and reality in the characterization of the Greek and Trojan chiefs, and a depth and breadth of philosophic discourse and of practical wisdom attributed to some of them, which will hardly consist with the idea of their having been conceived and wrought out in a spirit of mock-heroic or burlesque. So that our conclusion agrees substantially with that reached by the more sober and not less penetrating judgment of Mr. Verplanck, that "the high philosophy and the practical ethics of a large portion of the dialogue are quite incompatible with any such design."

The very perplexity in which the scope and design of this play are wrapped seems to have made it an uncommonly fertile theme to the critics. It was partly for this reason, perhaps, that the subject drew from Coleridge one of the finest specimens of philosophic criticisms to be met with in the language, or in any language. To omit any thing of it in this edition, would not be doing right: we therefore subjoin it entire:

"The *Troilus and Cressida* of Shakespeare can scarcely be classed with his dramas of Greek and Roman history; but it forms an intermediate link between the fictitious

Greek and Roman histories, which we may call legendary dramas, and the proper ancient histories; that is, between the *Pericles* or *Titus Andronicus*, and the *Coriolanus* or *Julius Cæsar*. There is no one of Shakespeare's plays harder to characterize. The name and the remembrances connected with it prepare us for the representation of attachment no less faithful than fervent on the side of the youth, and of sudden and shameless inconstancy on the part of the lady. And this is indeed as the gold thread on which the scenes are strung, though often kept out of sight and out of mind by gems of greater value than itself. But, as Shakespeare calls forth nothing from the mausoleum of history, or the catacombs of tradition, without giving or eliciting some permanent and general interest, and brings forward no subject which he does not moralize or intellectualize; so here he has drawn in Cressida the portrait of a vehement passion, that, having its true origin and proper cause in warmth of temperament, fastens on, rather than fixes to, some one object by liking and temporary preference.

> " 'There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
> Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
> At every joint and motive of her body.'

"This Shakespeare has contrasted with the profound affection represented in Troilus, and alone worthy the name of love;—affection, passionate indeed,—swollen with the confluence of youthful instincts and youthful fancy, and growing in the radiance of hope newly risen, in short, enlarged by the collective sympathies of nature;—but still having a depth of calmer element in a will stronger than desire, more entire than choice, and which gives permanence to its own act by converting it into faith and duty. Hence, with excellent judgment, and with an excellence higher than mere judgment can give, at the close of the play, when Cressida has sunk into infamy below retrieval and beneath hope, the same will, which had been the substance and basis of his love, while the restless pleasures

and passionate longings, like sea-waves, had tossed but on its surface,—this same moral energy is represented as snatching him aloof from all neighborhood with her dishonor, from all lingering fondness and languishing regrets; whilst it rushes with him into other and nobler duties, and deepens the channel which his heroic brother's death had left empty for its collected blood. Yet another secondary and subordinate purpose Shakespeare has inwoven with his delineation of these two characters,—that of opposing the inferior civilization, but purer morals, of the Trojans to the refinements, deep policy, but duplicity and sensual corruptions of the Greeks.

"To all this, however, so little comparative projection is given,—nay, the masterly group of Agamemnon, Nestor, and Ulysses, and, still more in advance, that of Achilles, Ajax, and Thersites, so manifestly occupy the fore-ground, —that the subservience and vassalage of strength and animal courage to intellect and policy seems to be the lesson most often in our Poet's view, and which he has taken little pains to connect with the former more interesting moral impersonated in the titular hero and heroine of the drama. But I am half inclined to believe that Shakespeare's main object, or shall I rather say, his ruling impulse, was to translate the poetic heroes of paganism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous and more *featurely* warriors of Christian chivalry; and to substantiate the distinct and graceful profiles or outlines of the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama; in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Durer.

"The character of Thersites, in particular, well deserves a more careful examination, as the Caliban of demagogic life;—the admirable portrait of intellectual power deserted by all grace, all moral principle, all not momentary impulse,—just wise enough to detect the weak head, and fool enough to provoke the armed fist of his betters: one whom malcontent Achilles can inveigle from malcontent Ajax, under the one condition that he shall be called on

to do nothing but abuse and slander, and that he shall be allowed to abuse as much and as purulently as he likes, that is, as he can;—in short, a mule,—quarrelsome by the original discord of his nature,—a slave by tenure of his own baseness,—made to bray and be brayed at, to despise and be despicable. 'Aye, Sir, but, say what you will, he is a very clever fellow, though the best friends will fall out. There was a time when Ajax thought he deserved to have a statue of gold erected to him; and handsome Achilles, at the head of the Myrmidons, gave no little credit to his *friend Thersites*.' "

We will close up the subject with some remarks by William Godwin, in his *Life of Chaucer*, where he discusses, with much judgment and discrimination, the comparative treatment of the same story by the two great masters of English poetry:

"Since two of the greatest writers this island has produced have treated the same story, each in his own peculiar manner, it may be neither unentertaining nor uninstructive to consider the merit of their respective modes of composition as illustrated in the present example. Chaucer's poem includes many beauties, many genuine touches of nature, and many strokes of an exquisite pathos. It is on the whole, however, written in that style which has unfortunately been so long imposed upon the world as dignified, classical, and chaste. It is naked of incidents, of ornament, of whatever should most awaken the imagination, astound the fancy, or hurry away the soul. It has the stately march of a Dutch burgomaster as he appears in a procession, or a French poet as he shows himself in his works. It reminds one too forcibly of a tragedy of Racine. Every thing partakes of the author, as if he thought he should be everlastingly disgraced by becoming natural, inartificial, and alive. We travel through a work of this sort as we travel over some of the immense downs with which our island is interspersed. All is smooth, or undulates with so gentle and slow a variation as scarcely to be adverted to by the sense. But all is homogeneous

and tiresome; the mind sinks into a state of aching torpidity; and we feel as if we should never get to the end of our eternal journey. What a contrast to a journey among mountains and valleys, spotted with herds of various kinds of cattle, interspersed with villages, opening ever and anon to a view of the distant ocean, and refreshed with rivulets and streams; where if the eye is ever fatigued, it is with the boundless flood of beauty which is incessantly pouring upon it! Such is the tragedy of Shakespeare.

"The great beauty of this play, as of all the genuine writings of Shakespeare, beyond all didactic morality, beyond all mere flights of fancy, and beyond all sublime,—a beauty entirely his own, and in which no writer ancient or modern can enter into competition with him,—is that his men are men; his sentiments are living, and his characters marked with those delicate, evanescent, undefinable touches, which identify them with the great delineation of nature. The speech of Ulysses in Act III, sc. iii, when taken by itself is purely an exquisite specimen of didactic morality; but when combined with the explanation given by Ulysses, before the entrance of Achilles, of the nature of his design, it becomes an attribute of a real man, and starts into life.

"When we compare the plausible and seemingly affectionate manner in which Ulysses addresses himself to Achilles, with the key which he here furnishes to his meaning, and especially with the epithet 'derision,' we have a perfect elucidation of his character, and must allow that it is impossible to exhibit the crafty and smooth-tongued politician in a more exact or animated style. The advice given by Ulysses is in its nature sound and excellent, and in its form inoffensive and kind; the name therefore of 'derision,' which he gives to it, marks to a wonderful degree the cold and self-centered subtlety of his character.

"The whole catalogue of the *Dramatis Personæ* in the play of *Troilus and Cressida*, so far as they depend upon a rich and original vein of humor in the author, are drawn with a felicity which never was surpassed. The genius of

Homer has been a topic of admiration to almost every generation of men since the period in which he wrote. But his characters will not bear the slightest comparison with the delineation of the same characters as they stand in Shakespeare. This is a species of honor which ought by no means to be forgotten when we are making the eulogium of our immortal bard, a sort of illustration of his greatness which cannot fail to place it in a very conspicuous light. The dispositions of men perhaps had not been sufficiently unfolded in the very early period of intellectual refinement when Homer wrote; the rays of humor had not been dissected by the glass, or rendered perdurable by the rays of the Poet. Homer's characters are drawn with a laudable portion of variety and consistency; but his Achilles, his Ajax, and his Nestor are, each of them, rather a species than an individual, and can boast more of the propriety of abstraction, than of the vivacity of the moving scene of absolute life. The Achilles, the Ajax, and the various Grecian heroes of Shakespeare, on the other hand, are absolute men, deficient in nothing which can tend to individualize them, and already touched with the Promethean fire that might infuse a soul into what, without it, were lifeless form. From the rest perhaps the character of Thersites deserves to be selected, (how cold and school boy a sketch in Homer!) as exhibiting an appropriate vein of sarcastic humor amidst his cowardice, and a profoundness of truth in his mode of laying open the foibles of those about him, impossible to be excelled.

"One of the most formidable adversaries of true poetry, is an attribute which is generally miscalled dignity. Shakespeare possessed, no man in higher perfection, the true dignity and loftiness of the poetical afflatus, which he has displayed in many of the finest passages of his works with miraculous success. But he knew that no man ever was, or ever can be, always dignified. He knew that those subtler traits of character, which identify a man, are familiar and relaxed, pervaded with passion, and not played off with an eye to external decorum. In this re-

spect the peculiarities of Shakespeare's genius are nowhere more forcibly illustrated, than in the play we are here considering. The champions of Greece and Troy, from the hour in which their names were first recorded, had always worn a certain formality of attire, and marched with a slow and measured step. No poet, till this time, had ever ventured to force them out of the manner which their epic creator had given them. Shakespeare first supplied their limbs, took from the the classic stiffness of their gait, and enriched them with an entire set of those attributes which might render them completely beings of the same species with ourselves."

ADDRESS

PREFIXED TO THE QUARTO EDITION, 1609

A NEVER WRITER, TO AN EVER READER: NEWS

Eternal reader, you have here a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical; for it is a birth of your brain, that never undertook any thing comical vainly: and were but the vain names of comedies changed for the titles of commodities, or of plays for pleas, you should see all those grand censors, that now style them such vanities, flock to them for the main grace of their gravities; especially this author's comedies, that are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings as were never capable of the wit of a comedy, coming by report of them to his representations, have found that wit there that they never found in themselves, and have parted better-witted than they came; feeling an edge of wit set upon them, more than ever they dreamed they had brain to grind it on. So much and such savored salt of wit is in his comedies, that they seem, for their height of pleasure, to be born in that sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none more witty than this; and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, for so much as will make you think your testern well bestowed, but for so much worth as even poor I know to be stuffed in it. It deserves such a labor as well as the best comedy in Terence or

Plautus. And believe this, that when he is gone, and his comedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition.[1] Take this for a warning, and at the peril of your pleasure's loss, and judgment's, refuse not, nor like this the less, for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thank fortune for the scape it hath made amongst you; since by the grand possessors' wills I believe you should have prayed for them, rather than been prayed.[2] And so I leave all such to be prayed for (for the states of their wits' healths) that will not praise it. *Vale.*

[1] This Address, with all its conceit and affectation, has some very just and intelligent praise, and in a higher strain than any other we have that was written during the Poet's life; unless we should except a passage in Spenser's *Tears of the Muses.* The writer, whoever he might be, gives out in this place a pretty shrewd anticipation. Many things occurring in our time might be aptly quoted as answering to his forecast of "a new English inquisition"; as, for example, £130 was given a few years since for a copy of *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York,* which was the original form of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*—H. N. H.

[2] There is some obscurity here. The "grand possessors," we have no doubt, were the proprietors of the Globe Theatre, and the passage refers to the means they used to keep Shakespeare's plays out of print. Probably we should understand *them* as referring not to *possessors,* but to the *comedies* for which "a new English inquisition" was to be "set up"; the sense thus being, "you should have prayed *to get* them, rather than have been prayed to *to buy* them." —H. N. H.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

CRESSIDA

The poet has endeavored at first to deceive the reader as well as honest Troilus as to Cressida's character, or to keep him uncertain. She appears at first in company with her uncle, she displays a light but not unequal wit, she is, however, without depth, an adept at double entendre, and indelicate in her expressions. She betrays almost at once that she could say more in praise of Troilus than Pandarus does, that she, however, "holds off," in order to attract them more methodically, because she knows "men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is." In her intercourse with Troilus she maintains her reserve in practice as before in theory, confessing and yielding, and varying the plan of her coquettish allurements, although she is not to appear so much a coquette by profession as by nature, the prey of the first, as afterwards of the second opportunity, when the pander in consequence has so easy a part to play. She was "won at the first glance," she tells Troilus, but confesses that it was "hard to *seem* won." She had held back, although she wished that "women had men's privilege of speaking first." She acknowledges that she loves him, "but not so much but she might master it!" And yet this is a lie, for her

> thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
> Too headstrong for their mother!

Thus she trifles with him, and in every concession she plants a sting; she tempts him by an ambiguous expression to kiss her, and then declares she had not meant it. She

plays the same game subsequently with Diomedes, promises, draws back, gives him Troilus' sleeve, takes it away again, and all this to sharpen him like a whetstone; Diomedes, understanding all these arts and jests, declines them, and by this manner also attains his end. With Troilus they are better adapted, although superfluous. She wins him merely by her suspicious anger as to his challenging her truth; the very sign of an evil conscience in her he takes for delicate sensitiveness. She enchants him when she assures him that in simplicity "she'll war with him." She swears also to be unceasingly true to him, but she does so with ominous and equivocal expressions; "Time, force, and death," she says,

> Do to this body what extremes you can;
> But the strong base and building of my love
> Is as the very center of the earth,
> *Drawing all things to it!*

With the same suspicious expression Pandarus praises the innate constancy of all her kindred: "They are burs, they'll stick where they are thrown;" that is, to one as well as to another.—Gervinus, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

She is a mere child and beginner in comparison with Cleopatra, for instance, who, for all that, is not so unmercifully condemned. But Shakespeare has aggravated and pointed every circumstance until Cressida becomes odious, and rouses only aversion. The change from love to treachery, from Troilus to Diomedes, is in no earlier poet effected with such rapidity. Whenever Shakespeare expresses by the mouth of one or another of his characters the estimate in which he intends his audience to hold her, one is astounded by the bitterness of the hatred he discloses. It is especially noticeable in the scene (Act IV) in which Cressida comes to the Greek camp and is greeted by the kings with a kiss.

At this point Cressida has as yet offended in nothing. She has, out of pure, vehement love for him, passed such a

night with Troilus as Juliet did with Romeo, persuaded to it by Pandarus, as Juliet was by her nurse. Now she accepts and returns the kiss wherewith the Greek chieftains bid her welcome. We may remark, in parenthesis, that at that time there was no impropriety in such a greeting. For all that, Ulysses, who sees through her at the first glance, breaks out on occasion of this kiss which Cressida returns:

"Fie, fie upon her,
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lips,
Nay, her foot speaks, her wanton spirit looks out
At every joint and motive of her body.
Oh, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give occasion welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! Set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game."

So Shakespeare causes his heroine to be described, and doubtless it is his own last word about her.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

Shakspere's treatment of the story involves the degradation of Cressida. The charming coquette of Benoît, the voluptuous court-lady of Boccaccio, the tender-hearted widow of Chaucer, becomes in the play a scheming cold-blooded profligate. Such a woman does not need to have Troilus' suit pressed upon her by Pandarus, and if she "holds off" for a time, it is merely, as she frankly confesses, to gratify her vanity and eagerness for despotic sway over her lover:

"Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the doing.
That she beloved knows nought, that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungained more than it is:
That she was never yet, that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue."

This is not the language of passion, whether pure or unholy, but of that calculating wantonness which prefers the

feeling of mastery even to sensual gratification. Yet when the confession of her partiality for Troilus cannot be any longer delayed, she cleverly poses as the deeply enamored woman whose lips have hitherto been sealed by modesty. She affects a fear that, in her rapture, she will betray her emotion too unreservedly, and with an ambiguous request to stop her mouth, she draws him into kissing her. Then, with the artfulness of a consummate flirt, she pretends to be eager to hide her confusion in solitude, and can only be prevailed on to stay by a passionate declaration of Troilus' eternal fidelity. She protests her own unswerving loyalty with equal ardor, and crowns this mockery of genuine devotion by yielding to his wishes. When afterwards she hears that she is to be exchanged for Antenor, she declares that she will never leave Troilus, that she has forgotten her father, and that whatever extremes "time, force, and death" may do to her body, "the strong base and building" of her love

> "Is as the very center of the earth
> Drawing all things to it."

This expression, as Gervinus has noted, is ominous, and on her arrival in the Greek camp she at once shows herself in her true colors. She allows herself to be "kissed in general" by all the chiefs, and she gets the laugh on Menelaus by an equivocal jest. She does not gradually fall away from loyalty to Troilus, for of loyalty her shallow nature is incapable; she simply throws herself with redoubled zest into her old game in this new field. In Diomed, who has been her escort between the hostile lines, she spies, as she thinks, a fully qualified substitute for Troilus. But she has mistaken her man, and in the scene between the two in Act V, Shakspere has, with a few pungent strokes, delineated the Nemesis upon the heartless coquette. Diomed is no raw youth, dwelling in a fool's paradise, and seeing life and love through a rose-colored haze. He is an experienced soldier and man of the world, who takes at a glance the measure of the woman with whom he

has to deal. He "tames" her by a method as suited to her character and as effective as Petruchio's with Kate. When she tries on him her accustomed trick of holding off, instead of pleading for her favors, he taunts her with being forsworn, and turns his back upon her with a curt good-night. It is she then who, to keep him by her side, has to use entreaties and caresses, and even to offer him in pledge of her faith the sleeve given her by Troilus. The shallow coquette pays a heavy yet just price for her selfish levity, when she exchanges a chivalrous adorer for a harsh and imperious taskmaster.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

TROILUS

Troilus is the youngest of Priam's numerous sons, and the passion of which he is the victim is the bare instinctive impulse of the teens, the form that first love takes when crossed by an unworthy object, which might have been that of Romeo had Rosalind not overstood her opportunity. It is his age that explains how, notwithstanding his high mental endowments, he is so infatuated as to mistake the planned provocation of Cressida's coyness for stubborn chastity, and to allow himself to be played with and inflamed by her concerted airs of surprise and confusion when at last they are brought together. He is quite as dull in apprehending the character of Pandarus, and complains of his tetchiness to be wooed to woo, when in fact he is but holding off in the very spirit of his niece and affecting reluctance in order to excite solicitation. Boccaccio furnished some of the lines of this characterization to Chaucer, but Chaucer gave them great development in handing them down to Shakespeare. Troilus is preserved from the ridiculousness that pursues the dupes of coquettes of so debased a stamp as Cressida, by the allowances that untried youth bespeaks, and by the spirit and gallantry that promises the coming self-recovery, the first process of which appears in the control he imposes on his anger and impatience when he looks on at the scene of her falseness, and

is completed as we have seen. Still our sympathies are but moderately engaged for him, for what can we say of him but that he is young and a fool—though heroes have been so before and since, fit to be played with and played upon by a jade who only tantalizes him that he may cease to be shy. He is the subjected slave of an intoxication that makes him insensible to the debasement of admitting such a worm as Pandarus into the very presence of what should be the sanctities of love. The ungenuineness of the love that is in question is self-betrayed when in the first declaration, as in the latest parting, he angles for and invites assurances of faithfulness which it is not in the nature of things should be either convincing or true.—LLOYD, *Critical Essays.*

CRESSIDA AND PANDARUS

The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are very amusing and instructive. The disinterested willingness of Pandarus to serve his friend in an affair which lies next his heart is immediately brought forward. "Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter were a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris, Paris is dirt to him, and I warrant Helen, to change, would give money to boot." This is the language he addresses to his niece: nor is she much behindhand in coming into the plot. Her head is as light and fluttering as her heart. "It is the prettiest villain, she fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow." Both characters are originals, and quite different from what they are in Chaucer. In Chaucer, Cressida is represented as a grave, sober, considerate personage (a widow—he cannot tell her age, nor whether she has children or no) who has an alternate eye to her character, her interest, and her pleasure: Shakespear's Cressida is a giddy girl, an unpracticed jilt, who falls in love with Troilus, as she afterwards deserts him, from mere levity and thoughtlessness of temper. She may be wooed and won to anything

and from anything, at a moment's warning; the other knows very well what she would be at, and sticks to it, and is more governed by substantial reasons than by caprice or vanity. Pandarus again, in Chaucer's story, is a friendly sort of go-between, tolerably busy, officious, and forward in bringing matters to bear: but in Shakespear he has "a stamp exclusive and professional": he wears the badge of his trade; he is a regular knight of the game.—HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear's Plays.*

THERSITES

The character of Thersites, in particular, well deserves a more careful examination, as the Caliban of demagogic life;—the admirable portrait of intellectual power deserted by all grace, all moral principle, all not momentary impulse;—just wise enough to detect the weak head, and fool enough to provoke the armed fist of his betters;—one whom malcontent Achilles can inveigle from malcontent Ajax, under the one condition, that he shall be called on to do nothing but abuse and slander, and that he shall be allowed to abuse as much and as purulently as he likes, that is, as he can;—in short, a mule,—quarrelsome by the original discord of his nature,—a slave by tenure of his own baseness,—made to bray and be brayed at, to despise and be despicable. "Aye, Sir, but say what you will, he is a very clever fellow, though the best friends will fall out. There was a time when Ajax thought he deserved to have a statue of gold erected to him, and handsome Achilles, at the head of the Myrmidons, gave no little credit to his *friend Thersites!*"—COLERIDGE, *Lectures on Shakspere.*

THE CAUSE OF THE GREEKS

Viewed in a moral and just sense, the cause of the Greeks is not better than that of the Trojans; on the side of honor it is worse. Shakespeare has allowed the Homeric

Achilles, who purchased lasting fame with a short life, to degenerate from a hero into a vain, morbidly proud, and effeminate mocker. Not on account of any dispute with Agamemnon, but for the sake of the promised Polyxena, he withdraws from the fight and from glory; he has no sympathy with the common honor, like Hector; he abandons the glory and honor of Greece to follow this love; he cares for nothing in the world but what affects him personally; he rouses himself, therefore, first after the death of Patroclus (this trait also Shakespeare takes from Homer), and even then only for a victory which brings him more ignominy than honor. The weak Ajax imitates him in haughtiness and inactivity, and withdraws, as Achilles had done, in the decisive moment, after having won a little honor. Ulysses takes all possible pains to arouse in both the public spirit, the ambition, and the thirst for glory which overflowed in Hector and Troilus. The finest speeches in the play, as well as the intrigues which lengthen out the action, have reference to this intention. To this we may trace that eloquent speech on the destroyed discipline and deference to rank (Act I, sc. iii), and on the fever of envy which caused those divisions and weakness in the camp, wherein lay the strength of Troy. There is reference to it in the proposal to appoint Ajax for the single combat with Hector, and thereby to rouse Achilles. There is reference to it in the oft-recurring eulogy of the ascendency of mental over bodily strength. There is reference to it in the shameless flattery with which they bait the stupid Ajax, and feed his hungry, envious ambition. There is reference to it in the noble lesson (Act III, sc. iii) impressed upon Achilles, and which was the purport of Ulysses' first speech, that steadfastness alone keeps honor bright. All this has little effect; the two strong-armed heroes have too little feeling for honor and glory, Hector and Troilus have too much; these latter mean well and do ill, the former mean ill and do well, or rather they escape harm. On the side of the Greeks, Nestor and Ulysses fare the best, because they possess at least public spirit and

policy. Yet this also is only ordinary cunning which displays profound wisdom in the mysteries of state policy when the question concerns mere espionage, a wisdom which in consequence attains its ends only in an equivocal manner.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

SHAKESPEARE'S INTENTION

Shakspeare's intention was rather to use the satirical element only for the representation of a higher, we might almost say, an historical view of life. As several of his comedies possess not only a general, but also an historical significance, in so far as they describe—within the comic view of life—the most important moral and political foundations of the life of his age, so the *historical* significance appears here to be made the real nucleus of the composition, and runs through it like a bright streak of light giving a peculiar illustration of that part of history upon which it touches. For, as I think, Shakspeare intended to point out the profound all-pervading contrast between the much-commended mental character and life of Greek antiquity, as compared with the new principle of life in the Christian era, and to reveal the blemishes and defects of Greek life, especially in regard to its morals, as compared with the ever-increasing admiration bestowed upon it. This could probably not be effected otherwise than by giving a closer view of the essential foundation of the ancient, and more especially of Greek, life and mental culture, taken from a comico-poetic standpoint. And this foundation, as is acknowledged on all hands, is formed by the Homeric poems, or, what is the same thing, the Trojan war in its mythico-poetic conception. But these immortal poems, when regarded from a strictly moral point of view, and in spite of all their ideality, obviously contain a decidedly immoral element, or, if it be preferred, the form in which the idea is clothed—according to our higher modern conception of moral relations—presents an ugly blot. For the whole of the external story turns upon the recovery

of an adulteress who has run off with her lover, and whose sentiments and manner of acting can in no way be excused, either by ideal beauty or by the interference of the gods (Aphrodite); on the contrary, the immorality in which even the gods themselves take part, appears only the more glaring by such an interference. Helen's abduction was not worthy of the great war of vengeance which was undertaken by the Greek princes; for the honor of the Greek nation was more deeply wronged by Helen herself than by Paris. A war undertaken for such a cause and such an object must, therefore, be repulsive to the moral consciousness of modern times; and still more do we feel this subsequently when Helen and her wronged husband are again united, and restored to all their rights, as if nothing had happened. It is true that the Greeks had a different idea of marriage and of the mission of women; this we all know, and Shakspeare doubtless knew it also. But the very fact of their entertaining such notions, is the immoral part of the matter. This is the dark side of Greek antiquity: a youthfully vigorous, but also youthfully sensuous view of life supported by the idea of beauty, and idealized as regards form; a view of life which raised beauty into an absolute privilege, and considered its value as greater than that of goodness and truth. It was only individual philosophical minds that rose above this idea, without, however, being able to gain a different standpoint or to raise the minds of the people to a level with their own.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

THE TENDENCY OF THE PLAY

The feeling which the *study* of Shakspere's *Troilus and Cressida* slowly but certainly calls forth, is that of almost prostration before the marvelous intellect which has produced it. But this is the result of study, as we have said. The play cannot be understood upon a superficial reading: it is full of the most subtle art. We may set aside particular passages, and admire their surpassing elo-

quence,—their profound wisdom; but it is long before the play, as a whole, obtains its proper mastery over the understanding. It is very difficult to define what is the great charm and wonder of its entirety. To us it appears as if the poet, without the slightest particle of presumption, had proposed to himself to look down upon the Homeric heroes from an Olympus of his own. He opens the "Iliad," and there he reads of "Achilles' baneful wrath." A little onward he is told of the "high threatening" of "the great cloud-gatherer." The gods of Homer are made up of human passions. But *he* appears throned upon an eminence, from which he can not only command a perfect view of the game which men play, but, seeing all, become a partisan of none,—perfectly cognizant of all motives, but himself motiveless. And yet the whole representation is true, and it is therefore genial. He does not stand above men by lowering men. Social life is not made worse than it is, that he who describes it may appear above its ordinary standard. It is not a *travestie* of Homer, or of Nature. The heroic is not lowered by association with the ridiculous. The heroes of the "Iliad" show us very little of the vulgar side of human life,—not much even of the familiar; but the result is, that they cease to be heroic. How this is attained is the wonder. It is something to have got rid of the machinery of the gods,—something to have a Thersites eternally despising and despised. But this is not all. The whole tendency of the play,—its incidents, its characterization,—is to lower what the Germans call herodom. Ulrici maintains that "The far-sighted Shakspere most certainly did not mistake as to the beneficial effect which a nearer intimacy with the high culture of antiquity had produced, and would produce, upon the Christian European mind. But he saw the danger of an indiscriminate admiration of this classical antiquity; for he who thus accepted it must necessarily fall to the very lowest station in religion and morality;—as, indeed, if we closely observe the character of the 18th century, we see has happened. Out of this prophetic spirit, which pene-

trated with equal clearness through the darkness of coming centuries and the clouds of a far-distant past, Shakspere wrote this deeply-significant satire upon the Homeric herodom. He had no desire to debase the elevated, to deteriorate or make little the great, and still less to attack the poetical worth of Homer, or of heroic poetry in general. But he wished to warn thoroughly against the over-valuation and idolatry of them, to which man so willingly abandons himself. He endeavored, at the same time, to bring strikingly to view the universal truth that everything that is merely human, even when it is glorified with the nimbus of a poetic ideality and a mythical past, yet, seen in the bird's-eye perspective of a pure moral ideality, appears very small." All this may seem as super-refinement, in which the critic pretends to see farther than the poet ever saw. But to such an objection there is a very plain answer. A certain result is produced:—is the result correctly described? If it be so, is that result an effect of principle or an effect of chance? As a proof that it was the effect of principle, we may say that Dryden did not see the principle; and that, not seeing it, he entirely changed the character of the play as a work of art.—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

MORALS

Since the change in the moral tone and thought of the times requires expurgated editions, the morality of Shakespeare's plays has sometimes been questioned. That he is a moralizer no one will claim; that he is thoroughly moral we think must be evident to every careful student. If he is to paint life universal and complete, he cannot eschew immoral characters, but he can, and does show his morality in the handling of these characters; he never paints them in such attractive colors as to make them models for imitation, in each case the character must sustain itself; as Ian Maclaren says, "If Posty will tell lies, I cannot help it." If it is necessary to expose a hideous phase of life,

that it may be condemned and thus serve as a lesson, Shakespeare does not hesitate to do it. Vice may be pardoned, not condoned. Even in his liberality which the extremely fastidious might fancy tends to looseness, he never mixes vice and virtue.—Ferris-Gettemy, *Outline Studies in the Shakespearean Drama.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRIAM, *king of Troy*
HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, HELENUS, *his sons*
MARGARELON, *a bastard son of Priam*
ÆNEAS, ANTENOR, *Trojan commanders*
CALCHAS, *a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks*
PANDARUS, *uncle to Cressida*
AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian general*
MENELAUS, *his brother*
ACHILLES, AJAX, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, PATROCLUS, *Grecian commanders*
THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian*
ALEXANDER, *servant to Cressida*
Servant to Troilus
Servant to Paris
Servant to Diomedes

HELEN, *wife to Menelaus*
ANDROMACHE, *wife to Hector*
CASSANDRA, *daughter to Priam; a prophetess*
CRESSIDA, *daughter to Calchas*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants

SCENE: *Troy, and the Grecian camp*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

The Greeks are besieging Troy in an endeavor to restore the beautiful Helen to King Menelaus, her rightful husband. Troilus, son of Priam, king of Troy, is in love with Cressida, and he persuades her uncle Pandarus to intercede for him. A truce exists between the two armies at this time and Hector of Troy sends a challenge to the Greeks, daring any one of their champions to meet him in single combat.

ACT II

The Greeks propose to raise the siege on condition that Helen be returned to them and that a war indemnity be paid them. The Trojans reject the terms. The Grecian generals seek an interview with Achilles, their best warrior, but he refuses to see them, preferring to sulk in his tent. Therefore they are forced to select Ajax to fight with Hector.

ACT III

Pandarus is successful in his intercessions with Cressida in behalf of Troilus. He brings them together, they plight their troth, and resolve to live together. But Cressida's father, who has "incurred a traitor's name," persuades the Greeks to ask for his daughter in exchange for a Trojan leader held prisoner by them. They consent.

ACT IV

Diomedes is commissioned to arrange the exchange and on the morning following her nuptial night, Cressida is taken to the Grecian camp. She parts from Troilus with oft-repeated promises of fidelity. Ajax and Hector meet and fight, but after a few blows they stop on account of kinship. The Greek and Trojan generals exchange courtesies.

ACT V

At the request of Troilus, Ulysses, one of the Greek generals, leads him to Cressida's tent in the Greek encampment. There he sees how faithless she has been to him, for she has transferred her affections to Diomedes. During the battle the next day Troilus and Diomedes fight but without serious injury to either. In this same battle Hector kills Patroclus, an intimate friend of Achilles; the latter is enraged and throwing himself into the fray, he slays Hector and drags his dead body around the battlefield tied to his horse's tail.

"And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage:"

Troilus and Cressida. Prologue.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

THE PROLOGUE

In Troy there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that 's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,

15. *"six-gated city";* Theobald, *"six gates i' th' city."*—I. G.
16. *"Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,"* so Ff.; Theobald reads *"Thymbria, Ilia, Scœa, Troian";* Capell, *"Thymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Troyan."*—I. G.

And Antenorides, with massy staples,
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come
A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument,
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are:
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

17. *"Antenorides"*; Theobald's emendation of Ff. *"Antenonidus"*; Pope reads *"Anteroridas."*—I. G.

23. *"A prologue arm'd"*; *i. e.* clad in armor instead of in a black cloak, which was the usual garb of the speaker of the Prologue.—I. G.

23–25. *"not in confidence of author's pen,"* etc.; not in defiant championship of the merits of the play, but because the argument is of war.—C. H. H.

28. *"Beginning in the middle"*; Theobald reads *"'Ginning i' th' middle."*—I. G.

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Troy. Before Priam's palace.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Tro. Call here my varlet; I 'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath none!

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong and skillful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant,
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skilless as unpracticed infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I 'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Aye, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Aye, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Aye, to the leavening; but here 's yet in the word 'hereafter,' the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—'When she comes!'—When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee:—when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,
Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
But sorrow, that is crouch'd in seeming gladness,
Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker

31. *"So, traitor!—'When she comes!'—When is she thence?"*; Q., *"So traitor then she comes when she is thence"*; Ff., *"So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence."*—I. G.

37. *"a storm"*; Rowe's correction of Q., *"a scorne"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"a-scorne"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"a-scorn."*—I. G.

than Helen's—well, go to—there were no more comparison between the women: but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her: but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st 'she is fair;'
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of plowman: this thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

45. *"praise her";* so Q.; Ff. read *"praise it."*—I. G.

56. *"Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,"* &c.; Theobald, *"discourse—how white her hand";* similar emendations have been proposed, but probably *"that her hand"*="that hand of hers."—I. G.

58. *"seizure";* clasp.—C. H. H.

59. *"spirit of sense";* the finest, most delicate, sensibility.—C. H. H.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.
Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.
Pan. Faith, I 'll not meddle in 't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.
Tro. Good Pandarus, how now, Pandarus!
Pan. I have had my labor for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labor.
Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?
Pan. Because she 's kin to me, therefore she 's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.
Tro. Say I she is not fair?
Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She 's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I 'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I 'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

80. *"as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday"; i. e.,* as beautiful in her worst dress as Helen in her "Sunday best."—I. G.

86. *"to stay behind her father";* Calchas, according to the *Destruction of Troy,* was "a great learned bishop of Troy," who was sent by Priam to consult the oracle of Delphi concerning the event of the war which threatened Agamemnon. As soon as he had made "his oblations and demands for them of Troy, Apollo answered unto him saying, Calcas, Calcas, beware thou returne not back againe to Troy, but goe thou with Achylles unto the Greekes, and depart

Tro. Pandarus,—
Pan. Not I.
Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—
Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end.
[*Exit.* . *An alarum.*
Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamors! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starved a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;
And he 's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we.
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood,

never from them, for the Greekes shall have victorie of the Trojans, by the agreement of the gods." Likewise in Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide,* Book i.:

> "Now fell it so, that in the toune there was
> Dwelling a lord of great authoritie,
> A great divine that cleped was Calcas,
> That in science so expert was, that he
> Knew well that Troie should destroyed be,
> By answere of his god."—H. N. H.

107. *"Ilium";* Priam's palace, as distinguished from the town of Troy, where Cressida resides. So in *Ham.* ii. 2. 496. This distinction is unknown to antiquity, where Ilium and Troy are synonymous. Shakespeare found it in the *Troy-boke.*—C. H. H.

Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar
Our doubtful hope, our convoy and our bark.

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?
Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?
Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.
Tro. By whom, Æneas?
Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.
Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*
Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!
Tro. Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may.'
But to the sport abroad: are you bound thither?
Æne. In all swift haste.
Tro. Come, go we then together.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same. A street.

Enter Cressida and Alexander her man.

Cres. Who were those went by?
Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.
Cres. And whither go they?
Alex. Up to the eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was moved:
He chid Andromache and struck his armorer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man per se,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humors that his valor is crushed into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint that he is a

29. *"joints"*; limbs.—C. H. H.

gouty Briareus, many hands and no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector 's a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What 's that? what 's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of? Good morrow, Alexander. How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector armed and gone ere you came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too;

he 'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there 's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there 's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Aye, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

Cres. So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had gone barefoot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he 's not himself: would a' were himself! Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end: well, Troilus, well, I would my heart were in her body! No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other 's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other 's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'Twould not become him; his own 's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favor—for so 'tis, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath color enough.

Pan So he has.

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having color enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she 's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compassed window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin,—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.
Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.
Cres. Is he so young a man and so old a lifter?
Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him: she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—
Cres. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?
Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.
Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.
Pan. Does he not?
Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.
Pan. Why, go to, then: but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—
Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you 'll prove it so.
Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.
Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.
Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think how she tickled his chin; indeed, she has a marvelous white hand, I must needs confess,—
Cres. Without the rack.
Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.
Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing! Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.
Cres. With mill-stones.
Pan. And Cassandra laughed.
Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er too?
Pan. And Hector laughed.
Cres. At what was all this laughing?
Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.
Cres. An 't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.
Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.
Cres. What was his answer?
Pan. Quoth she, 'Here 's but two and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.'
Cres. This is her question.
Pan. That 's true; make no question of that. 'Two and fifty hairs,' quoth he, 'and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons.' 'Jupiter!' quoth she, 'which of these hairs is Paris my husband?' 'The forked one,' quoth he, 'pluck 't out, and give it him.' But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.
Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

170. *"two and fifty"*; so Q., Ff.; Theobald reads *"one and fifty": "hairs"*; Q. reads *"heires."*—I. G.

181. *"so laughed, that it passed"*; laughed surpassingly, immoderately.—C. H. H.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.
Cres. So I do.
Pan. I 'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.
Cres. And I 'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May. [*A retreat sounded.*
Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium? good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.
Cres. At your pleasure.
Pan. Here, here, here 's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I 'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

Æneas passes.

Cres. Speak not so loud.
Pan. That 's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he 's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.
Cres. Who 's that?

Antenor passes.

Pan. That 's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I

205. *"he has a shrewd wit";* in the *Troy Book of Lydgate,* Antenor is thus described:

"Copious in words, and one that much time spent
To jest, when as he was in companie,
So driely, that no man could it espie;
And therewith held his countenance so well,
That every man received great content
To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,

can tell you; and he 's a man good enough: he 's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I 'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes.

Pan. That 's Hector, that, that, look you that; there 's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There 's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks! there 's a countenance! is 't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is a' not? it does a man's heart good. Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there 's no jesting; there 's laying on, take 't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it 's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.

Paris passes.

Look ye yonder, niece; is 't not a gallant man

When he was pleasant and in merriment:
For tho' that he most commonly was sad,
Yet in his speech some jest he always had."—H. N. H.

too, is 't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came hurt home to-day? he 's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus now! you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who 's that?

Helenus passes.

Pan. That 's Helenus: I marvel where Troilus is. That 's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That 's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus! no; yes, he 'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear the people cry 'Troilus'? Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes.

Pan. Where? yonder? that 's Deiphobus. 'Tis Troilus! there 's a man, niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece; look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he never saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris

is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Common Soldiers pass.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well! Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Aye, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my se-

261. *"an eye"*; so Q.; Ff. read *"money"*; Collier conj. *"one eye."* —I. G.

crecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I 'll watch you for that; and that 's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it 's past watching.

Pan. You are such another.

Enter Troilus's Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*
I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I will be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Aye, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.
[*Exeunt Pandarus.*
Words, vows, gifts, tears and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:

293. *"watch you for telling";* watch lest you tell.—C. H. H.
305. *"doubt he be";* fear he is.—C. H. H.

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:
That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
That she was never yet that ever knew
Love got so sweet as when desire did sue:
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:
Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech.
Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.

Sennet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes,
What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample proposition that hope makes

316. *"wooing"; i. e.* while still unwon.—C. H. H.

317. *"joy's soul lies in the doing,"* so Q., F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4 read *"the soules joy lyes in dooing."* Mason conj. *"dies";* Seymour conj. *"lives,"* &c.—I. G.

323. *"Achievement is command,"* etc.; when we are won we receive command, while unwon, entreaties.—C. H. H.

In all designs begun on earth below
Fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters
Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
Nor, princes, is it matter new to us
That we come short of our suppose so far
That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave 't surmised shape. Why then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
And call them shames? which are indeed nought else
But the protractive trials of great Jove
To find persistive constancy in men:
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:
But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away,
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!
But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and anon behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: where 's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbor fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so
Doth valor's show and valor's worth divide
In storms of fortune: for in her ray and brightness
The herd hath more annoyance by the breese
Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why then the thing of courage
As roused with rage with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tuned in selfsame key

31. *"thy godlike";* Theobald's emendation; Q., *"the godlike";* Ff., *"thy godly";* Pope, *"thy goodly."*—I. G.

52. *"with rage does sympathize";* it is said of the tiger that in stormy and high winds he rages and roars most furiously.—H. N. H.

Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which, [*To Agamemnon*] most mighty for thy place and sway,
[*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,
I give to both your speeches, which were such
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass, and such again
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue, yet let it please both,
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; and be 't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burthen,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
We shall hear music, wit and oracle.

54. *"Retorts";* Dyce's emendation; Q., Ff. read *"Retires."*—I. G.
70–75. Omitted in Q.—I. G.
73. *"Mastic,"* perhaps a corrupt form of *L. mastigia,* a rascal that ought to be whipped; later, a scourge; the more usual form of the word was "mastix," *cp. "Histriomastix."*—I. G.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.
The specialty of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets and this center,
Observe degree, priority and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other; whose medicinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts like the commandment of a king,
Sans check to good and bad: but when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,

77. *"these instances"*; the following reasons.—C. H. H.
92. *"ill aspects of planets evil"*; so Ff.; Q., *"influence of euill Planets."*—I. G.

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shaked,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or rather, right and wrong,
Between whose endless jar justice resides,
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,

Follows the choking.
And this neglection of degree it is
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general 's disdain'd
By him one step below; he by the next;
That next by him beneath: so every step,
Exampled by the first pace that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehand of our host,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action,
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,

129. *"it hath to climb";* of course, where each man strives to overtop or kick back his superiors, others will be moved to do the same by him, so that his way of climbing will result in a progress downwards; as men, by despising the law of their fathers, teach their children to despise them.—H. N. H.

He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting player, whose conceit
Lies in the hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffold-age,
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms unsquared,
Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropp'd,
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy beard,
As he being dress'd to some oration.'
That 's done; as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels, as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet god Achilles still cries 'Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.'
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,

153. *"conceit"*; imagination.—C. H. H.

And, with a palsy fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet: and at this sport
Sir Valor dies; cries 'O, enough, Patroclus;
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice, many are infect.
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war
Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites,
A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,
To match us in comparisons with dirt,
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyss. They tax our policy and call it cowardice,
Count wisdom as no member of the war,
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts
That do contrive how many hands shall strike
When fitness calls them on, and know by
measure

195. *"weaken and discredit our exposure";* weaken, by discrediting us, our ability to resist the assaults to which we are exposed.—C. H. H.

Of their observant toil the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war:
So that the ram that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
They place before his hand that made the engine,
Or those that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons. [*Tucket.*

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter Æneas.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one that is a herald and a prince
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice
Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How!

Æne. Aye:
I ask, that I might waken reverence,

220. *"Achilles'"*; Johnson conj. *"Alciaes'."*—I. G.

And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:
Which is that god in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that 's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, Jove's accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows; that praise, sole pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Aye, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What 's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him:

238. *"And, Jove's accord," i. e.* "And, Jove granting or favoring"; various emendations have been proposed on the supposition that the passage is corrupt.—I. G.

243. *"repining"; i. e.* mortified by defeat.—C. H. H.

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.
[*Trumpet sounds.*
We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector—Priam is his father—
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown: he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
That holds his honor higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valor and knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in confession

269. *"confession"* is used for *profession;* a profession of love falsely or idly made to the object.—Steevens, with his usual sagacity and pertinence, remarks upon the Poet's anachronism in putting this challenge in a style more suitable to Palmerin or Amadis, than to Hector or Æneas. Just as if the whole play were not a binding up of the characters and incidents of classic times with the manners and sentiments of Gothic chivalry. Shakespeare learned this from the romance-writers, and from none more than from Chaucer, who, nevertheless, seems to have known that Greece

With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honor him;
If none, he 'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

was neither a Gothic nor a Christian nation.—The *incident* of the challenge was most likely taken from Chapman's *Homer,* where it is represented thus:

"Hear, Trojans, and ye well-arm'd Greeks, what my strong mind, diffus'd
Through all my spirits, commands me speak: Saturnius hath not us'd
His promis'd favour for our truce; but, studying both our ills,
Will never cease till Mars, by you, his ravenous stomach fills
With ruin'd Troy; or we consume your mighty sea-born fleet.
Since, then, the general peers of Greece in reach of one voice meet,
Amongst you all whose breast includes the most impulsive mind,
Let him stand forth as combatant, by all the rest design'd;
Before whom thus I call high Jove to witness of our strife:
If he with home-thrust iron can reach th' exposure of my life,
Spoiling my arms, let him at will convey them to his tent;
But let my body be return'd, that Troy's two-sex'd descent
May waste it in the funeral pile: if I can slaughter him,
Apollo honouring me so much, I'll spoil his conquer'd limb,
And bear his arms to Ilion, where in Apollo's shrine
I'll hang them as my trophies due; his body I'll resign,
To be disposed by his friends in flamy funerals,
And honour'd with erected tomb where Hellespontus falls
Into Egæum, and doth reach even to your naval road."—H. N. H.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.
Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me
I 'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I 'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!
Ulyss. Amen.
Agam. Fair Lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;
To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.
[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*
Ulyss. Nestor!
Nest. What says Ulysses?
Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.
Nest. What is 't?
Ulyss. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.
Nest. Well, and how?
Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.
Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough—will, with great speed of judgment,
Aye, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.
Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?
Nest. Yes, 'tis most meet: who may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honor off,

313. *"Be you my time"; i. e.* play the part of time in bringing it to mature form.—C. H. H.

315, 354–356. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

326. *"in the publication";* when the challenge is publicly proclaimed.—C. H. H.

If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their finest palate: and trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action; for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supposed
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

337. *"dear'st"*; highest, most precious.—C. H. H.

339. *"our imputation"*; our reputation will weigh unevenly in the fight, *i. e.* will not be unaffected by the triumph or failure of our champion.—C. H. H.

340. *"wild"*; irregular, extraordinary.—C. H. H.

342. *"general"*; the whole community.—C. H. H.

349. *"her election"*; the object of choice.—C. H. H.

354. *"which entertained"*; the strong self-confidence once begotten.—C. H. H.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they 'll sell; if not,
The luster of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better. Do not consent
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honor and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd
Why then, we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And by device let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves
Give him allowance for the better man;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon
Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We 'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,

Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Scene I

The Grecian camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils—full, all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites!

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did not the general run then? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. Then would come some matter from him; I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou vinewed'st leaven, speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.
Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?
Ajax. The proclamation!
Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.
Ajax. Do not, porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.
Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsomest scab in Greece. When thou art forth in the incursions, thou strikest as slow as another.
Ajax. I say, the proclamation!
Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, aye, that thou barkest at him.
Ajax. Mistress Thersites!
Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.
Ajax. Cobloaf!
Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.
Ajax. [*Beating him*] You whoreson cur!
Ther. Do, do.
Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!
Ther. Aye, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinego may tutor thee: thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barba-

32–33. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

rian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. [*Beating him*] You cur!

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do ye thus? How now, Thersites! what 's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Aye; what 's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what 's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. 'Well!' why, so I do.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Aye, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his

belly and his guts in his head, I 'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—[*Ajax offers to strike him.*

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight. 90

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there: that he: look you there!

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

99. *"Thersites";* for the character of Thersites Shakespeare probably took a general hint from Chapman's *Homer;* there being nothing of him in Chaucer, or Caxton, or Lydgate. In Homer he is represented merely as a deformed jester:

"Thersites only would speak ill. A most disorder'd store
Of words he foolishly pour'd out, of which his mind held more
Than it could manage: any thing with which he could procure
Laughter, he never could contain. He should have yet been sure
To touch no kings: t'oppose their states becomes not jesters parts.
But he the filthiest fellow was of all that had deserts
In Troy's brave siege: he was squint-ey'd, and lame of either foot;
So crook-back'd that he had no breast; sharp-headed, where did shoot
(Here and there sperst) thin mossy hair. He most of all envied
Ulysses and Æacides, whom still his spleen would chide;
Nor could the sacred king himself avoid his saucy vein,
Against whom, since he knew the Greeks did vehement hates sustain,
(Being angry for Achilles' wrong,) he cried out, railing thus."

—H. N. H.

Achil. What 's the quarrel?
Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.
Ther. I serve thee not.
Ajax. Well, go to, go to.
Ther. I serve here voluntary.
Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.
Ther. E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.
Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?
Ther. There 's Ulysses and old Nestor, whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plow up the wars.
Achil. What? what?
Ther. Yes, good sooth: to, Achilles! to, Ajax! to!
Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.
Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.
Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!
Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brooch bids me, shall I?
Achil. There 's for you, Patroclus.
Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I

128. *"brooch"*; Rowe, *"brach"*; Malone conj. *"brock."*—I. G.

come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach, and such a one that dare
Maintain—I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not; 'tis put to lottery; otherwise He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you. I will go learn more of it. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Troy. A room in Priam's palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:

136. *"the fifth hour";* the quarto has "the *first* hour of the sun." In Act III, sc. iii, Thersites speaks of "eleven o'clock" as the hour for the duel; which shows that *fifth* is right. The thing were of no consequence, but for what is well stated by Knight, thus: "The knights of chivalry did not encounter at the *first* hour of the sun; by the *fifth,* on a summer's morning, the lists would be set, and the ladies in their seats. The usages of chivalry are those of this play." —H. N. H.

'Deliver Helen, and all damage else,
As honor, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,
Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to 't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'
Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety,
Surety secure: but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,
Had it our name, the value of one ten,
What merit 's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honor of a king,

14. *"surety"*; false confidence.—C. H. H.

So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:
You know an enemy intends you harm;
You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let 's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honor
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.
Tro. What 's aught, but as 'tis valued?
Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds his estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer:'tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.
Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honor.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have soil'd them, nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desired;
And for an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive

77. *"an old aunt whom the Greeks held captive," i. e.* "Priam's

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's and makes stale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you 'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,
As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,'
If you 'll confess he brought home noble prize,
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cried 'Inestimable!' why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that Fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you prized
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!
But thieves unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

sister, Hesione, whom Hercules, being enraged at Priam's breach of faith, gave to Telamon, who by her had Ajax" (Malone).—I. G.

82. *"whose price hath launched";* a reminiscence of the famous line in Marlowe's *Faustus,* "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships."—C. H. H.

Enter Cassandra, raving, with her hair about her ears.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Hect. Peace, sister, peace!
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid age and wrinkled eld,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamors! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practice your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.
[*Exit.*
Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?
Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra 's mad: her brain-sick raptures

110. *"Our firebrand brother, Paris,"* alluding to Hecuba's dream that she should be delivered of a burning torch.—I. G.

116. *"discourse of reason";* exercise of reason (in argument).—C. H. H.

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
Which hath our several honors all engaged
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valor,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wiped off in honorable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,

150. *"treason";* treachery.—C. H. H.

Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There 's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended, nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfamed,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;
And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glozed, but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves

166. *"Aristotle thought";* Rowe and Pope proposed *"graver sages think,"* to save Shakespeare from the terrible anachronism. It has been pointed out that Aristotle speaks of political and not of moral philosophy; and, further, that Bacon makes the same mistake in his *Advancement of Learning,* Book ii. (published 1605).—I. G.

172. *"more deaf than adders";* the deafness of the adder was proverbial in popular natural history.—C. H. H.

All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,
There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:
Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defense. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honor and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize us:

202. *"canonize us"*; the expression must not be taken literally; it

For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory
As smiles upon the forehead of this action
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertised their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The Grecian camp. Before the tent of Achilles.

Enter Thersites, solus.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O, worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I 'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I 'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there 's Achilles, a rare enginer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls

merely means, *be inscribed among the heroes or demigods. "Ascribi numinibus"* is rendered by old translators "to be canonized, or made a saint."—H. N. H.

will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods, and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus, if ye take not that little little less than little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the Neapolitan bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil Envy say amen. What, ho! my Lord Achilles!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who 's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could ha' remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a

14. *"serpentine craft";* Mercury's staff or *caduceus* was in later mythology represented as intertwined with serpents.—C. H. H.

29. *"a gilt counterfeit";* to understand this joke it should be known that *counterfeit* and *slip* were synonymous: "And therefore he went out and got him certain *slips,* which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being brasse, and covered over with silver, which the common people call *slips.*"—Greene's *Thieves falling out, true Men come by their Goods.*—H. N. H.

tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I 'll be sworn and sworn upon 't she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where 's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Aye; the heavens hear me!

Patr. Amen.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who 's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, what 's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles: then tell me, Patroclus, what 's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what 's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that knowest.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I 'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover. It suffices me thou art. Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I 'll speak with nobody. Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit.*

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling and such knavery! all the argument is a cuckold and a whore; a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpigo on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, and Ajax.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.

75. *"positive";* absolutely, under all conditions, not in respect of particular actions.—C. H. H.

77. *"of the prover,"* the reading of Q.; Ff. read *"to the Creator";* Rowe (ed. 2), *"to thy creator";* Capell, *"of thy creator."*—I. G.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He shent our messengers; and we lay by
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so, lest perchance he think
We dare not move the question of our place,
Or know not what we are.
Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*
Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:
He is not sick.
Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favor the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: but why, why? let him show us the cause. A word, my lord. [*Takes Agamemnon aside.*
Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?
Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.
Nest. Who, Thersites?
Ulyss. He.
Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.
Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument, Achilles.
Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure a fool could disunite.
Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.

Re-enter Patroclus.

91. *"He shent our,"* Theobald's emendation; Q. reads *"He sate our"*; Ff., *"He sent our."*—I. G.

Here comes Patroclus.
Nest. No Achilles with him.
Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.
Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If anything more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other
But for your health and your digestion sake,
An after-dinner's breath.
Agam. Hear you, Patroclus:
We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason
Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,
Not virtuously on his own part beheld,
Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss,
Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,
Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest; in self-assumption greater
Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

119. *"The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy."* It was currently believed that the elephant could not kneel.—C. H. H.

133. *"Not virtuously on his own part beheld";* not regarded as becomes a virtuous man, *i. e.* modestly.—C. H. H.

140. *"Than in the note of judgment";* than true judges know him to be.—C. H. H.

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,
Disguise the holy strength of their command,
And underwrite in an observing kind
His humorous predominance; yea, watch
His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
The passage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,
That if he overhold his price so much,
We 'll none of him, but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lie under this report:
'Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:
A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant:' tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.
[*Exit.*

Agam. In second voice we 'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you. [*Exit Ulysses.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought and say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and

156. *"Enter you"*; so Ff.; Q. reads *"entertaine."*—I. G.

your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. [*Aside*] Yet he loves himself: is 't not strange?

Re-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What 's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only
He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness,
And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath: imagined worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages
And batters down himself: what should I say?

176. *"engendering"*; spawn.—C. H. H.
182. *"in self-admission"*; at his own choice.—C. H. H.
191. *"Kingdom'd"*; like a kingdom, *i. e.* divided against himself

He is so plaguy proud that the death-tokens of it
Cry 'No recovery.'

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
We 'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
When they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminate himself, shall he be worship'd
Of that we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired,
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles:
That were to enlard his fat-already pride,
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns
With entertaining great Hyperion.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him.'

like a country in civil war. The image here compressed into an epithet is given in full in *Jul. Cæs.* ii. 1. 68:—

The state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.—C. H. H.

207. *"palm";* the victor's emblem.—C. H. H.

Nest. [*Aside*] O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.
Dio. [*Aside*] And how his silence drinks up this applause!
Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
I 'll pash him o'er the face.
Agam. O, no, you shall not go.
Ajax. An a' be proud with me, I 'll pheeze his pride:
Let me go to him.
Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.
Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!
Nest. [*Aside*] How he describes himself!
Ajax. Can he not be sociable?
Ulyss. [*Aside*] The raven chides blackness.
Ajax. I 'll let his humors blood.
Agam. [*Aside*] He will be the physician that should be the patient.
Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—
Ulyss. [*Aside*] Wit would be out of fashion.
Ajax. A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?
Nest. [*Aside*] An 'twould, you 'ld carry half.
Ulyss. [*Aside*] A' would have ten shares.
Ajax. I will knead him, I 'll make him supple.
Nest. [*Aside*] He 's not yet through warm: force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.
Ulyss. [*To Agamemnon*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.
Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.
Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.
Here is a man—but 'tis before his face;
I will be silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous, as Achilles is.
Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.
Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!
Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now—
Ulyss. If he were proud,—
Dio. Or covetous of praise,—
Ulyss. Aye, or surly borne,—
Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!
Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:
Famed be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-famed beyond, beyond all erudition:
But he that disciplined thine arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half: and, for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here 's Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times,

265. A *"bourn"* is a *boundary,* and sometimes a *rivulet,* dividing one place from another. A bourn, or burn, in the north, signifies a brook, or rivulet. Hence the names of many villages, &c., terminate in *burn.*—H. N. H.

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,
You should not have the eminence of him,
But be as Ajax.
Ajax. Shall I call you father?
Nest. Aye, my good son.
Dio. Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.
Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
To call together all his state of war:
Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow
We must with all our main of power stand fast:
And here 's a lord, come knights from east to west,
And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.
Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Troy. A room in Priam's palace.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you, a word: do you not follow the young Lord Paris?
Serv. Aye, sir, when he goes before me.
Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?
Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.
Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.
Serv. The Lord be praised!
Pan. You know me, do you not?
Serv. Faith, sir, superficially.
Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.
Serv. I hope I shall know your honor better.
Pan. I do desire it.
Serv. You are in the state of grace.
Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honor and lordship are my titles. [*Music within.*] What music is this?
Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.
Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.
Pan. Who play they to?
Serv. To the hearers, sir.
Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?
Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.
Pan. Command, I mean, friend.
Serv. Who shall I command, sir?
Pan. Friend, we understand not one another:
I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning.
At whose request do these men play?
Serv. That 's to 't, indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul.
Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?
Serv. No, sir, Helen: could not you find out that by her attributes?
Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimental assault upon him, for my business seethes.
Serv. Sodden business! there 's a stewed phrase indeed!

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

44. "*sodden*" alluding to the cure of the French disease. Hence the equivoque in "stewed."—C. H. H.

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.
Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince, here is good broken music.
Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. Nell, he is full of harmony.
Pan. Truly, lady, no.
Helen. O, sir,—
Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.
Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.
Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?
Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we 'll hear you sing, certainly.
Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—
Helen. My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—
Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you—
Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!
Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that 's a sweet queen, i' faith.
Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offense.
Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not

for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I 'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I 'll make excuse.

Pan. Aye, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer 's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy? Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she 'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I 'll hear no more of this; I 'd sing you a song now.

Helen. Aye, aye, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Aye, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! aye, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Aye, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [*Sings.*

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The shaft confounds,
Not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore.
These lovers cry Oh! oh! they die:
Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!
So dying love lives still:
Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!
Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!
Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

124. The reading of Ff.; omitted in Q.—I. G.
131. *"the wound to kill";* a mortal wound.—C. H. H.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who 's afield to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day. You 'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They 're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector; his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself.
Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

An orchard to Pandarus' house.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus' Boy, meeting.

Pan. How now! where 's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?
Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.
Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter Troilus.

How now, how now!
Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*
Pan. Have you seen my cousin?
Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields
Where I may wallow in the lily-beds
Proposed for the deserver! O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I 'll bring her straight. [*Exit.*

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palates taste indeed
Love's thrice repured nectar? death, I fear me,
Swounding destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much, and I do fear besides
That I shall lose distinction in my joys,
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She 's making her ready, she 'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I 'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Re-enter Pandarus with Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame 's a baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.

What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we 'll put you i' the fills. Why do you not speak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let 's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you 'ld close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she 'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here 's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'—Come in, come in: I 'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

62. *"billing";* a play on the legal sense of "bill" as in "deeds" above.—C. H. H.

63. *"I witness whereof";* Shakespeare had here an idea in his thoughts that he has elsewhere often expressed. Thus in *Measure for Measure:*

> "But my kisses bring again,
> *Seals* of love, but *seal'd* in vain."

And in *Venus and Adonis:*

> "Pure lips sweet *seals* in my soft lips imprinted,
> What bargains may I make still to be *sealing?*"

—H. N. H.

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

Cres. Wished, my lord?—The gods grant—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an

75. *"fears"*; so F. 3; Q., Ff. 1, 2, *"teares"*; F. 4, *"tears."*—I. G.

ability that they never perform, vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present: we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be a mock for his truth, and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you, you 'll give him me. Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I 'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being won: they

are burs, I can tell you; they 'll stick where
they are thrown.
Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me
heart.
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.
Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?
Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever—pardon me;
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it: in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children,
grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we
fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my
tongue;
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel! Stop my mouth.
Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.
Pan. Pretty, i' faith.
Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed; O heavens! what have I done?

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.
Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?
Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning—
Cres. Pray you, content you.
Tro. What offends you, lady?
Cres. Sir, mine own company.
Tro. You cannot shun yourself.
Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you,
But an unkind self that itself will leave
To be another's fool. I would be gone:
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.
Tro. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.
Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise;
Or else you love not, for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.
Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman—
As, if it can, I will presume in you—
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you

165. *"itself"; i. e.* Cressida.—C. H. H.
169. *"show"; Ff. 1, 2, 3, "shew* = showed."—I. G.

Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas!
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I 'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall in the world to come
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
Want similes, truth tired with iteration,
'As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the center,'
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
From false to false, among false maids in love,

183. *"such a"; i. e.* a similar.—C. H. H.

Upbraid my falsehood! when they 've said 'as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, or wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,'
'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
'As false as Cressid.'

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I 'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all Pandars; let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-between Pandars! Say 'amen.'

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away!

[*Exeunt Tro. and Cres.*

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exit.*

226. *"because it shall not";* lest it should.—C. H. H.

Scene III

The Grecian camp.

Flourish. Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,
Incurr'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
That time, acquaintance, custom and condition
Made tame and most familiar to my nature,
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:

4. *"through the sight I bear in things to love";* (?) "through my peculiar knowledge as to where it is well to place affection"; Johnson proposed *"Jove"* for *"love,"* reading, *"through the sight I bear in things, to Jove I have abandoned,"* &c., but Jove favored the Trojans. No very satisfactory explanation has been advanced.—I. G.

12. *"Into"* for *unto;* a common expression in old writers. Thus in Paston's *Letters:* "And they that have justed with him *into* this day have been as richly beseen."—Here again we trace the Poet's reading in Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide,* Book i.:

"So when this Calcas knew by calculing,
And eke by the answere of this god Apollo,
That the Greekes should such a people bring,
Thorow the which that Troy must be fordo,
He cast anone out of the toune to go;
For well he wist by sort, that Troie shoulde
Destroyed be, ye would whoso or n'olde.

I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you—often have you thanks therefore—
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

"Wherefore he to departen softely
Tooke purpose full, this foreknowing wise,
And to the Greekes host full prively
He stale anone; and they in courteous wise
Did unto him both worship and servise
In trust that he hath cunning hem to rede
In every perill, which that was to drede.

"Great rumour rose, whan it was first espied,
In all the toune, and openly was spoken,
That Calcas traitour fled was and alied
To hem of Greece; and cast was to be wroken
On him that falsely hath his faith broken,
And sayed, he and all his kinne atones
Were worthy to be brent, both fell and bones."—H. N. H.

21. *"in right great exchange"; i. e.* offering a Trojan prisoner of great distinction in exchange for her.—C. H. H.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.
Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*

Enter Achilles and Patroclus, before their tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:
Please it our general pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last. 'Tis like he 'll question me
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him:
If so, I have derision medicinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To show itself but pride, for supple knees
Feed arrogance and are the proud man's fees.
Agam. We 'll execute your purpose and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each lord, and either greet him not
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.
Achil. What, comes the general to speak with me?

30. *"In most accepted pain,"*= trouble willingly undergone. Hanmer suggested *"pay"* for *"pain."*—I. G.

You know my mind; I 'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you? [*Exit.*

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus!

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Aye, and good next day too. [*Exit.*

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were used to bend,
To send their smiles before them to Achilles,
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: what the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath any honor, but honor for those honors
That are without him, as place, riches, and favor,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I 'll interrupt his reading.
How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here
Writes me: 'That man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.'

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself

89. *"At ample point"*; in full measure, completely.—C. H. H.

To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travel'd and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position—
It is familiar—but at the author's drift;
Who in his circumstance expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much consisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they 're extended; who, like an arch, reverberates
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things there are,
Most abject in regard and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem

110. *"mirror'd,"* the reading of Singer MS. and Collier MS.; Q., Ff., *"married"*; Keightley, *"arrived,"* &c.—I. G.
120. *"who"; i. e.* the applause.—C. H. H.
128. *"regard"*; estimation.—C. H. H.

And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow—
An act that very chance doth throw upon him—
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords! Why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast
And great Troy shrieking.

Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me
Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honor bright: to have done, is to hang

137. *"fasting";* so in the quarto; the folio has *feasting.* Johnson thought either word would do well enough: but *fasting* is evidently better for the designed antithesis between this and the preceding line. —H. N. H.

141. *"shrieking";* the folio reads *shrinking.* The following passage in the subsequent scene seems to favor the reading of the quarto:

"Hark, how *Troy roars!* how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!—
And all cry—Hector, Hector's dead."—H. N. H.

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honor travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost:
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;

175. *"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," i. e.* one touch of human nature, one natural trait, shows the kinship of all mankind, viz. that they praise new-born gawds, and are always hankering after novelty.—I. G.

That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
And case thy reputation in thy tent,
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroical:
'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence that 's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps,

194. *"one of Priam's daughters"; i. e.* "Polyxena, in the act of marrying whom she was afterwards killed by Paris."—I. G.

Keeps place with thought, and almost like the gods
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
There is a mystery, with whom relation
Durst never meddle, in the soul of state;
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath or pen can give expressure to:
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;
And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena:
But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump;
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing
'Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.'
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you:
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think my little stomach to the war
And your great love to me restrains you thus:

200. *"dumb cradles";* that is, in their infancy, and before they can give themselves utterance; as we know men often act out their thoughts before they express them, and even before they are fully conscious of having them; some pre-existing impulse being in fact the seed of the thought. Mr. Collier found *crudities* substituted for *cradles,* among his late discoveries; and he crows over it somewhat unwisely, as it seems to us.—H. N. H.

Sweet, rouse yourself, and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Aye, and perhaps receive much honor by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O, then, beware;
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves:
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:
I 'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him
To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.—A labor saved!

Enter Thersites.

241. *"to my full view";* so in Caxton's *History:* "The truce during, Hector went on a day unto the tents of the Greekes, and Achilles beheld him gladly, forasmuch as he had never seen him unarmed. And at the request of Achilles, Hector went into his tent; and as they spake together of many things, Achilles said to Hector, I have great pleasure to see thee unarmed, forasmuch as I have never seen thee before."—H. N. H.

Ther. A wonder!
Achil. What?
Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.
Achil. How so?
Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgeling that he raves in saying nothing.
Achil. How can that be?
Ther. Why, a' stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say 'There were wit in this head, an 'twould out:' and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man 's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he 'll break 't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said 'Good morrow, Ajax;' and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? He 's grown a very landfish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.
Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.
Ther. Who, I? why, he 'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for

beggars; he wears his tongue in 's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honored captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon, et cetera. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax!

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Aye, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven of the clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he 's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that 's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd,
And I myself see not the bottom of it.
[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [*Exit.*

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Troy. A street.

Enter, at one side, Æneas, and Servant with a torch; at the other, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?
Dei. It is the Lord Æneas.
Æne. Is the prince there in person?
Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.
Dio. That 's my mind too. Good morrow, Lord Æneas.
Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his hand,—
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed a whole week by days
Did haunt you in the field.
Æne. Health to you, valiant sir, 10
During all question of the gentle truce;
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.
Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health;

But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I 'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit and policy.
Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.
Dio. We sympathize. Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honor, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.
Par. This is the most despiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, lord, so early?
Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.
Par. His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let 's have your company, or, if you please,
Haste there before us. I constantly do think,
Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,

36. *"his purpose meets you";* that is, I bring you his meaning and his orders.—H. N. H.

40. *"constantly do think";* am firmly persuaded.—C. H. H.

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.
Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord, we 'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow, all.
[*Exit with Servant.*
Par. And tell me, noble Diomed, faith, tell me true,
Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,
Who, in your thoughts, deserves fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?
Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soilure,
With such a hell of pain and world of charge
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonor,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more,
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She 's bitter to her country: hear me, Paris:
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.
Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We 'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Court of Pandarus' house.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I 'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.
Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!
Cres. Good morrow, then;
Tro. I prithee now, to bed.
Cres. Are you a-weary of me?
Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,

5. *"attachment";* arrest, seizure.—C. H. H.

Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee, tarry:
You men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there 's one up.

Pan. [*Within*] What, 's all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:
I shall have such a life!

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. How now, how now! how go maidenheads? Here, you maid! where 's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle! You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart! you 'll ne'er be good, nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! ah, poor capocchia! hast not slept to-night? would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? a bug-bear take him!

Cres. Did not I tell you? would he were knocked i' the head! [*One knocks.*

Who 's that at door? good uncle, go and see.
My lord, come you again into my chamber.
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing. [*Knocking.*

How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in:
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.
[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*

Pan. Who 's there? what 's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what 's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who 's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth,
I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:
It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know,
I 'll be sworn: for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who! nay, then: come, come, you 'll do
him wrong ere you are ware: you 'll be so
true to him, to be false to him: do not you
know of him, but yet go fetch him hither;
go.

Re-enter Troilus.

Tro. How now! what 's the matter?
Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand
Paris your brother and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.
Tro. Is it so concluded?
Æne. By Priam and the general state of Troy.
They are at hand and ready to effect it.
Tro. How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

70. *"give up to Diomedes' hand";* in Caxton's *History* this part of the story is told thus: "Calcas, that by the commandment of Apollo had left the Trojans, had a passing faire daughter and wise, named Briseyda,—Chaucer, in his book that he made of Troylus, named her Cresida;—for which daughter he prayed to king Agamemnon and to the other princes, that they would require the king Priamus to send Briseyda unto him. They prayed enough to king Priamus at the instance of Calcas; but the Trojans blamed sore Calcas, and called him evil and false traitor, and worthie to die, that had left his owne land and naturall lord, for to goe into the companie of his mortal enemies: yet, at the petition and earnest desire of the Greekes, the king Priamus sent Briseyda to her father."—H. N. H.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.
[*Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.*

Pan. Is 't possible? no sooner got but lost?
The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke 's neck!

Re-enter Cressida.

Cres. How now! what 's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where 's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what 's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods! What 's the matter?

Pan. Prithee, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death: O, poor gentleman! A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what 's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

77. *"secrets of nature";* so Ff.; Q., *"secrets of neighbor Pandar";* Theobald, *"secret'st things of nature";* Hanmer, *"secretest of natures,"* &c., &c.—I. G.

Cres. O you immortal gods! I will not go.
Pan. Thou must.
Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the stronge base and building of my love
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I 'll go in and weep,—
Pan. Do, do.
Cres. Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Before Pandarus' house.

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
For her delivery to this valiant Greek

Comes fast upon: good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Tro. Walk into her house;
I 'll bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart.
[*Exit.*
Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

[A room in Pandarus' house.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste.
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

4. *"violenteth in a sense as strong, As that which";* so Q.; Ff. read *"no lesse in . . . As that which,"* &c.; Pope, *"in its sense is no less strong, than that Which."*—I. G.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too. 'O heart,' as the goodly saying is,

'O heart, heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?'

where he answers again,

'Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking.'

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it. How now, lambs!

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Aye, aye, aye, aye; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips

Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own laboring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now with a robber's haste
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu,
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within*] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say the Genius so
Cries 'Come!' to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit.*

Cres. I must then to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart.

Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:
I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee;

48. *"consigned"* means *sealed,* from *consigno.* Thus in *King Henry V:* "It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *consign* to."—H. N. H.

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there 's no maculation in thy heart:
But 'be thou true' say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent: but I 'll be true.

Tro. And I 'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens! 'Be true' again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They 're loving, well composed with gifts of nature,
And flowing o'er with arts and exercise:
How novelties may move and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—

69. *"to fashion in my sequent protestation."* "Be thou true" is not an injunction, but merely the introductory clause in which his subsequent declaration "I will see thee" is *wrapped.*—C. H. H.

73. *"Wear this sleeve";* in a comedy, entitled *"Histriomastix,* or *the Player Whipt,"* published in 1610, but written before the death of Elizabeth, there is a mock interlude wherein Troilus and Cressida are the speakers. The point of the burlesque turns on much the same action as is here represented. Some have thought, and apparently with good reason, that the thing may have been designed as a sort of travesty on this scene. Which, of course, is an argument, so far as it goes, that this play was originally written before 1603.—H. N. H.

77–80. The reading in the text is Staunton's; many emendations have been proposed, but this is generally accepted by modern editors.—I. G.

Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—
Makes me afeard.
Cres. O heavens! you love me not.
Tro. Die I a villain then!
In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cres. Do you think I will?
Tro. No:
But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.
Æne. [*Within*] Nay, good my lord!
Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.
Par. [*Within*] Brother Troilus!
Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.
Cres. My lord, will you be true?
Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
Is 'plain and true'; there 's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I 'll give her to thy hand;
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The luster in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I 'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not moved, Prince Troilus:
Let me be privileged by my place and message
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I 'll answer to my lust: and know you, lord,

I 'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be prized; but that you say 'Be 't so,'
I 'll speak it in my spirit and honor 'No!'

Tro. Come, to the port. I 'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand: and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*

[*A trumpet sounds.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

The Grecian camp. Lists set out.

Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.

146–150; v. 165–170. Omitted in Q.—I. G.

Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax, that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there 's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomedes, with Cressida.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I 'll begin.
So much for Nestor.

Achil. I 'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.
Patr. But that 's no argument for kissing now;
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.
Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.
Men. O, this is trim!
Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.
Men. I 'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.
Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?
Men. Both take and give.
Cres. I 'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.
Men. I 'll give you boot, I 'll give you three for one.
Cres. You 're an odd man; give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.
Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o' the head.
Cres. No, I 'll be sworn.
Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?
Cres. You may.
Ulyss. I do desire it.

29. Omitted in Ff.; the reading of Q.; Collier MS. reads *"And parted you and your same argument."*—I. G.

33. *"Patroclus kisses you";* Patroclus first kisses her in Menelaus' name, then in his own.—C. H. H.

42. *"every man is odd"; i. e.* single, one.—C. H. H.

Cres. Why, beg then.
Ulyss. Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.
Cres. I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyss. Never 's my day, and then a kiss of you.
Dio. Lady, a word: I 'll bring you to your father.
[*Exit with Cressida.*
Nest. A woman of quick sense.
Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There 's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*
All. The Trojans' trumpet.
Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Flourish. Enter Hector, armed; Æneas, Troilus, and other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? or do you purpose
A victory shall be known? will you the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity

59. *"accosting,"* Theobald's conj.; Q., Ff., *"a coasting"*; Collier MS., *"occasion,"* &c.—I. G.

Pursue each other, or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?
Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he 'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight opposed.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: but, whate'er, know this:
In the extremity of great and little,
Valor and pride excel themselves in Hector;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:
In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomedes.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,

79. *"Valor"* is in Hector greater than valor in other men, and pride in Hector is less than pride in other men.—H. N. H.

83. *"Ajax is half made of Hector's blood";* Ajax and Hector were cousins-german.—H. N. H.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN HECTOR AND AJAX.

Troilus and Cressida. Act 4, Scene 5.

Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,
So be it; either to the uttermost,
Or else a breath: the combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin. [*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*

Ulyss. They are opposed already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight,
Not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue,
Not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath;
Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
To tender objects, but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love:
They call him Troilus, and on him erect
A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.
Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
Even to his inches, and with private soul
Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

90. *"consent"*; agree.—C. H. H.

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;
Awake thee!
Agam. His blows are well disposed: there, Ajax!
Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*
Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.
Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.
Dio. As Hector pleases.
Hect. Why, then will I no more:
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so,
That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg
All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my father's;' by Jove multipotent,
Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish member
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay
That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drained! Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honor to thee!
Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.
Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable,
On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyes
Cries 'This is he,' could promise to himself
A thought of added honor torn from Hector.
Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.
Hect. We 'll answer it;
The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.
Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,—
As seld I have the chance—I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.
Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great Achilles
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.
Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:
And signify this loving interview
To the expecters of our Trojan part;
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.
Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But Achilles, my own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one

142. *"Neoptolemus so mirable";* Hanmer reads *"Neoptolemus sire so mirable";* Warburton, *"Neoptolemus's sire irascible";* Collier conj. *"Neoptolemus so admirable,"* &c.—I. G.

158. *"see your knights";* these *knights,* to the amount of about *two hundred thousand,* Shakespeare found with all the appendages of chivalry in *The Old Troy Book. Eques* and *armiger,* rendered *knight* and *squire,* excite ideas of chivalry. Pope, in his *Homer,* has been liberal in his use of the latter.—H. N. H.

That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that 's no welcome: understand more clear,
What 's past and what 's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. [*To Troilus*] My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting;
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord! by Mars his gauntlet, thanks!
Mock not, that I affect the untraded oath;
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She 's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she 's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Laboring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,

Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
Not letting it decline on the declined,
That I have said to some my standers by
'Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!'
And I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand and hand with time:
Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!
By this white beard, I'ld fight thee to-morrow:
Well, welcome, welcome!—I have seen the time.

187. *"Despising many forfeits and subduements"; i. e.* disdaining to slay and vanquish many whose lives were in his power.—C. H. H.

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
Hect. I know your favor, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there 's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilion, on your Greekish embassy.
Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue:
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.
Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

233. *"quoted"* is observed, noted.—The incident of Achilles' viewing Hector "limb by limb" is narrated in Homer's twenty-second Book. We subjoin Chapman's version of the passage, though Shakespeare probably had not seen it when he wrote this play, as only the first nineteen Books of that version were published before 1611:

"His bright and sparkling eyes
Look'd through the body of his foe, and sought through all that prize

Hect. Is this Achilles?
Achil. I am Achilles.
Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of sport thou 'lt read me o'er;
But there 's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye? 241
Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!
Hect. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
To answer such a question: stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture 250
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,

The next way to his thirsted life. Of all ways, only one
Appear'd to him; and this was, where th' unequal winding bone,
That joins the shoulders and the neck, had place, and where there lay
The speeding way of death; and there his quick eye could display
The place it sought,—even through the arms his friend Patroclus wore
When Hector slew him."—H. N. H.

I 'ld not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
For I 'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I 'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag;
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I 'll endeavor deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin: 260
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone
Till accident or purpose bring you to 't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach: the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting wars since you refused
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match. 270

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.
Beat loud the taborines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt all but Troilus and Ulysses.*

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.
Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honor was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?
Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting show their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I 'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I 'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.
Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch of nature, what 's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshipers, here 's a letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, fragment?
Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.
Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

4. *"core of envy";* so in the folio; in the quarto, *"cur* of envy," which is a very suitable epithet of the snarling and biting Thersites, and is elsewhere applied to him. It seems uncertain which is the better reading here. Of course *"core* of envy" is *"heart* of envy," and it has the advantage in variety, if in nothing else.—H. N. H.

5. A *"batch"* is all that is baked at one time, without heating the oven afresh. So Ben Jonson in his *Cataline:* "Except he were of the same meal and *batch."*—H. N. H.

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what 's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the riveled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleave silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel

12. *"The surgeon's box";* in his answer Thersites quibbles upon the word *tent.*—H. N. H.

14. *"adversity"* is here used for contrariety; the reply of Thersites having been studiously *adverse* to the drift of the question urged by Patroclus.—H. N. H.

23–27. *"raw . . . tetter,"* the reading of Q.; omitted in Ff., substituting *"and the like."*—I. G.

33. *"indistinguishable";* Patroclus reproaches Thersites with deformity, with having one part crowded into another.—H. N. H.

of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered with such waterflies, diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,
A token from her daughter, my fair love.
Both taxing me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:
Fall Greeks; fail fame; honor or go or stay;
My major vow lies here, this I 'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent:
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, Patroclus!

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I 'll be a curer of madmen. Here 's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, the primitive statue and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,—to what form

58. By *"quails"* are meant *women,* and probably those of a looser description. *"Caille* coeffée" is a sobriquet for a harlot. *Chaud comme un caille* is a French proverb; the *quail* being remarkably salacious.—H. N. H.

63. *"hanging at his brother's leg";* so Ff.; Q. reads *"at his bare leg."*—I. G.

but that he is, should wit larded with malice and malice forced with wit turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hoy-day! spirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Menelaus, and Diomedes, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Ajax. No yonder 'tis;
There, where we see the lights.
Hect. I trouble you.
Ajax. No, not a whit.

Re-enter Achilles.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.
Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.
Agam. So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general.

75. *"spirits and fires";* this is spoken by Thersites, upon the first sight of the distant lights.—H. N. H.

Men. Good night, my lord.
Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.
Ther. Sweet draught: sweet, quoth a'! sweet sink, sweet sewer.
Achil. Good night and welcome, both at once, to those
That go or tarry.
Agam. Good night.
[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*
Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.
Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now. Good night, great Hector.
Hect. Give me your hand.
Ulyss. [*Aside to Troilus*] Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent:
I 'll keep you company.
Tro. Sweet, sir, you honor me.
Hect. And so, good night.
[*Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus following.*
Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*
Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth and promise, like Brabbler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change;

85. *"draught"* is the old word for *forica.* It is used in the translation of the *Bible,* in *Holinshed,* and by all old writers.—H. N. H.

the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan drab and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I 'll after. Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets! [*Exit.*

Scene II

The same. Before Calchas' tent.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.
Cal. [*Within*] Who calls?
Dio. Diomed. Calchas, I think. Where 's your daughter?
Cal. [*Within*] She comes to you.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance; after them, Thersites.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.
Dio. How now, my charge!
Cres. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you. [*Whispers.*
Tro. Yea, so familiar!
Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.
Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she 's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?
Cres. Remember! yes.
Dio. Nay, but do, then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.
Tro. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List.
Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery!
Dio. Nay, then,—
Cres. I 'll tell you what,—
Dio. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.
Cres. In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?
Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.
Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan!
Cres. Diomed,—
Dio. No, no, good night: I 'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.
Tro. O plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pray thee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!
Tro. By Jove,
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offenses
A guard of patience: stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and potato-finger, tickles these together!
Fry, lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you, then?
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I 'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter Cressida.

Tro. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.
He loved me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.
Dio. Whose was 't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone!
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Aye, that.

66. *"keep this sleeve";* of course this is the sleeve that Troilus gave Cressida in the fourth scene of Act IV, when she gave him a glove in return. Probably it was such a sleeve as was anciently worn at tournaments; thus described in Spenser's *View of the State of Ireland:* "The deepe smocke sleive, which the Irish women use, they say, was old Spanish, and is used yet in Barbary: and yet that should seeme rather to be an old English fashion; for in armory the fashion of the Manche, which is given in armes by many, being indeede nothing else but a sleive, is fashioned much like to that sleive. And that Knights in ancient times used to weare their mistresses or loves sleive upon their armes, appeareth by that which is written of Sir Launcelot, that he wore the sleive of the faire Maide of Asteloth in a tourney, whereat Queene Guenever was much displeased."—H. N. H.

Cres. O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before; this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;
I 'll give you something else.
Dio. I will have this: whose was it?
Cres. It is no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worest it on thy horn,
It should be challenged.
Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. You shall not go: one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.
Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes not you
Pleases me best.
Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Aye, come: O Jove! do come: I shall be plagued.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cres. Good night: I prithee, come.
[*Exit Diomedes.*

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind: 110
What error leads must err; O, then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.
[*Exit.*

112. In the foregoing dialogue we trace very distinctly the Poet's reading of Chaucer, who tells the story with great sweetness and pathos in the fifth Book of his poem. Our quotation must stop with these four stanzas:

"The morrow came, and, ghostly for to speke,
This Diomede is come unto Creseide;
And shortly, least that ye my tale breke,
So well he for himselfe spake and seide,
That all her sighes sore doune he leide;
And finally, the soothe for to saine,
He refte her the great of all her paine.

"And after this, the story telleth us
That she him yave the faire bay stede,
The which she ones wan of Troilus,
And eke a brooch (and that was little nede)
That Troilus' was, she yave this Diomede;
And eke, the bet from sorow him to releve,
She made him weare a pencell of her sleve.

"I find eke in stories elsewhere,
Whan through the body hurt was Diomede
Of Troilus, tho wept she many a tere,

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,
Unless she said 'My mind is now turn'd whore.'
Ulyss. All 's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here?
Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.
Tro. She was not, sure.
Ulyss. Most sure she was.
Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

When that she saw his wide woundes blede,
And that she tooke to kepen him good hede,
And for to healen him of his smart:
Men saine, I n'ot, that she yave him her herte.

"But truely the storie telleth us,
There made never woman more wo
Than she, whan that she falsed Troilus:
She said, 'Alas! for now is clene ago
My name in trouth of Jove forevermo;
For I have falsed one the gentillest
That ever was, and one the worthiest.'"—H. N. H.

113. *"a proof";* she could not publish a stronger proof.—H. N. H.
122. *"attest of eyes";* that is, turns the very testimony of seeing and hearing against themselves.—H. N. H.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn critics, apt without a theme
For depravation, to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will a' swagger himself out on 's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:
If beauty have a soul, this is not she;
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid!
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifex for a point as subtle
As Ariachne's broken woof to enter.
Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself:

141. *"If there be rule in unity itself";* if one is one.—C. H. H.

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved and
loosed;
And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.
Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half attach'd
With that which here his passion doth express?
Tro. Aye, Greek; and that shall be divulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflamed with Venus: never did young man
fancy
With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.
Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:
That sleeve is mine that he 'll bear on his helm:
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamor Neptune's ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.
Ther. He 'll tickle it for his concupy.
Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false,
false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they 'll seem glorious.

162. *"doth express";* "Can Troilus really feel, on this occasion, half of what he utters?" A question suitable to the calm Ulysses.—H. N. H.

177. *"concupy";* a cant word for *concupiscence.*—H. N. H.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy;
Ajax your guard stays to conduct you home.
Tro. Have with you, prince. My courteous lord, adieu.
Farewell, revolted fair! and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!
Ulyss. I 'll bring you to the gates.
Tro. Accept distracted thanks.
[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*
Ther. Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore; the parrot will not do more for an almond than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery! still wars and lechery! nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

185. *"Have with you";* I'll go with you.—C. H. H.

187. *"wear a castle on thy head";* that is, defend thy head with armor of more than common security. So in the *History of Prince Arthur,* 1634: "Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine; therefore hie thee fast that thou wert gone, and wit thou well we shall soon come after, and breake the strongest *castle* that thou hast upon thy head." It appears that a kind of close helmet was called a *castle.*—H. N. H.

And. "When was my lord so much ungentiy temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day."

Troilus and Cressida. Act 5, Scene 3.

Scene III

Troy. Before Priam's palace.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.
Hect. You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I 'll go!
And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.
Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.

6. *"My dreams";* that is, my dreams of the night forebode ill to the day.—The incident is thus related in Caxton's *History:* "Andromeda saw that night a marvellous vision, and her seemed, if Hector went that day to the battle, he should be slaine. And she, that had great fear and dread of her husband, weeping said to him, praying that he would not go to the battle that day: whereof Hector blamed his wife, saying that she should not believe nor give faith to dreams, and would not abide nor tarry therefore." Shakespeare was familiar, no doubt, with Chaucer's brief account in *The Nonnes Preestes Tale:*

"Lo, hire Andromacha, Hectores wif,
That day that Hector shulde lese his lif,
She dremed on the same night beforne
How that the lif of Hector shuld be lorne,
If thilke day he went into bataille:
She warned him, but it might not availle;
He went forth for to fighten natheles,
And was yslain anon of Achilles."—H. N. H.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honor keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honor far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight today?

20–21. *"as lawful, For we would give much, to use violent thefts";* Tyrwhitt's conj.; Ff. read, *"as lawfull: For we would count give much to as violent thefts."*—I. G.

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit Cassandra.*

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth:
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I 'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecian falls,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now! how now!

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let 's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthful work, rein them from ruth!

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 'tis wars.

37, 38. *"vice of mercy . . . fits a lion";* the traditions and stories of the darker ages abounded with examples of the lion's generosity. Upon the supposition that these acts of clemency were true, Troilus reasons not improperly, that to spare against reason, by mere instinct and pity, became rather a generous beast than a wise man.—H. N. H.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter Cassandra, with Priam.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.
Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.
Hect. Æneas is afield;
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valor, to appear
This morning to them.
Pri. Aye, but thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,

Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit Andromache.*
Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.
Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector! 80
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolors forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry 'Hector! Hector 's dead! O Hector!'

78. *"get you in"*; the *Destruction of Troy* continues the story thus: "In the morning Andromeda went to the king Priamus, and to the queene, and told them the verity of her vision, and prayed them with all her heart, that they would do so much at her request as to dissuade Hector, that he should not in any wise that day go to the battle. It happened that the day was faire and clear, and the Trojans armed them, and Troylus issued first into the battle; after him Eneas. And the king Priamus sent to Hector, that he should keepe him well that day from going to battle. Wherefore Hector was angry, and said to his wife many reproachful words, as that he knew well that this commandment came by her request: yet, notwithstanding the forbidding, he armed him. At this instant came the queene Hecuba, and the queene Helen, and the sisters of Hector, and kneeled down presently before his feet, and prayed him with weeping tears that he would do off his harness, and come with them into the hall: but never would he do it for their prayers, but descended from the palace, and tooke his horse, and would have gone to battle. But at the request of Andromeda the king Priamus came running anon, and tooke him by the bridle, and said to him so many things of one and other, that he made him to return, but in no wise would he be made to unarm him."—H. N. H.

Tro. Away! away!

Cas. Farewell: yet, soft! Hector, I take my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

[*Exit.*

Hect. You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town: we 'll forth and fight,
Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

[*Exeunt, severally Priam and Hector. Alarum.*

Tro. They are at it, hark! Proud Diomed, believe,
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here 's a letter come from yond poor girl.

Tro. Let me read.

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days: and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on 't. What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
The effect doth operate another way.

[*Tearing the letter.*

106. *"unless a man were cursed"; i. e.* unless it be the result of a curse upon me.—C. H. H.

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.
My love with words and errors still she feeds,
But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Scene IV

The field between Troy and the Grecian camp.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Thersites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I 'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses, is not proved worth a blackberry. They set me up in policy that mongrel cur,

112. The Folio here inserts:—

"Pand. *Why, but heare you?*
Troy. *Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame*
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name."

Cf. Sc. x.—I. G.

1. "*clapper-clawing*"; handling.—C. H. H.

Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm today; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomedes and Troilus.

Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Tro. Fly not, for shouldst thou take the river Styx, I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian! Now for thy whore, Trojan! Now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honor?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

19. *"proclaim barbarism";* to set up the authority of ignorance, and to declare that they will be governed by policy no longer.—H. N. H.

25. *"advantageous care";* concern to secure a favorable position for fighting.—C. H. H.

31. *"art thou of blood";* this is an idea taken from the ancient books of romantic chivalry, and even from the usage of the Poet's age. A person of superior birth may not be challenged by an

Hect. I do believe thee. Live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What 's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle: yet in a sort lechery eats itself. I 'll seek them. [*Exit.*

Scene V

Another part of the field.

Enter Diomedes and Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

inferior; or, if challenged, might refuse combat. Alluding to this circumstance, Cleopatra says,—

> "These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
> A meaner than myself."

And in Melvil's *Memoirs:* "The laird of Grange offered to fight Bothwell, who answered that he was neither earl nor lord, but a baron; and so was not his equal. The like answer made he to Tullibardine. Then my Lord Lindsay offered to fight him, which he could not well refuse; but his heart failed him, and he grew cold on the business."—H. N. H.

5. *"knight by proof";* Caxton's *History* gives the matter thus: "And of the partie of the Trojans came the king Ademon that jousted against Menelaus, and smote him, and hurt him in the face: and he and Troylus tooke him, and had led him away, if Diomedes had not come the sooner with a great companie of knights, and fought with Troylus at his coming, and smote him downe, and tooke

Enter Agamemnon.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corses of the kings
Epistrophus and Cedius: Polyxenes is slain;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful sagittary
Appals our numbers: haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcements, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles,
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
And there lacks work; anon he 's there afoot,
And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
Here, there and every where he leaves and takes,
Dexterity so obeying appetite

his horse, and sent it to Briseyda, and did cause to say to her by his servant, that it was Troyluses horse, her love, and that he had conquered him by his promise, and prayed her from thenceforth that she would hold him for her love."—H. N. H.

20. *"on Galathe his horse";* so in Caxton's *History:* "Then, when Hector was richly arraied, and armed with good harnesse and sure, he mounted upon his horse named *Galathe,* that was one of the most great and strongest horses of the world."—H. N. H.

That what he will he does, and does so much
That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution,
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Aye, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:

44. *"we draw together";* this remark seems to be made in consequence of the return of Ajax to the field; he having lately refused to coöperate or *draw together* with the Greeks.—H. N. H.

Hector! where 's Hector; I will none but Hector. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Another part of the field.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head!

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where 's Troilus?
Ajax. What wouldst thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office
Ere that correction. Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter Troilus.

Tro. O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Ajax. I 'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.
Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.
Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both! [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee; ha! have at thee, Hector!
Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.
Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan:
Be happy that my arms are out of use:
My rest and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well:
I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.

Re-enter Troilus.

How now, my brother!
Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
He shall not carry him; I 'll be ta'en too,
Or bring him off. Fate, hear me what I say!
I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armor.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark.
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armor well;
I 'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I 'll be master of it. Wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then, fly on, I 'll hunt thee for thy hide.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

Another part of the field.

Enter Achilles, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;
Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:
Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:
And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:
It is decreed Hector the great must die.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Menelaus and Paris, fighting: then Thersites.

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.
Now, bull! now, dog! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! now
my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, loo!
The bull has the game: ware horns, ho!
[*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*

Enter Margarelon.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.
Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am

6. *"aims"*; so Capell; Q., F. 2, *"armes"*; F. 1, *"arme"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"arms."*—I. G.

a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valor, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel 's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewell, bastard. [*Exit.*

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exit.*

Scene VIII

Another part of the field.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armor thus hath cost thy life.

23. *"bastard,"* in ancient times, was not a disreputable appellation. See *1 Henry VI,* Act I, sc. ii.—H. N. H.

1. Of course, this "most putrefied core" is the "one in sumptuous armour," at the close of scene v. The incident was taken from Caxton's *History:* "When Achilles saw that Hector slew thus the nobles of Greece, and so many other that it was marvel to behold, he thought that if Hector were not slain the Greeks would never have victory. And forasmuch as he had slain many kings and princes, he ran upon him marvellously; but Hector cast to him a dart fiercely, and made him a wound in his thigh; and then Achilles issued out of the battle, and did bind up his wound, and took a great spear in purpose to slay Hector, if he might meet him. Among all these things Hector had taken a very noble baron of Greece, that was quaintly and richly armed, and, for to lead him out of the host at his ease, had cast his shield behind him at his back, and had left his breast discovered; and as he was in this point, and took none heed of Achilles, he came privily unto him, and thrust his spear within his body, and Hector fell down dead to the ground."—H. N. H.

Now is my day's work done; I 'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.
[*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him.*

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.
Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.
Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.
[*Hector falls.*
So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'
[*A retreat sounded.*
Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.
Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And stickler-like the armies separates.
My half-supp'd sword that frankly would have fed,
Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.
[*Sheathes his sword.*
Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.
[*Exeunt. A retreat sounded.*

Scene IX

Another part of the field.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and the rest, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
Nest. Peace, drums!
[*Within*] 'Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!'
Dio. The brute is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.
Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.
Agam. March patiently along: let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended. [*Exeunt, marching.*

Scene X

Another part of the field.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, and Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector! The gods forbid!
Tro. He 's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on!
Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.
Tro. You understand me not that tell me so;
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there 'Hector 's dead:'
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,
Cold statues of the youth, and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But march away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet. You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I 'll through and through you! and, thou great-sized coward,
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I 'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That moldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go:

9. *"linger on"*; protract.—C. H. H.

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.
[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.*

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!
[*Exit.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones! O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavor be so loved and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it? Let me see:

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths:

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,

33. *"broker-lackey"; broker* anciently signified a bawd of either sex. So in *King John:* "This bawd, *this broker,* this all changing word." —H. N. H.

Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
It should be now, but that my fear is this,
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I 'll sweat and seek about for eases,
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.
[*Exit.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

A', he; I. ii. 221.

Abject in regard, held in little estimation; (Q., *"obiect"*); III. iii. 128.

Abruption, breaking off; III. ii. 72.

Adamant, the loadstone; III. ii. 195.

Addition, title; II. iii. 263.

Additions, virtues, characteristic qualities; I. ii. 20.

Addle, used with play on "idle"; I. ii. 145.

Address, prepare; IV. iv. 148.

Advertised, informed; II. ii. 211.

Afeard, afraid; IV. iv. 84.

Affection, passion, lust; II. ii. 177.

Affined, related, joined by affinity; I. iii. 25.

Affronted, encountered, matched; III. ii. 182.

Against, just before, in expectation of; I. ii. 190.

Albeit, although; III. ii. 150.

Allow, acknowledge; III. ii. 104.

Allowance, acknowledgment; I. iii. 377.

An, if, as if; "an 'twere," like, just as; (Qq., Ff., *"and"*); I. i. 82.

Anchises, the father of Æneas; IV. i. 21.

Antics, buffoons; V. iii. 86.

Appear it, let it appear; III. iii. 3.

Appertainments, dignity appertaining to us; (Q., *"appertainings"*); II. iii. 92.

Apply, explain, interpret; I. iii. 32.

Appointment, equipment; IV. v. 1.

Apprehensions, conception, perception; II. iii. 130.

Approve, prove; III. ii. 190.

Aquilon, the North Wind; IV. v. 9.

Argument, subject of a play; Prol. 25.

Argus, the fabulous monster with a hundred eyes; I. ii. 31.

Ariachne's, Arachne's; *i. e.*, the spider's (Ff., *"Ariachnes"*; Q., *"Ariachnas"*; Pope, *"slight Arachne's"*; Capell, *"is Arachnes"*; Steevens' conj. *"Ariadne's* or *Arachnea's"*); V. ii. 152.

Artist, scholar; I. iii. 24.

As, equal to, as good as; III. ii. 57; as if; III. iii. 167.

Aspects, influence; I. iii. 92.

Assinego, ass; (Q., Ff., *"Asinico"*; Singer conj. *"asnico"*); II. i. 49.

Assubjugate, bring into subjection, debase; II. iii. 202.

Attach'd, "be a. with," have a feeling of; V. ii. 161.

Attaint, taint, stain; I. ii. 26.

Attest, testimony; V. ii. 122.

——, call to witness; II. ii. 132.

ATTRIBUTE, reputation; II. iii. 131.

ATTRIBUTIVE, ascribing excellent qualities; (Ff., *"inclineable"*); II. ii. 58.

BARKS, ships; Prol. 12.

BATTLE, army; III. ii. 29.

BEAM, heavy lance; V. v. 9.

BEASTLY, like a beast; V. x. 5.

BEAVER, here helmet; properly, the front of the helmet; I. iii. 296.

BEEF-WITTED, with no more wit than an ox; (Grey conj. *"half-witted"*); II. i. 14.

BENUMBED, deprived of sensation, insensible; II. ii. 179.

BESTOWING, functions; III. ii. 39.

BETTER, used quibblingly = a better man; III. i. 13.

BETTER; "were b.", had better; I. iii. 370.

BIAS, originally a term in the game of bowls; here, out of a straight line, awry; I. iii. 15.

BIAS CHEEK, "as the bowl on the biased side"; IV. v. 8.

BIAS-DRAWING, turning awry; IV. v. 169.

BI-FOLD, two-fold, double; (Collier MS., *"by foole"*); V. ii. 144.

BLACK-A-MOOR, negress; I. i. 82.

BLANK OF DANGER, unknown danger; blank = a charter, to which one sets his seal or signature before it is filled up; III. iii. 231.

BLENCH, start, flinch; I. i. 28.

BLENCH FROM, fly off from, be inconstant to; II. ii. 68.

BLESS, preserve; II. iii. 34.

BLOOD, passions, natural propensities; II. iii. 36.

BLOWN UP, grown up; (Capell conj. *"grown up"*); I. iii. 317.

BOB, cheat, trick; III. i. 74.

BOBBED, thumped; II. i. 77.

BODE, forebode, be ominous; V. ii. 191.

BODEMENTS, presages; V. iii. 80.

BOLTING, sifting; I. i. 18.

BOOT, something into the bargain, advantage; IV. v. 40.

——, "to b.", into the bargain; I. ii. 261.

BOREAS, the north wind; I. iii. 38.

BOUGHT AND SOLD, made a fool of; II. i. 51.

BOY-QUELLER, boy-killer; V. v. 45.

BRAVE, fine, splendid; Prol. 15.

BRAVE, defying, bravado; IV. iv. 139.

BRAVELY, admirably; I. ii. 197.

BRAWN, arm; (Q., *"braunes"*); I. iii. 297.

BREATH, breathing, exercise; II. iii. 127.

BREESE, gadfly; (Q., *"Bryze"*; F. 1, *"Brieze"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"Brize"*); I. iii. 48.

BRIAREUS, the fabulous giant who was supposed to have a hundred hands; I. ii. 31.

BRING; "be with you to b.", an idiomatic expression = "to bring as good as I get" (give six for your half-dozen); I. ii. 309.

——, take; IV. v. 53.

——, conduct; IV. v. 286.

BROAD, wide; (so Q.; Ff. read *"lowd"* and *"loud"*); I. iii. 27.

——, puffed with pride; I. iii. 190.

BROILS; "b. in loud applause," "basks in the sunshine of applause, even to broiling" (Schmidt); I. iii. 379.

BROKEN, interrupted; IV. iv. 50.

Broken music; "some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a "consort." If one or more instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a "consort," but "broken music" (Chapell); III. i. 52.

Brooch, *v.* Notes; II. i. 128.

Brotherhoods, associations, corporations; I. iii. 104.

Bruit, rumor; V. ix. 4.

Brushes, hurts; V. iii. 34.

Buss, kiss; IV. v. 220.

By God's lid = by God's eye, an oath; I. ii. 228.

Caduceus, Mercury's rod; II. iii. 15.

Can = can do; II. ii. 135.

Cancer, the zodiacal sign of the summer solstice; II. iii. 212.

Capable; "more c.", abler; III. iii. 315.

Capocchia, "a fabricated feminine form of the Italian word *'capocchio,'* which means a dolt, a simpleton, a fool" (Clarke); (Ff. Q., *"chipochia"*; Collier *capocchio"*); IV. ii. 34.

Captive, conquered; V. iii. 40.

Carry, carry off, bear off; V. vi. 24.

Catlings, strings of catgut; III. iii. 311.

Center, earth; I. iii. 85.

Chafe thee, become angry; IV. v. 260.

Chance, chances it; III. i. 150.

Changeful, inconstant; IV. iv. 99.

Change of, exchange for; III. iii. 27.

Chapmen, buyers; IV. i. 75.

Characterless, unrecorded; III. ii. 204.

Characters, figures; I. iii. 325.

Charge, expense; IV. i. 57.

——, "on c.", on compulsion, by your orders; IV. iv. 135.

Charon, the ferryman who rowed the souls of the departed over the river Styx; III. ii. 11.

Circumstance, details of argument; III. iii. 114.

Clamors, noises, sounds; I. i. 95.

Cliff, clef or key; a musical term; V. ii. 11.

Clotpoles, blockheads; II. i. 130.

Cloud; "a c. in autumn," a cloud heralding bad weather; I. ii. 138.

Co-act, act, play together; V. ii. 118.

Cobloaf, a crusty, uneven loaf with a round top to it; (Malone conj. *"Coploaf"*); II. i. 41.

Cogging, cheating, deceiving; V. vi. 11.

Cognition, perception; V. ii. 63.

Colossus-wise, like a Colossus; V. v. 9.

Compare, comparison; III. ii. 191.

Compassed, round; "c. window," bay-window; (Q., Ff., *"compast"*); I. ii. 120.

Composure, bond; (Ff., *"counsel that"*); II. iii. 114.

Con, learn by heart; (Q., *"cunne"*); II. i. 18.

Condition, on condition, even though; I. ii. 81.

Conduce, is joined, brought together; (Rowe, *"commence"*); V. ii. 147.

CONJURE; "I cannot c.", I cannot raise up spirits; V. ii. 125.
CONSTRINGED, contracted, cramped; V. ii. 173.
CONVINCE, convict, prove guilty; II. ii. 130.
CONVIVE WE, we will feast; IV. v. 272.
CONVOY, conveyance; I. i. 110.
COPED, encountered; I. ii. 35.
CORE, ulcer; II. i. 7.
CORMORANT, ravenous; (F. 1, *"cormorant"*); II. ii. 6.
CORSE, corpse, body; II. iii. 38.
COUNTERS, round pieces of metal used in counting; II. ii. 28.
COUSIN, niece; (a title given to any kinsman and kinswoman); I. ii. 45.
CREEP IN, steal secretly into; III. iii. 134.
CRITICS, censurers, carpers; V. ii. 131.
CROWNETS, coronets; Prol. 6.
CRUSHED INTO, pressed into, mixed with; (Warburton, *"crusted into"*); I. ii. 24.
CUNNING, powerful; III. ii. 148.
CURIOUS, causing care; III. ii. 72.

DAPHNE, the nymph beloved by Apollo, who fleeing from his pursuit was changed into a laurel tree; I. i. 104.
DARKING, darkening, growing dark; V. viii. 7.
DATE, dates were commonly used in pastry in Shakespeare's time; I. ii. 282.
DAWS, jackdaws; I. ii. 267.
DAYS, "a whole week by d.", every day for a whole week; IV. i. 9.
DEAR, earnest; V. iii. 9.
DEATH-TOKENS, "the spots which indicate the approaching death of persons infected with the plague"; II. iii. 193.
DEBONAIR, gentle, meek; I. iii. 235.
DECEPTIOUS, delusive; V. ii. 123.
DECLINE, run through in detail; II. iii. 59.
——, fall; IV. v. 189.
DECLINED, fallen; IV. v. 189.
DEEM, thought; IV. iv. 61.
DEJECT, dejected; II. ii. 50.
DEPRAVATION, detraction; V. ii. 132.
DEPUTATION, power deputed to thee; I. iii. 152.
DERACINATE, uproot; I. iii. 99.
DERIVE, deduce logically; II. iii. 70.
DESTINY, fate; ["laboring for destiny"="the vicegerent of Fate" (Malone)]; IV. v. 184.
DEXTER, right; IV. v. 128.
DIANA'S WAITING-WOMEN, *i. e.* the stars; V. ii. 91.
DIMINUTIVES, insignificant things; V. i. 39.
DIRECTIVE, able to be directed; I. iii. 356.
DISCOURSE, reasoning; V. ii. 142.
DISCOVER'D, revealed, disclosed; I. iii. 138.
DISCOVERIES, (?) monstrosities (Hanmer, *"debaucheries"*; Singer (Ed. 2), *"discoverers"*; Collier MS. *"discolorers"*); V. i. 28.
DISMES, tenths; II. ii. 19.
DISORB'D, unsphered; (Q., *"disorbd"*); II. ii. 46.
DISPOSE, disposition; II. iii. 180.
DISPOSER, one who can bring another to do anything (or perhaps = entertainer); III. i. 94.
DISTAINS, stains, taints; I. iii. 241.
DISTASTE, dislike; II. ii. 66.

DISTASTE, make distasteful; II. ii. 123.
DISTASTED, made distasteful; IV. iv. 50.
DISTRACTION, despair, madness; V. ii. 41.
DIVIDABLE, dividend; I. iii. 105.
DOUBLE-HENNED, "perhaps, with a double hen, *i. e.* with a female married to two cocks, and thus false to both" (Schmidt); V. vii. 11.
DRAUGHT-OXEN, oxen used to draw a cart or plow; (Ff., *"draft-oxen"*); II. i. 118.
DRAVE, urged on; III. iii. 190.
DRESS'D, addressed, prepared; I. iii. 166.
DWELLS, depends on; I. iii. 336.

EDGE, sword; V. v. 24.
ELD, old age; (Q., *"elders"*; Ff. *"old"*); II. ii. 104.
ELEMENTS; "the two moist e.", *i. e.*, water and air; I. iii. 41.
EMBRACEMENT, embracing; IV. v. 148.
EMBRASURES, embraces; IV. iv. 39.
EMULATION, envy, jealousy; II. ii. 212.
EMULOUS, envious; (Ff. 1, 2, *"emulations"*; Ff. 3, 4, *emulatious"*); II. iii. 85.
ENCOUNTERERS, people who meet others half-way; IV. v. 58.
END, kill, destroy; I. ii. 85.
ENGINE, instrument; II. iii. 149.
ENGINER, pioneer; II. iii. 9.
ENTER, to enter; II. iii. 203.
ENTREAT, treat; IV. iv. 115.
——, invite; IV. v. 274.
ENVY, malice; III. ii. 110.
ERRANT, deviating; I. iii. 9.
ERRORS, deceptions; V. iii. 111.
EXACT; "grace exact"; v. note; I. iii. 180.
EXASPERATE = exasperated; V. i. 34.
EXCITEMENTS, incitements; I. iii. 182.
EXCLAIM, outcry; V. iii. 91.
EXECUTE, practise, use; V. vii. 6.
EXECUTION, working; I. iii. 210.
EXPECT, expectation; I. iii. 70.
EXPECTANCE, = expectation; IV. v. 146.
EXPRESSURE, expression; III. iii. 204.
EXTREMES, extremity; IV. ii. 111.
EXTREMITY; "the edge of all e.", to the uttermost; IV. v. 68.

FACTION, union; II. iii. 113.
——, take sides in the quarrel; III. iii. 190.
FAIL, let fail; V. i. 48.
FAIR, well; IV. iv. 115.
FALL, let fall; I. iii. 379.
FANCY, love; IV. iv. 27.
——, love (verb); V. ii. 165.
FAT, nourish; II. ii. 48.
FAVOR, countenance, face; I. ii. 101.
FEE FARM, "of a duration that has no bounds; a fee-farm being a grant of lands in fee, that is for ever, reserving a certain rent" (Malone); III. ii. 54.
FELL, fierce, savage; IV. v. 269.
FILLS, shafts of a carriage; III. ii. 48.
FINCH-EGG, a term of contempt; V. i. 41.
FITCHEW, polecat; V. i. 68.
FITS, the divisions of a song or tune; (perhaps = "when the humor takes you"); III. i. 61.
FIVE-FINGER-TIED, tied with all

the fingers of the hand; V. ii. 157.

FIXTURE, stability; I. iii. 101.

FLAT TAMED, stale, insipid; IV. i. 62.

FLED, have fled; (Pope, *"get"*; Capell, *"flee"*; Keightley conj. *"have fled"*); I. iii. 51.

FLEXURE, bending; (Ff., *"flight"*); II. iii. 121.

FLOOD, ocean, sea; I. i. 108.

——, "in f.", in full flow; I. iii. 300.

FLOW TO, hasten towards; (Johnson conj. *"show too"*); V. ii. 41.

FONDER, more foolish; I. i. 10.

FOR, against; I. ii. 293.

——, because; V. iii. 21.

FORCE, power, might; IV. i. 18.

——, stuff; II. iii. 239.

FORCED, stuffed; V. i. 65.

FORTHRIGHT, straight path; III. iii. 158.

FRACTION, discord; II. iii. 112.

FRAUGHTAGE, freight, cargo; Prol. 13.

FRAYED WITH, frightened by; (Q., Ff., *"fraid"*); III. ii. 34.

FREE, generous, noble-minded; IV. v. 139.

FRIEND, befriend, favor; I. ii. 85.

FRIGHTING, frightening; V. iv. 36.

FRUSH, bruise, batter; V. vi. 29.

FULFILLING, filling full; Prol. 18.

FULL; "in the f.", in full company, all together; IV. v. 272.

FUSTY, mouldy; I. iii. 161.

GAGING, engaging, binding; V. i. 46.

GAIT, walk; IV. v. 14.

GALLANTRY, gallants; III. i. 148.

GEAR, matter, affair; I. i. 6.

GENERALS, collective qualities; I. iii. 180.

GENIUS, the spirit supposed to direct the actions of man; IV. iv. 52.

GLOZED, used mere words; II. ii. 165.

GOD-A-MERCY, used in the sense of Gramercy, many thanks; V. iv. 35.

GOOSE OF WINCHESTER, strumpet; (the houses of ill-fame in London were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester); V. x. 55.

GORED, hurt, wounded; III. iii. 228.

GORGET, throat armor; I. iii. 174.

GRACIOUS, holy; II. ii. 125.

GRATED, ground; III. ii. 204.

GREAT MORNING, broad day; IV. iii. 1.

GREEKISH, Greek; III. iii. 211.

GREEKISH, "all the G. ears," *i. e.*, the ears of all the Greeks; I. iii. 67.

GROSSNESS, bulk; I. iii. 325.

HAIR, grain; "against the h."= against the grain; I. ii. 28.

HALE, drag; IV. v. 6.

HAMSTRING, tendon of the knee-joint; I. iii. 154.

HARDIMENT, hardihood; IV. v. 28.

HARE, timid; (Ff., *"hard"*); II. ii. 48.

HATCH'D, engraved; "h. in silver," probably = silver-haired; I. iii. 65.

HATEFUL, full of hate; IV. i. 33.

HAVE AT THEE, be warned; V. iv. 27.

HAVING, possessions, endowments; III. iii. 97.

HEART; "from h. of very h.", from my heart's core; IV. v. 171.

HEAVING, swelling, resentful; II. ii. 196.
HEDGE ASIDE, creep along by the hedge; (Q., *"turne"*; Collier, *"edge"*); III. iii. 158.
HIM, himself; I. ii. 303.
HIS, its; I. iii. 210.
HIS,='s; "Mars his idiot"= Mars's idiot; II. i. 58.
HOLD, regard as, look upon as; II. iii. 205.
HOLDING, keeping; (Q., *"keeping"*); II. ii. 52.
HONESTY, chastity; I. ii. 288.
HOT, rash; V. iii. 16.
HOWEVER, although; I. iii. 322.
HOY-DAY, an exclamation; V. i. 74.
HULKS, large, heavy ships; (Ff., *"bulkes"*); II. iii. 282.
HUMOROUS, capricious; II. iii. 144.
HUMORS, caprices; I. ii. 23.
HUNG, made linger; IV. v. 188.
HURRICANO, water-spout; V. ii. 172.
HURT, do harm; V. iii. 20.
HUSBANDRY, thrift; I. ii. 7.
HYPERION, the sun-god, Phœbus Apollo; II. iii. 213.

IDLE, used with play on "addle"; I. ii. 146.
——, useless; V. i. 35.
IGNOMY, ignominy; (Q., *"ignomyny"*); V. x. 33.
ILION, Troy; (Q., Ff. 1, 2, *"Illion"*); II. ii. 109.
IMMATERIAL, worthless; V. i. 35.
IMMURES, walls; (F. 1, *"emures"*); Prol. 8.
IMPAIR, unsuitable, inappropriate; (Q., *"impare"*; Capell, *"impar"*; Johnson conj. *"impure"*); IV. v. 103.
IMPERIOUS, imperial; IV. v. 172.
IMPOSITION, injunction, the task imposed; III. ii. 90.
IMPRESSURE, impression; IV. v. 131.
IMPUTATION, reputation; I. iii. 339.
IN, in the estimation of; II. ii. 56.
——, within, internally, mentally; III. iii. 97.
INCHES; "even to his i.", most thoroughly, exactly; IV. v. 111.
INCLUDES, ends, comes to an end; (Q., *"include"*); I. iii. 119.
INDRENCH'D, immersed; (Rowe, *"intrench'd"*); I. i. 52.
INFECT, infected; I. iii. 187.
INFINITE, infinity, immense greatness; II. ii. 29.
INSEPARATE, indivisible; V. ii. 148.
INSISTURE, persistency, constancy; I. iii. 87.
INSTANCE, proof; V. ii. 153, 155.
INSTANT; "take the i. way," serve the present time; III. iii. 153.

JOVE'S ACCORD, *i. e.* with Jove's accord, assent; I. iii. 238.

KEEP, lodge, dwell; IV. v. 278.
KEN, know; IV. v. 14.

LAST, at last, in the end; I. iii. 124.
LAVOLT, *i. e.* the *lavota,* a lively dance; IV. iv. 88.
LAZARS, lepers; II. iii. 39.
LEARN, teach, tell; II. i. 22.
LEATHER JERKIN, a short leathern coat; III. iii. 269.
LEAVENING, the admixing of sour dough; I. i. 20.
LEAVE TO SEE, give up seeing; V. i. 106.
LET BLOOD, bleed; II. iii. 229.

LIBYA; "the banks of L.", the African desert; I. iii. 328.
LIE, you lie; III. iii. 162.
LIEF, willingly; I. ii. 113.
LIFTER, cheat, thief; (used quibblingly); I. ii. 128.
LIGHT, quickly; (Q., F. 1, *"harnest lyte"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"harnest light"*; Theobald, *"harness-dight"*); I. ii. 8.
LIKE, likely; III. iii. 42.
LIKE AS, as if; I. ii. 7.
LIKES NOT YOU, does not please; (Ff., *"likes not me"*); V. ii. 103.
LIME-KILNS I' THE PALM, *i. e.* gouty lumps (chalk-stones) in the hand; V. i. 25.
LOOK UPON, be a spectator; V. vi. 10.
LOVER; "your l.", one who loves you; III. iii. 214.
LUNES, mad freaks; (Ff., *"lines"*; Q., *"course, and time"*); II. iii. 145.
LUST, pleasure; IV. iv. 134.
LUSTIHOOD, high spirits; II. ii. 50.
LUXURIOUS, lustful; V. iv. 9.
LUXURY, lust; V. ii. 55.

MACULATION, stain; IV. iv. 66.
MAIDEN BATTLE, unbloody combat; IV. v. 87.
MAIL, coat of mail, armor; III. iii. 152.
MAIN, general; I. iii. 373.
——, full force; II. iii. 278.
MANAGE, direction, administration; III. iii. 25.
MARK, attend, listen to; V. vii. 2.
MARS HIS HELM, Mars' helmet; (his = possessive); IV. v. 255.
MARVELOUS = marvelously, (Pope's unnecessary emendation; Q., F. 1, *"maruel's"*; Ff. 2, 3, *"marvel's"*); abbreviated form of "marvelously"; I. ii. 150.
MASTIC, *v.* note; I. iii. 73.
MATCH, *i. e.* "I'll lay my life"; IV. v. 37.
MATTER, business; IV. ii. 65.
MAY, can; V. ii. 161.
MEANS NOT,= means not to be; I. iii. 288.
MEDICINABLE, medicinal; (Q., Ff., *"med'cinable"*); I. iii. 91.
MENDS; "she has the mends in her own hands"; probably a proverbial expression ="she must make the best of it"; I. i. 69.
MERE, absolute; I. iii. 111.
MERRY GREEK, boon-companion; "The Greeks were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of good living and free potations" (Nares); I. ii. 118.
MILL-STONES; "to weep mill-stones" was a proverbial expression which meant "to remain hard and unfeeling as a stone",="not to weep at all"; I. ii. 157.
MILO, the famous Greek athlete, who was said to be able to carry a bull; II. iii. 263.
MIRABLE = admirable, worthy of admiration; IV. v. 142.
MISCARRYING, being defeated, killed; I. iii. 351.
MISPRIZING, undervaluing; IV. v. 74.
MOIETY, part; II. ii. 107.
MOIST, wet, damp; I. iii. 41.
MONSTRUOSITY, unnaturalness; III. ii. 92.
MONUMENTAL, memorial; III. iii. 153.
MORAL, meaning; IV. iv. 109.
MOTIVE, instrument, moving limb; IV. v. 57.

MULTIPOTENT, almighty; IV. v. 129.
MYRMIDON; "the great m.", *i. e.* Achilles, the chief of the myrmidons; I. iii. 378.

NAIL, finger-nail; IV. v. 46.
NEGLECTION, neglect; I. iii. 127.
NICE, accurate; IV. v. 250.
NOD; "to give the nod" was a term in the game of cards called Noddy; the words meant also "a silly fellow, a fool"; I. ii. 212.
NOISE, rumor; I. ii. 12.
NOTHING, nothing is; I. iii. 239.

OBLIQUE, (?) indirect; (Hanmer *"antique"*; Warburton, *"obelisque"*); V. i. 61.
ODD; "to be o.", to be at odds; IV. v. 265.
ODDLY, unequally; I. iii. 339.
O'ER-EATEN, "eaten and begnawn on all sides"; V. ii. 160.
O'ERFALLED, inflamed; V. iii. 55.
O'ER-WRESTED, strained; (Pope's reading; Q., Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"ore-rested"*; F. 4, *"o're-rested"*; Delius' conj. *"o'er-jested"*); I. iii. 157.
OF, by; I. i. 71; II. iii. 205.
——, on; III. iii. 267.
ON, of; I. i. 71; III. iii. 311.
——, with, by; II. ii. 143.
——, in; III. ii. 29.
——, "crying on," crying out on; V. v. 35.
ONE; "'tis all one," it is all the same; I. i. 82.
OPES, opens; I. iii. 73.
OPINION, reputation; I. iii. 336; I. iii. 373.
——, self-conceit, arrogance; III. iii. 268.
OPPUGNANCY, opposition; I. iii. 111.
ORCHARD, garden; III. ii. 17.
ORGULOUS, proud, haughty; Prol. 2.
ORIFEX, orifice, aperture; V. ii. 151.
ORTS, remnants; V. ii. 158.
OVERBULK, overtower; I. iii. 320.
OWES, owns; III. iii. 99.
OYES, hear ye!; attend! the usual introduction to a proclamation; IV. v. 143.

PACE, step, degree; I. iii. 132.
PAGEANT, theatrical exhibition; III. ii. 84.
PAGEANTS, mimics; I. iii. 151.
PAINTED CLOTHS, hangings for walls; V. x. 47.
PALATING, perceiving by taste; IV. i. 59.
PALTER, trifle, shuffle; II. iii. 249.
PARADOXES, absurdities; (Johnson conj. *"parodies"*); I. iii. 184.
PARALLELS, *i. e.* parallel lines; I. iii. 168.
PARD, leopard; III. ii. 210.
PART, party, side; I. iii. 352.
PARTED; "how dearly ever p.", however richly endowed by nature; III. iii. 96.
PARTIAL, to which they are inclined; II. ii. 178.
PARTICULAR; "toucheth my p.", I am personally concerned; II. ii. 9.
PARTICULAR, personal, with play upon *general;* IV. v. 20.
PARTS, gifts, endowments; III. iii. 117.
PARTS OF NATURE, natural gifts; II. iii. 258.
PARTY, side; II. ii. 156.
PASH, strike; (Q. *"push"*); II. iii. 219.
PASHED, struck down; V. v. 10.

Pass, experience, suffer; (Collier MS. *"poise"*); II. ii. 139.

Passed, = surpassed, beggars description; I. ii. 181.

——, used quibblingly; I. ii. 182.

Past proportion, immensity; II. ii. 29.

Patchery, gross and bungling hypocrisy; II. iii. 82.

Peace, be still, be silent; I. i. 95.

Peevish, foolish; V. iii. 16.

Pelting, paltry; IV. v. 267.

Perdition, destruction; V. ii. 145.

Perforce, of necessity; I. iii. 123.

Performance, carrying out; II. ii. 196.

Per se, by himself, pre-eminent; I. ii. 15.

Perseus' horse, Pegasus, the winged horse ridden by Perseus; I. iii. 42.

Persistive, patient, persevering; I. iii. 21.

Person, personal appearance; IV. iv. 81.

Pertly, saucily; IV. v. 219.

Pheeze, make to hurry, drive, beat; II. iii. 221.

Pia mater, brain; II. i. 78.

Piece, cask of wine; IV. i. 62.

Pight, pitched; V. x. 24.

Placket, petticoat, woman; II. iii. 24.

Plague; "the p. of Greece," "alluding perhaps to the plague sent by Apollo on the Grecian army" (Johnson); II. i. 13.

Plaguy, pestilently; (used with play upon the word "death-tokens"); II. iii. 193.

Plantage, anything planted; ("plants were supposed to improve as the moon increases") (Nares); III. ii. 193.

Poised, weighed, balanced; I. iii. 339.

Politic regard, a look full of meaning; perhaps, shrewd, or sly; III. iii. 256.

Porpentine, porcupine; II. i. 27.

Port, gate; IV. iv. 113.

Possess, put you in possession, inform; IV. iv. 114.

Possession; "her p.", possession of her; II. ii. 152.

Power, armed force; I. iii. 139.

Pregnant, ready; IV. iv. 90.

Prenominate, foretell; IV. v. 250.

Presented, represented, depicted; III. ii. 84.

Presently, immediately; II. iii. 154.

Pricks, points; I. iii. 343.

Primogenitive, right of primogeniture; (Q., *"primogenitie"*; Rowe, *"primogeniture"*); I. iii. 106.

Private soul, personal opinion; IV. v. 111.

Prodigious, portentous; V. i. 104.

Proof, the thing which is proved; V. v. 29.

Proof of more strength, stronger proof; V. ii. 113.

Propend, incline; II. ii. 190.

Propension, inclination; II. ii. 133.

Proper, handsome, comely; I. ii. 208.

——, own; II. ii. 89.

Propugnation, means of combat, defense; II. ii. 136.

Protractive, prolonged; I. iii. 20.

Prove = prove ourselves; III. ii. 104.

Pun, pound, dash to pieces; II. i. 42.

Puttock, kite; V. i. 69.

Quality, cause, reason; IV. i. 44.

Quality, "full of q.", highly accomplished; IV. iv. 78.
Question, conversation, intercourse; IV. i. 11.

Rank, rankly; I. iii. 196.
Ransack'd, stolen, carried off; II. ii. 150.
Rape, carrying off; II. ii. 148.
Rash, urgent, hasty; (Rowe, *"harsh"*); IV. ii. 65.
Reck not, care not; V. vi. 26.
Recordation, remembrance; "to make a r. to my soul," *i. e.* to recall to mind; V. ii. 116.
Recourse, frequent flowing; V. iii. 55.
Rein; "in such a r.", bridles up; I. iii. 189.
Rejoindure, joining again; IV. iv. 38.
Relation, report, narration; III. iii. 201.
Reproof, confutation, refutation; I. iii. 33.
Repured, refined, purified; (Ff., *"reputed"*); III. ii. 23.
Respect, deliberation, reflection; II. ii. 49.
Respect, *i. e.* the respect due to thee; V. iii. 73.
Retire, retreat; V. iii. 53; V. iv. 24.
Retort, throw back; III. iii. 101.
Revolt, rebellion; V. ii. 146.
——, rebel; V. ii. 144.
Rheum, cold, watering; V. iii. 105.
Ribald, noisy; (Ingleby conj. *"rabble"*); IV. ii. 9.
Rich; "the r. shall have more," probably alluding to the Scriptural phrase, "To him that hath shall be given"; I. ii. 214.
Right, exactly; I. iii. 170.
Rive, be split; I. i. 35.
Roisting, roistering; II. ii. 208.
Roundly, plainly; III. ii. 170.
Rub on, and kiss the mistress, "The allusion is to *bowling*. What we now call the *Jack* seems, in Shakespeare's time, to have been termed the *mistress*. A bowl that kissed the *Jack* or *mistress* is in the most advantageous position. *Rub on* is a term at the same game" (Malone); III. ii. 53.
Ruin, overthrow, fall; V. iii. 58.
Ruth, pity; V. iii. 48.
Ruthful, piteous; V. iii. 48.

Sacred, consecrated (an appropriate epithet of royalty); IV. v. 134.
Sagittary, Centaur; V. v. 14.
Salt, bitter; I. iii. 371.
Sans, without; I. iii. 94.
Savage strangeness, unpolished, rude reserve; II. iii. 141.
Scaffoldage, the woodwork of the stage; (Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"Scaffolage"* Q., *"scoaffollage"*); I. iii. 156.
Scaled, having scales; V. v. 22.
Scantling, small portion; I. iii. 341.
Scar, wound; I. i. 117.
Scorn, laugh to scorn, make a mock of; I. i. 117.
Sculls, shoals; (Ff., *"sculs"*; Pope, *"shoals"*; Anon. conj. *"schools"*); V. v. 22.
Seam, lard; II. iii. 201.
Secure, over-confident; II. ii. 15.
Securely, carelessly, confidently; IV. v. 73.
See = see each other; IV. iv. 59.
Seeming, show; I. iii. 157.
Seethes, is urgent, in hot haste; III. i. 43.
Seld, seldom; IV. v. 160.

SELF-AFFECTED, self-loving; II. iii. 255.

SELF-BREATH, his own words; II. iii. 188.

SENNET, a set of notes on the cornet or trumpet; I. iii. Stage Direc.

SEQUESTERING, separating, putting aside; III. iii. 8.

SERPIGO, eruption on the skin, leprosy; II. iii. 86.

SET TO, oppose to; II. i. 96.

SEVERALLY, separately; IV. v. 274.

SEVERALS, individual qualities; I. iii. 180.

'SFOOT, a corruption of *God's foot;* II. iii. 6.

SHAME, disgrace; V. iii. 73.

SHE, woman; I. ii. 318–320.

SHENT, put to shame, reviled; II. iii. 91.

SHIPMEN, seamen, sailors; V. ii. 172.

SHOEING-HORN, "the emblem of one who is a subservient tool to the caprices of another"; V. i. 62.

SHORT-ARMED, not reaching far; (Dyce conj. *"short-aimed"*); II. iii. 17.

SHOULD, would; I. iii. 112, 114, 115, 116, 118.

SHREWD, cunning, keen; I. ii. 205.

SHREWDLY, quite, badly; III. iii. 228.

SHRILLS FORTH, utters loudly; V. iii. 84.

SICK, envious; I. iii. 133.

SIEVE, wicker basket, voider; (Q., *"sine"*; F. 1, *"same"*; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"place"*; Delius conj. *"sink"*; Anon. conj. *"safe"*); II. ii. 71.

SINISTER, left; IV. v. 128.

SITH, since; I. iii. 13.

SKILLESS, ignorant; I. i. 1. 12.

SLEAVE SILK, soft floss silk used for weaving; V. i. 35.

SLEEVELESS, bootless; V. iv. 9.

SLUTTISH, unchaste; (Collier conj. *"skittish"*); IV. v. 62.

SMILE AT, mock at, laugh derisively at; (Hanmer, *"smite all Troy"*; Warburton, *"smite at Troy"*; etc.); V. x. 7.

So, in such a way; under such conditions; II. ii. 145.

SOILURE, stain; (Q., *"soyle"*); IV. i. 56.

SOMETIME = sometimes; I. iii. 151.

SORT, lot; I. iii. 376.

——, manner; V. x. 5.

SORTS, befits, is fitting; I. i. 112.

SPECIALTY; "the s. of rule," *i. e.* "the particular rights of supreme authority" (Johnson); (Ff. 3, 4, *"speciality"*); I. iii. 78.

SPECULATION, the power of seeing; III. iii. 109.

SPEND HIS MOUTH, bark; V. i. 101.

SPERR, shut, bar; (Theobald's emendation of Ff. 1, 2, *"Stirre"*; Collier MS. *"Sparre"*; Capell, *"Sperrs"*); Prol. 19.

SPHERED, placed in a sphere; I. iii. 90.

——, rounded, swelled; IV. v. 8.

SPIRITS (monosyllabic); Prol. 20.

SPLEEN, fit of laughter; I. iii. 178.

——; "the weakest s.",="the dullest and coldest heart"; II. ii. 128.

SPLEENS, impulses, caprices; II. ii. 196.

SPLINTER, splintering, breaking; I. iii. 283.

SPOILS, prey; IV. v. 62.

SPRITELY, spirited; II. ii. 190.

SQUARE, judge; V. ii. 132.

STALE, vapid, used up; (Q., *"pale"*); II. ii. 79.
——, make common, vulgarize; II. iii. 207.
STARTS, startles; V. ii. 101.
STATE; "this noble s.", stately, noble train; II. iii. 124.
STICKLER-LIKE, like an umpire in a combat; V. viii. 18.
STILL, continually, always; IV. v. 195.
STITHIED, forged; IV. v. 255.
STOMACH, inclination (with a quibble on other sense = courage); IV. v. 264.
——, courage; II. i. 139.
STRAIGHT, straightway, immediately; III. ii. 18.
STRAIN, difficulty, doubt; (Keightley conj. *"doubt"*); I. iii. 326.
——, impulse; II. ii. 154.
STRANGE, reserved; II. iii. 255.
STRAWY, resembling straw; (Ff., *"straying"*); V. v. 24.
STRETCH'D, affected, exaggerated; I. iii. 156.
STYGIAN BANKS, banks of the river Styx, the river of the infernal regions over which Charon ferried the souls of the dead; III. ii. 10.
SUBDUEMENTS, victories; IV. v. 187.
SUBSCRIBES, submits, yields; IV. v. 105.
SUBSTANCE, wealth; I. iii. 324.
SUCCESS, result, issue; I. iii. 340.
SUFFERANCE, suffering; I. i. 28.
SUFFOCATE = suffocated; I. iii. 125.
SUM, count up; II. ii. 28.
SUNBURNT, tanned by the sun, hence plain, not fair; I. iii. 282.
SUPPOSE, supposition; I. iii. 11.
SURE, surely; V. ii. 126.
SWATH, grass cut by the scythe; V. v. 25.
SWOUNDING, swooning; (Q., Ff., *"Sounding"*; Pope, *"Swooning"*); III. ii. 24.

TABLES, tablets; IV. v. 60.
TABOURINES, drums; IV. v. 275.
TARRE ON, incite, urge on; I. iii. 392.
TENDER OBJECTS, tender feeling; IV. v. 106.
TENT, probe for searching a wound; II. ii. 16.
TERCEL, male hawk; III. ii. 57.
TETCHY, touchy, peevish; (Q., Ff., *"teachy"*); I. i. 102.
THAT, that person; II. iii. 205.
THETIS, a sea-goddess, mother of Achilles; "confounded with *Tethys*, the wife of Oceanus, and used for the sea, the ocean" (Schmidt); I. iii. 39.
THICKER, quicker; III. ii. 38.
THIS = this way, thus; I. ii. 12.
THROUGH WARM, thoroughly warmed; II. iii. 238.
THROW MY GLOVE, challenge; IV. iv. 65.
THWART, athwart, crosswise; I. iii. 15.
TICK, an insect; III. iii. 320.
TICKLE IT, make him pay; V. ii. 177.
TICKLISH, wanton (Ff., *"tickling"*); IV. v. 61.
TIDE, right time; V. i. 92.
TITAN, the god of the sun; V. x. 25.
TITHE, tenth; II. ii. 19.
TO, in addition to; I. i. 7.
——, compared to; I. iii. 344.
——, set to, onward; II. i. 21.
TOAST, a dainty morsel; (Beckett

conj. *"tot"*; Halliwell conj. *"boast"*); I. iii. 45.

Topless, immeasurably high, supreme, (Warburton, *"stopless"*); I. iii. 152.

Tortive, distorted; I. iii. 9.

Traded, practised, professional; II. ii. 64.

Train, entice, draw; V. iii. 4.

Transportance, transport; III. ii. 12.

Troy walls, the walls of Troy; I: iii. 12.

Trump, trumpet; III. iii. 210.

Trumpet, trumpeter; I. iii. 256.

Turtle, turtle-dove; III. ii. 194.

'Twixt, between; II. ii. 64.

Typhon = Typhorus, a fabulous giant, who attempted to dethrone Jove, but was defeated and imprisoned under Etna; I. iii. 160.

Unarm'd, when unarmed; I. iii. 235.

Uncomprehensive, incomprehensible, mysterious; III. iii. 198.

Undergo, undertake; III. ii. 91.

Under-honest, "too little honorable"; II. iii. 139.

Underwrite, submit to; II. iii. 137.

Ungracious, hateful; I. i. 95.

Unity; "if there be rule in u. itself," *i. e.* "If there be *certainty* in *unity,* if there be a rule that one is one" (Johnson); V. ii. 141.

Unknown; "u. Ajax," *i. e.* "having abilities which were never brought into view or use" (Johnson); III. iii. 125.

Unmingled (quadrisyllabic); I. iii. 30.

Unplausive, displeased; (Q., *"unpaulsive"*); III. iii. 43.

Unrespective, used at random; II. ii. 71.

Unsquared, not shaped or adapted to the purpose; (Q., *"unsquare"*); I. iii. 159.

Untraded, unhackneyed; IV. v. 178.

Unwholesome, un-appetizing; II. iii. 135.

Usage, treatment; IV. iv. 121.

Use, utility; "dear in use" = very useful; III. iii. 128.

Use to, make a practice; II. i. 53.

Vail, setting; V. viii. 7.

Valiantly, bravely, finely; (used ironically); I. ii. 136.

Vantbrace, armor for the arm; (Q., *"vambrace"*); I. iii. 297.

Varlet, servant to a knight; I. i. 1.

——, (?) = harlot; (perhaps the old spellings show a blending of (i.) varlet and (ii.) harlot; Q., Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"varlot"*; Thirlby conj. *"harlot"*); V. i. 18.

Vassalage, vassals; III. ii. 40.

Vaunt, first beginning; Prol. 27.

Venomous, malignant; IV. ii. 12.

Vents, outlets; V. iii. 82.

Very, mere; III. iii. 126.

Villain, a term of endearment; III. ii. 35.

Vindicative, vindictive; IV. v. 107.

Vinewed'st, most mouldy; (Q., *"vnsalted"*; Ff., *"whined'st"*; Theobald, *"unwinnow'd'st"*; etc.); II. i. 15.

Violenteth, is violent, doth rage; IV. iv. 4.

Vizarded, covered with a mask or *vizor* = masked; I. iii. 83.

Voices, applause, applauding voices; I. iii. 382.

Voluntary = voluntarily; II. i. 105, 107, 108.

WAFTAGE, passage; III. ii. 11.
WAILS, bewails; IV. v. 289.
WALLET, knapsack; III. iii. 145.
WARD, guard; (a term in fencing); "at what w.", in what posture of defense; I. ii. 285.
WARE, aware; IV. ii. 59.
WATCHED, a term in falconry; hawks were kept from sleeping = watched, to tame them; III. ii. 46.
WATERFLIES, used contemptuously, the emblem of vanity; V. i. 38.
WATERY, watering, desiring; III. ii. 22.
WEATHER; "keeps the w.", has the advantage; = weather-gage; (a nautical term); V. iii. 26.
WEEDS, garments; III. iii. 239.
WHEN THAT = when; I. iii. 81.
WHERE, so that; IV. iv. 35.
WHOM, which; III. iii. 201.
WHOSOEVER, let him be whosoever he will; I. ii. 208.
WITHOUT, externally, physically; III. iii. 97.
WORKS = work, what we have been able to accomplish; (Singer conj. *"mocks"*; Collier MS. *"wrecks"*; Kinnear conj. *"wars"*); I. iii. 18.
WORTH, worthy of; V. iii. 93.
WORTHIER = men worthier; II. iii. 140.
WREST, instrument for tightening the strings of a harp (used here figuratively); III. iii. 23.

YOND, yonder; IV. v. 13.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Anne Throop Craig

GENERAL

1. What evidences are there that the play passed through several stages of revision, and was probably composed at different times?

2. Comment on the unity of impression in the play; the development of purpose in it; the composition among the characters; the resolution.

3. What are its impressive features?

4. What authorities were probably drawn upon by Shakespeare for the materials of this play? Where did he probably derive his ideas of the Greek and Trojan heroes?

5. Describe the distinctive characteristics of the different persons of the drama.

6. In what respects has Shakespeare made his Cressida more consistent than Chaucer's characterization? How is she contrasted with Troilus?

7. What lines of Troilus, Cressida, and Pandarus, respectively, carry lasting bywords concerning them?

8. Quote some of the notable commentaries upon this play.

9. How are Shakespeare and Chaucer compared in their treatment of this story?

10. How is Shakespeare's delineation of character compared with Homer's in the case of the Greek and Trojan heroes?

11. What does the Prologue set forth? Why is the distinction made of "a prologue arm'd"?

ACT I

12. Where is the first scene laid?

13. What is Troilus's plaint? What part does Pandarus take in his behalf?

14. In what various connections are the characters introduced throughout the act?

15. How does Cressida appear? How does she speak of Hector and Troilus comparatively? Why was she "a fool to stay behind her father"?

16. How does Pandarus describe Troilus to Cressida, as he passes before them from the field? What is the distinction between Troy and Ilium here? What dramatic use has this review of the heroes in this first act?

17. What is said of Achilles as the heroes and soldiers pass?

18. What is the substance of Agamemnon's words to his heroes in scene iii? What, of Nestor's?

19. What is the conclusion of Ulysses with regard to Troy?—and what does he say of Achilles?

20. What does Nestor say of Ajax? What message does Æneas bring to Agamemnon?

21. Cite the incident of the challenge as taken from Chapman.

22. What do Ulysses and Nestor say of the challenge? What do they decide to manœuvre with regard to it?

ACT II

23. Describe Thersites and his manner of speech? Where did Shakespeare get most of his hint with regard to this characterization?

24. What proposition does Priam make in scene ii? How is it received by Hector and Troilus? What is Paris's defense? Compare the aspects of the case as presented by the four, Priam and the three of his sons present in the scene.

25. How does Achilles receive the visit of Agamemnon?

26. What does the talk to Ajax, and of him, during this passage, convey with regard to him?

ACT III

27. Describe the opening scene. What does it mainly present? To what does it lead in the action of the second scene?

28. What exchange for Antenor does Calchas suggest to Agamemnon? How is Antenor described in the "Troy-Boke"?

29. How does Ulysses suggest that he and the Greek heroes shall behave as they pass Achilles? With what object?

30. What is the object of Ulysses' talk to Achilles?

31. What is the incident of Achilles' wish to see Hector unarmed, as related by Caxton?

32. How does Thersites describe Ajax in his pride over his projected encounter with Hector? How does he propose to set it off for Achilles' benefit? Describe the incident.

ACT IV

33. What are the three important matters that take place in this act?

34. What answer does Diomed make to Paris, as to the claim to Helen?

35. Describe the parting of Troilus and Cressida. How has Cressida shown her nature up to this point?

36. What does Ulysses see in Cressida?

37. Describe the combat of Hector and Ajax.

38. How does Ulysses describe Troilus to Agamemnon?

39. Describe the friendly meeting of the Greek and Trojan heroes.

40. What does Nestor say to Hector that indicates the character of Hector's bravery?

41. What is the import of the final passage between Troilus and Ulysses?

ACT V

42. To whom does Achilles refer in his opening lines?

43. In the succeeding passage what does Cressida show herself to be? What does Troilus prove himself?

44. What is the warning of Andromache? What caused her fear?

45. What does Cassandra prophesy?

46. What does Troilus say to Hector that shows Hector's bravery as Nestor has previously spoken of it? How do these comments upon Hector's character affect our sympathies concerning his manner of death?

47. How do Hector and Troilus receive the various admonitions against going to battle on the day prophesied as fatal?

48. What attempt does Pandarus make to revive the love affair of Troilus and Cressida? What is its success with Troilus?

49. How does the Caxton History refer to the matter of Troilus's horse?

50. What finally arouses Achilles's wrath to immediate action against Hector?

51. How does Nestor describe Hector's fighting in the field? How does Ulysses describe it? How does the latter describe the effect, of the prowess of Hector and Troilus, on Achilles and Ajax?

52. Describe the side comments, of Thersites, on the battle as it wages. Have they dramatic purpose?

53. Describe the taking of Hector.

54. What does Ajax say upon hearing of Hector's death?

55. How do Troilus and the Trojans bewail it?

56. Comment on the ending of the play.

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